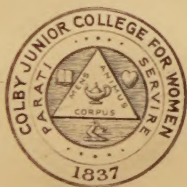


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ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY

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TO
BARRETT WENDELL

WHO TAUGHT HIS CLASSES THAT IN
WHAT MEN HAVE WRITTEN WE MAY
READ WHAT LIFE HAS MEANT TO THEM

PREFACE

THIS book is not meant to take the place of a course in reading the masterpieces of literature. It is meant to be used in connection with such a course. It should do for those traveling through fields of literature just what a professional guide does for a party of tourists who are visiting a strange city. It tells them where to look, and explains the significance of what they are seeing.

In dealing with earlier authors, where texts cannot be in the hands of every student, it has seemed best to include liberal extracts. In the case of late writers, school texts of moderate cost are readily accessible. So far as possible, all references are to authors regularly studied in preparation for college requirements. The explanation of the history and significance of literature is based, in other words, upon the literature a student is likely to read. Where authors not regularly studied in the school course are referred to, reference is made to standard collections, preferably to the *Golden Treasury*, which is moderate in price and is itself on the college list.

Less space is given to biography than is usual in books of this kind. The aim is rather to explain an author's work than to study his life for its personal interest. Where a class becomes interested in an author, the teacher may assign topics in his life, sending students to standard encyclopedias or works of biography. In this, however, it is important to distinguish between vital facts that

account for a man's work and are characteristic of his genius and facts that are but "literary gossip."

As a rule, each chapter constitutes a lesson. In the longer chapters a possible division is indicated in the Questions for Review at the end. Often it will be desirable to add a lesson, applying to actual writings of each period the points brought out in the chapter.

Let it always be borne in mind, however, that, as was said above, the object of the study of literature is to direct and enlighten reading. The young student reads works of several periods and of different types. The teacher must help him to digest his confused impressions into order and system, to group and to interpret facts, and to bring out their human and historical significance. It is in such work that this book is intended to help.

A general reading list covering all periods will be found on page xi. At the close of each Book will be found a list relating to the period treated by each.

The following acknowledgments are due for the use of copyrighted material: to the Mentor Association for the pictures of Jane Austen, "The Two Wellers," Gad's Hill House, Charles I, John Milton, and Milton at the Age of Twelve; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for the picture of "Lucy Gray" from Chisholm's "Golden Staircase"; to Doubleday, Page & Co. for the picture of "The Elephant's Child" from Kipling's "Just So Stories"; and to Mr. Charles Hopkins for the photograph of the scene from "Treasure Island," produced at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York City.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
RECOMMENDED READING	xi
INTRODUCTION — THE STUDY OF LITERATURE	i

BOOK I — THE PEOPLE AND THEIR LANGUAGE

I. THE SAXONS	3
II. THE WRITINGS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS	20
III. SAXON AND NORMAN	38
IV. (I) THE SHAPING OF THE LANGUAGE	46
(II) CELTIC AND NORSE LITERATURE	53
V. LITERATURE AFTER THE CONQUEST	58
VI. THE TIME OF CHAUCER	73
VII. CHAUCER (1340? — 1400)	81
VIII. BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS	96
IX. KING ARTHUR	100
X. THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH DRAMA	106
RECOMMENDED READING	115
LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS	121

BOOK II — THE GREAT AWAKENING

I. THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING	126
II. (I) THE AWAKENING IN POETRY	137
(II) THE AWAKENING IN PROSE	141
III. THE ELIZABETHAN OUTBREAK: POETRY	143
IV. ELIZABETHAN DRAMA	157
V. SHAKSPERE	168
VI. SHAKSPERE'S THEATER	181
VII. OTHER DRAMATIC WRITERS OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME AND IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING	197
VIII. ELIZABETHAN PROSE	203

IX. (I) LATER PROSE	209
(II) LATER POETRY, UNDER CHARLES	218
X. PURITANISM	222
XI. JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIME AND OTHERS	229
RECOMMENDED READING	247
LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS	251

BOOK III — AGE OF COMMON SENSE

I. THE "CLASSICAL" SPIRIT	257
II. DRYDEN	268
III. POPE	275
IV. THE SPECTATOR	285
V. SWIFT	296
VI. BEGINNINGS OF THE NOVEL	302
VII. NEW TENDENCIES	313
VIII. POETS WHO SHOW THE NEW TENDENCY	319
IX. SAMUEL JOHNSON, THE GREAT REACTIONARY	330
X. PROSE WORK, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	335
XI. POETS AHEAD OF THEIR AGE	340
XII. LATER FICTION TO 1800	352
RECOMMENDED READING	357
LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS	360

BOOK IV — MODERN LITERATURE

I. THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL	366
II. SIR WALTER SCOTT AND JANE AUSTEN	383
III. (I) A TIME OF REACTION	392
(II) BYRON, SHELLEY, AND KEATS	395
IV. THE VICTORIAN AGE	420
V. EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY PROSE	427
VI. MACAULAY	438
VII. THOMAS CARLYLE	442
VIII. TENNYSON	448
IX. ROBERT BROWNING	457
X. NOVELS, NINETEENTH CENTURY	467
XI. RUSKIN, NEWMAN, AND OTHERS	487

XII.	LATER POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY	497
XIII.	RECENT FICTION	510
XIV.	RECENT POETRY	524
XV.	DRAMA AND ESSAY	530
XVI.	FOREIGN INFLUENCES THAT HAVE AFFECTED ENGLISH LITERATURE	536
XVII.	AMERICAN LITERATURE	547
	RECOMMENDED READING	556
	LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS	559

APPENDICES

I.	ENGLISH SCENERY	569
II.	RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY WRITERS	582
III.	GENERAL OUTLINE FOR REVIEW	588
IV.	HOW TO STUDY WORKS OF LITERATURE	590
	INDEX	597

LIST OF MAPS AND CHARTS

	PAGE
THE MAKING OF THE PEOPLE AND THEIR SPEECH	113
CONQUEST TO CHAUCER	114
GROUND PLAN OF AN ELIZABETHAN THEATER	184
SKETCH MAP OF ELIZABETHAN LONDON	195
"ELIZABETHAN" PERIOD	246
CLASSIC OR "AUGUSTAN" PERIOD	356
ROMANTIC, VICTORIAN, AND MODERN WRITERS	555
LITERARY MAP OF ENGLAND	Facing 569

RECOMMENDED READING

At the end of each book will be found lists of the chief authors of each period and of their more important works, with special indication of those most desirable for students' reading. Accompanying each is a list of works upon the special period. The list below gives only works covering the whole field.

Books starred are especially suitable for the high school student.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND:

The student who takes up this book should be familiar with the outlines of English history. To make up deficiencies in this respect, or for review, the following are recommended.

Cheyney. *Short History of England.*

Creighton. *Elementary History of England.*

Larsen. *Short History of England.*

* Wrong. *The British Nation.*

In studying the particular periods, the student may need to look up special topics. For this purpose, he may consult the following:

Buckle. *History of Civilization in England.* (An advanced philosophic treatment.)

Gardiner. *Student's History of England.* (A good general work.)

* Green. *Short History of the English People.* (Excellent suited to this purpose, and the best for libraries.)

* Traill. *Social England* (4 vols.). (With full treatment of important topics.)

Tucker. *Social and Industrial History of England.* (A valuable study of economic conditions.)

GENERAL HISTORY:

Students of this book should have some idea of what went on in Europe in ancient times, in the Middle Ages, and while English literature itself was developing. Those lacking this knowledge should review one of the following:

* Ashley. *Early European Civilization.* (Interesting, but not elementary.)

- * Howe. *Essentials in Early European History*. (Covering about the same ground.)
- * Knowlton and Howe. *Essentials in Modern European History*. (Modern only.)
- * Woodburn and Moran. *Introduction to American History*. (Elementary, but, for just this reason, especially suited for students who have had no work in ancient or mediæval history. It gives the bare essentials only.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE:

With regard to particular periods, students may wish to refer to longer works, making individual reports upon assigned topics. Some of the best works for such reference are:

- * Jusserand. *Literary History of the English People*.
- * Mair. *Modern English Literature*. (From Chaucer down. Very readable.)

Saintsbury. *A Short History of English Literature*. (Worth reading, but difficult.)

The following works contain, as a rule, more information than a high-school student can assimilate. They should be consulted, with the help of the index, and under the advice of the teacher.

Courthope. *History of English Poetry*. (Difficult.)

Rhys. *Lyric Poetry*.

Edmunds, E. W. *Story of English Literature*.

- * Garnett and Gosse. *Illustrated History of English Literature* (Fully illustrated. A copy should be accessible in the school library.)

Lang. *A History of English Literature*. (Readable.)

- * Nicoll and Seccombe. *History of English Literature*. (3 vols. Excellent.)

- * Taine. *English Literature*. (An interesting and brilliant work from a French point of view. Not entirely reliable.)

(Morley's *English Writers* contains much valuable material, but is far too full for ordinary use by students.)

VERSIFICATION:

If not familiar with the principles of verse-form, the student should consult an elementary work. He will find a simple treatment in the following rhetorics: Carpenter, Scott and Denney, Brooks and Hubbard, Thomas, Howe and O'Hair.

He will also find a simple treatment of the subject in the following:

Alden. *Introduction to Poetry.*

Bright and Miller. *Elements of English Versification.*

Corson. *Primer of English Verse.*

Parson. *English Versification.*

To the advanced student the following are recommended:

Lewis. *Principles of English Verse.* (Interesting essays on larger aspects.)

Matthews, B. *A Study of Versification.* (On broad lines, interesting.)

A treatment of the Lyric, the Ode, the Sonnet, etc., will be found upon pages 377-383 of Longmans' edition of the *Golden Treasury.*

For *the Theater* and *Theory of the Drama*, see p. 248.

For *the Novel*, see p. 358.

For *the Short Story*, p. 558.

BIOGRAPHY:

In this book little is said of an author's life except as it accounts for his work. A student who becomes interested in a writer may wish a closer study of his life. In the longer histories of literature referred to above, and in many of those listed at the end of each Book, there are fairly full biographies. For more detailed information, one may consult the *Encyclopedia Britannica* or the *Dictionary of National Biography*. (In the case of authors studied in school, good biographies are usually found in the introduction to school editions.)

Should he wish still more information, the student should consult individual biographies. Good biographies of all writers of importance will be found in one of the following series:

English Men of Letters.

Great Writers.

Mitchell's *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* contains a number of biographical sketches.

Other biographies of important men are listed at the end of each book. (For recent and current magazine articles, as well as for essays contained in miscellaneous volumes, the student should consult Poole's Index or a similar guide to current reading.)

COLLECTIONS:

Except in the case of a few authors, chiefly modern, it is not desirable for the beginner to read complete works. It will be better to make use of volumes of selections. The following are good. Those starred are compact, and may be used in school or at home. The others are best studied in the school library. It is suggested that as many as possible be upon the library shelves accessible to students.

Barnett and Dale. *Prose Anthology*.

Bronson, W. C. *English Poems*. (4 vols.) (A very good selection.)

Burt. *The World's Literature*.

Craik. *English Prose Selections*.

* Holt. *The Leading English Poets*.

Main. *A Treasury of English Sonnets*.

* Manly. *English Poetry*.

* Manly. *English Prose*.

* Newcomer. *Twelve Centuries of English Prose and Verse*.

O'Neill. *Five Centuries of English Poetry*.

Oxford Book of English Verse.

Oxford Treasury of English Literature.

* Palgrave. *Golden Treasury*. (First series.)

* Pancoast. *Standard English Poems*.

* Pancoast. *Standard English Verse*.

* Pancoast. *Standard English Prose and Verse*.

Ward. *English Poets*. (4 vols.) A very valuable collection, with excellent criticisms of each poet and a short biography.

The collection called *The World's Best Literature* may be also used with advantage. Its representative extracts from ancient literature and modern writers in foreign languages make it valuable for library use.

There are in addition a number of "libraries" and "series," such as *Everyman's Library*, the *Canterbury Poets*, the *Camelot Series*, etc. A number of publishers also issue small editions in cloth or paper at a very low price.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

LITERATURE is the expression of man's deeper feelings. A chronicler writes down merely what happens. Let a historian rewrite the tale to bring out the meaning of what happened, and to reveal what the thought of it inspired in his heart, and we have not a dry chronicle, but a work of literature. A mechanical drawing of a man's features is not a portrait and is not art. It becomes art when the hand of the portrait painter gives the spirit of the man and brings out, by the touch of genius, the soul within. It is this flash of revelation, this touch of poetry, that makes literature.

In lyric poetry we see this element in its purest form, the simple utterance of joy or grief, of love or of hate. Yet in the narrative poem, the drama, the novel, the history, the oration, it is no less clearly present, leavening the whole mass. What man writes becomes literature when he puts into it the convictions and passions of his heart.

The history of literature is consequently the history of man's convictions and passions. The verses written by a fickle lover reveal the whole story of his changing affections. Just so the songs and plays and prose writings of a nation through its growth and development, must reveal that nation's successive aims and ideals. A nation's literature shows what that nation holds precious.

The decisive test of a man's character is his answer to the great question, What is worth while? What counts, — religion, love, wealth, honor, the pursuit of glory or the flight from death? By a man's answer we know him. The same is true of each age in the world's history. We read, in the works it wrote and admired, its answer to the question. Sometimes its answer is insincere, but time is a merciless touchstone of insincerity.

Our object in studying English literature is to study what Englishmen have written in the last twelve or thirteen centuries and to see what, according to their own confession, they have found worth while, what life has meant to them. We shall find that with new ages, ideals have altered. Let us look closely at the ideals of each age. Let us trace their progress into the ideals of the next. Let us compare the ideals of these past ages with the ideals of our own. And at the last, let us look back along the line of the past, let us consider in what direction change is tending, and, so far as we may, conjecture regarding the changes yet to come. That is our object, to understand the plot of one little part of the world's serial story, to see the significance of the point at which we stand, and to make, if we will, our guess upon the chapters that are to follow.

The great thing to get is the sense of the story, the meaning of it all. What is this national spirit of England? What are the ideals, the aims, the visions, the hopes, the convictions about God and man that underlie this spirit we call England? What is the meaning of this people and their message to the future? It is that we must try to discover. And when we have discovered it we must ask ourselves how we may make it serve us and our own.

BOOK I

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR LANGUAGE

CHAPTER I

THE SAXONS

I. — THE SAXON CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

THE English came to England as invaders. They came to take the land for their own, and they took it by violence, killing, enslaving, or driving out the original inhabitants. In fact they crushed these Nature of
Conquest original Britons so thoroughly, practically exterminating them, that they themselves were not materially influenced by the speech and customs of the people they displaced. The English, in fact, were no more affected by the speech and ways of the Britons than the English settlers who later came to America were affected by the speech and the ways of the American Indians.

Yet there was one marked difference between the English conquest of British England and the English conquest of America. When the English conquered America they were a civilized people overcoming heathen savages. But the English who drove the Britons out of England were themselves heathen, in some respects almost savages; while the people whom they killed or drove out were, in part at least, a Christian people, civilized by nearly

four hundred years under the government of Rome. The newcomers learned nothing from these. The old civilized and Christian Britain they utterly destroyed. The slate was wiped clean. A new people were masters of the land. The work of Christianity and civilization was all to be done over again.



ROMAN RUINS (at Wroxeter, England)

These show what massive structures the Romans erected in Britain before the Saxons came. Observe the thickness of the walls, the extent of the whole edifice.

The newcomers, the English, were a people of Teutonic stock, akin to the Dutch, the Flemish, the Germans, and all the Scandinavian races. They spoke a language closely related to the language spoken by these. The place they came from is not exactly determined. They were of several different tribes, and may have come from places more or less remote from

Origin of
the English

each other. They came for the most part from Jutland (the Danish peninsula) and from its neighborhood, some perhaps from the north of Germany (what is now Schleswig-Holstein), some perhaps from the southern part of the Scandinavian peninsula. There are said to have been three tribes — Angles, Saxons, and Jutes — all related in speech and customs. From the names of the two former — Angles and Saxons — we get the term Anglo-Saxon, which is commonly used for all three. They left their own land to conquer new homes. England was a rich land, a land of promise, where their race would find room to grow and strengthen. They had no scruples about casting out the people that were too weak to hold it against them.



A VIKING SHIP

Norsemen and early Saxons used ships of this type. In them they traveled over many seas — perhaps even to America.

They did not find the work of conquest easy. In the early part of the fifth century the Roman legions had been recalled to defend Rome against the enemies that were at her gate. Nevertheless there must have been many left who had profited by Roman training, for the Britons fought a good though a losing fight. We can picture them with their stately villas, their scientifically cultivated farms, their columned cities — a Christian people with churches and religious houses, in part at least an educated people, speaking the Latin of Rome, — confronted suddenly with the wiping

Story of
Conquest

out of everything that made life worth living. We can see them arming and rallying desperately against hosts of savage invaders, against these huge blond fighting men with winged helmets, pouring in unceasingly in innumerable oared ships. We can picture the destruction that followed defeat, the burning of church and villa and town, the slaughter of men, women, and children, the plundering and devastation, — the utter ruin of the old, the merciless making room for the new.

So stubborn was the Briton resistance that the work of conquest lasted nearly a century. It was never completed. When the English had driven the natives back into the barren fastnesses of Wales and of Cornwall, they were willing enough to let matters rest. Wales therefore remained unconquered and keeps to-day its own speech, a language descended directly from the native speech of the Britons. (See page 16.)

The English came, we have seen, to get land to cultivate. Sometimes a conquering nation spares the inhabitants and lives upon the fruits of their toil. Not so the English. They wanted the land for themselves. At the end of the war of conquest, England had become a land of the English, a group of transplanted Teutonic tribes that had conquered and displaced a civilized people, yet knew nothing of their civilization, a people of vigor and power and promise who as yet had almost everything to learn.

II. SAXON CHARACTERISTICS

A people's life and ideals make its literature. In the life and ideals of the Anglo-Saxons we find much to explain not only their own literature but that of later

England. It is true that the Saxon ideals changed. The Saxons, transplanted into a new land, converted to a new worship, educated in a new learning, naturally would become in many respects different from the pagan sea-rovers who first crossed the North Sea. Yet certain marks of their race have persisted through fourteen centuries.

The Anglo-Saxons were profoundly religious. Their gods were mysterious presences moving darkly in a world not understood. There was a feeling, common to Teutonic races, of vast forces of Fate, of an Earth-Mother mightier than the gods, of powers one might not know or name.

Religion

The gods actually worshiped by the Anglo-Saxons were akin to those that we read of in the Norse Eddas. The names of some of these gods



THOR, GOD OF THUNDER

Thursday is named from him. He rides in a rude chariot drawn by goats and carries his irresistible hammer. See the opening of Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*.

come down to us in the days of the week. Tuesday is named for the mysterious god Tiw; Wednesday for Woden (Wotan or Odin), the All-father; Thursday for Thor, god of battle and thunder; Friday for Frigu, goddess of love.

It is this spirit that gave the later English their religious earnestness. It is this spirit that explains the stern Puritan, the inspired Milton, the passionate Wesley, and the mystic Newman. It is this spirit too that explains the gloomy self-questioning of Hamlet, the superstitious terrors of Macbeth, the cruel accusations of witchcraft, the pitiless justice of Calvinism. It is this spirit that makes the Englishman of to-day so anxious to justify his actions by religious sanction.



WODEN, THE ALL-FATHER

He is always shown as blind in one eye and attended by ravens. The winged helmet is typical of the North Teuton.

Foreigners accuse him of hypocrisy. They do not comprehend his instinct that the act of the day must be justified by eternal standards.

Fairy tales are the heritage of all races. Certain types of tales are primarily Teutonic. The ogre, the gnome, the maliciously haunting ghost, are, for the greater part, it seems, derived from Saxon or Scandinavian sources. The classical Latin ghost might terrify; the classical Cyclops might kill. Neither could stir the hair with that sense of uncanny terror, that

delight in horror, which the Saxon has passed down to his descendants.

The Saxons were a seafaring people. Their homes were by the sea; their travel was upon it, — all their adventures lay over the blue sea-line. It was woven with the texture of their lives. Yet fa-

Love of
the Sea

miliarity never made it common. The love of the sea runs through their poetry as a passion. They did not idealize it. They knew all its cruelties and its treacheries. In an old poem, *The Seafarer*, we read,

I sailed among sorrows in seas many,
 The wild rise of the waves, the close watch of the night
 At the dark prow in danger of dashing on rock. . . .
 (Yet) *There is no man among us of mind so proud,*
Nor so good in his gifts, nor so gay in his youth,
Nor so daring in deeds, nor so dear to his lord,
*That his soul never stirred when of sea-faring he thought.*¹

They knew it, at its best and at its worst, and loved it because they knew it. And the spirit of their love has never passed out of their writings. Sea-power! It is one long tale, from Alfred to the Armada, from the Armada to the ships that but now were defying the submerged death in the North Sea. Through all English poetry, from Beowulf to Kipling and Masfield, one finds our verse filled with the same passion.

No less than the sea, the Saxon loved the soil, the land that was his own, the field that he himself had plowed. The true Saxon and true Englishman has never been at heart a city-dweller. His Love of
the Soil house is his castle, and that house must stand upon a bit of soil that no one can take from him. In the whole political history of England much hinges upon this ownership of the soil and the right to the fruit taken from it. The right to the land played a leading part in early risings under John Ball and Wat Tyler. We find it in Gold-

¹ Slightly altered from Morley's translation in his *English Writers*. For the metrical form, see page 16ff. The italics indicate alliterative structure. See page 17ff.

smith's *Deserted Village*. We find it no less clearly in contests of the present century, with men marching to the song,

The land, the land, the land on which we stand,
God gave the land to the people!

In the villager of to-day, in his cottage with its tiny garden and little allotment, and in the landed gentleman, with his oak-shaded acres, we find one common heritage from the Saxon yeomen. They were, from the first, says Green, "a race of land-holders and land-tillers."

The original unit of Saxon government was the small group of farmers, a cluster of "land-tillers." "Each little farmer commonwealth" "was girt in by its own border or 'mark,' of forest or waste or fen, which parted it from its fellow villages.

Instinct for Self-government . . . Inside this boundary the 'township,' as the village was then called, from the 'tun' or rough fence and trench that served as its simple fortification, formed a ready-made fortress in war. . . . Within the village we find from the first a marked social difference between the two orders of its indwellers. The bulk of the homesteads were those of its freemen or 'ceorls'; but among these were the larger homes of 'eorls,' or men distinguished among their fellows by noble blood . . . from whom the leaders of the people were chosen in war-time or rulers in time of peace. But the choice was a purely voluntary one, and the man of noble blood enjoyed no legal privilege among his fellows. The holdings of the freeman clustered round a moot-hill or sacred tree where the community met from time to time to order its industry and to frame its own laws. . . . Here strife of farmer with farmer was stated according to the 'customs' of the township as its

'elder men' stated them, and the wrong-doer was judged and his fine assessed by the kinsfolk."

It is here that we see, in little, that idea of self-government by assembly and of trial by jury that was to expand until it took form in the Parliament of England and the Congress of the United States of America. It is not in the American colonies, but in the Saxon "tun," that we must look for the first inklings of the ideas of *taxation* and *representation*. In New England town government we find in the township, in the "common," land common to all, and in the "town meeting," remains of the old tradition. Even the palisade that kept out the Indians takes us back to the ancient trench and fence of the Saxon "tun."

The idea that one man is as good as another is closely related to the idea of government by the people and for the people. Men of noble blood derived no legal privilege from their social position. The Feeling of
Equality common man had not only the same legal rights as his "superior," but had an equal claim to self-respect. This feeling was curbed by feudal authority, but was never extinguished. Through all centuries one could find the sturdy laborer who never doubted that he was "as good as squire." And this feeling we may watch for centuries working its way to expression. It broke out briefly in John Ball — and died. It broke out in Cromwell and passed again from sight. It came again in the deposition of James, in the Reform Bill of 1832, in the income tax contentions and labor troubles of the early twentieth century. And each time there was a gain that was not lost. England has had no violent revolution. Its idea of equality has always dwelt within it and has been patiently, age after age, working its way out.

Comparatively soon after the coming of the Saxons to England, we find the "drift" to *feudalism*, not to a better order of society, but to an inferior form that must be passed through. The power of the lords increased. The increase of slaves, whether beggared by need, or captured in war, increased the inequality. We see, then, as we approach the Norman Conquest, developing out of communities of free yeomen a new kind of government that one can hardly tell from the feudalism of the Norman. The old spirit, however, was not to die. English rights, like the English speech, might disappear from the surface, but would come forth again to claim their own.

Between the coming of the Anglo-Saxons and the Norman Conquest, there lies an interval of some five hundred years — a longer time than that since the settlement of North America by white men! In this interval the drift toward feudalism was not the only change. First came the introduction of Christianity, a change that in itself altered the whole spirit of life. Attending this new creed, there came the beginnings of a new learning. For with Christianity came monks and priests. With these came Latin, and with Latin came whatever learning the downfall of Rome had left.

As has been pointed out, British England had been simply erased. "The whole organization of government and society disappeared with the people who used it." "The villas, the mosaics, the coins which we dig up in our fields, are no relics of our English fathers, but of a Roman world which our fathers' swords swept utterly away. Its law, its litera-

ture, its manners, its faith went with it." Learning and Christianity, established once among the Britons, had to be established among the Saxons. But the Saxons could not, like the Britons, draw upon the culture of Rome. Rome had fallen. Christianity might be taught again, but the Roman learning and civilization could not be so restored.

For, between the time when Rome taught her arts and culture to the Britons of the Roman colonies and the day of Saxon England, Rome herself had fallen The Decline
of Learning into barbarian hands. Over a civilized and Christian world there swept, like a deluge, host after host of invading armies, some to plunder and pass away, others to remain and settle among the ruins they had made.

Only in England, however, did the invaders absolutely extinguish the old religion and civilization. Through all the rest of Europe, they merely covered and obscured it. Their coming was, in fact, like the throwing of new coal upon a fire. The black new coal covers the flame. It lies cold and lifeless. One thinks for a time that the fire is extinguished. But first there comes a gleam, then a smoke, and finally at last out bursts a blaze hotter and brighter than the exhausted fuel could ever have fed. So each tribe of conquering barbarians in its turn "caught" the fire of civilization from the people it had conquered. It kindled slowly — not for centuries was it to reach its full flame — but almost from the first one can see, lighting from the scattered coals of the almost quenched culture of Rome, the first glimmerings that led to the civilization of to-day.

In England, as we have seen, the original flame was extinguished. The lessons of civilization consequently had

to come from other lands. The whole intellectual history of England and of all Europe from the fall of Rome through the seventeenth century is the history of the gradual rediscovery of the learning and culture of the ancients.

In following this change let us not forget to watch the persistence of Saxon qualities. For both John Bull and Uncle Sam have much in common with the Saxon barbarians who, fourteen centuries ago, stepped from their long ships upon the soil of England.

Persistence
of Saxon
Traits

III. THE SAXON'S LANGUAGE

The language of the Anglo-Saxons was, as we have seen, of the same family as North German, Dutch, or Flemish, and related to Danish and Norwegian. It was a Teutonic tongue. It is the foundation of the English of to-day. While we call it "Anglo-Saxon," we should speak more accurately if we called it "First English," for there has been no break in the chain.

Its Origin

Example

The following extract is from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, written in the later days of Saxon England. (Long vowels are not indicated.)

{ *And com tha¹ Eustatius fram begehondan sae sona*
 { *And (there) came then Eustatius from beyond (the) sea soon*

{ *aefter tham biscope, and gewende to tham cyng and spaec with hine*
 { *after the bishop and went to the king and spake with him*

¹ In Saxon and in later English until about the time of Chaucer, the sound of *th* was indicated by one letter. There were two forms of this letter, one of which was retained in handwriting for many years and was written as *y*. Consequently we find *the* written *ye*. This was always pronounced *the*, never *ye*.

{ *thaet thaet he tha wolde, and gewende tha hamweard. Tha he com to*
 { *that that he then would, and went then homeward. When he*
 came to
 { *Cantwarabyrig east, tha snaedde he thaer and his menn, and*
 { *Canterbury eastward, then dined he there and his men, and*
 { *to Dofran gewende. Tha he waes sume mila oththe mara*
 { *to Dover went. When he was some miles or more*
 { *beheonan Dofran, tha dyde he on his byrnan and his*
 { *this side Dover, then did (i.e. put) he on his mail-coat and his*
 { *geferan ealle, and foron to Dofran.*
 { *comrades all and fared (went) to Dover.*

This passage is not modern English, yet, by reading it aloud, one can guess the meaning. There are, in the whole, but four words not found in modern English of to-day. *Snaedde*, meaning "ate a meal," has no English equivalent. *Oththe*, meaning "or" (like the German *oder*), has no exact parallel. *Geferan*, meaning "companion," while it has left no descendant in English, is represented in Scotch by *fere*; as in Burns's, "Then here's a hand, my trusty fere." *Beheonan* has no equivalent. Two partially familiar words, *faran* and *gewende*, are both represented in poetic English of to-day by *fare* and *wend*, as used in "fared homeward," or "wended his way." A very large number of the words are spelled just as we spell them to-day, — for example, *and*, *he*, *to*, *on*, *his*. The extract, in fact, is an old, a very old, form of our own tongue.

There are differences from modern English besides those in vocabulary or in spelling. The *order of the words* is not that of modern English. This could be more clearly shown in other passages. (One instance is in *come tha Eustatius* and *tha snaedde he thaer*, the verb coming before

Comparison
 with Modern
 English

the subject.) Observe, too, that the Saxon is highly inflected, like German. In *aefter tham biscope*, *biscope* is in the dative case and the article agrees with it. Imagine how much more difficult English grammar would be had the language retained these complicated inflections.

The only effect produced upon English by the language of the native Britons was the addition of a few words, chiefly names of articles that would be used by British slaves, such as *basket*, *mop*, *mattock*, though even these may have crept into the language later. (See page 53.) A few words were taken in just as we in America have adopted words from the language of the Indians, *wampum*, for instance, and *tomahawk*, and *moccasin*. Naturally, too, many place-names were adopted.

The Celtic languages, the Welsh and the Gaelic, have practically nothing in common with Saxon or with modern English. The following passage of Gaelic will show this.

Air dhomb a bhi'g imeachd tre f hàsach an t-saogail so, thainig mi gu ionad àraidh far an robh garaidh agus laidh, mi sìòs an sin agus chaidil mi.

In the Saxon quoted on page 14, most of the words could be recognized through their resemblance to English. In this not one has a recognizable resemblance. Compare it with the passage from which it is translated.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep.

IV. SAXON VERSIFICATION

A great part of the writings of the Saxons consists of poetry. This poetry is in a form of verse not used

to-day. Some of its characteristics, however, have come down to us.

Most verse, as distinguished from prose, is marked by rhythm, a *regularity* in the occurrence of louder beats. In modern verse this regularity is so far governed by rules that we speak of the form of verse as *meter*, or *measured* rhythm. In Saxon verse, however, there was less restriction of the number of syllables. The mark of verse form, to the Saxon ear, was the occurrence at about equal intervals of *time* (not of counted syllables) of *four accented syllables in each line*.

Four Ac-
cented Sylla-
bles

One might say that each line consisted of two parts of two accents each. Read aloud the following lines, stressing heavily the syllables indicated and placing them at about even intervals of time.

Steap stan hlithu stige nearwe, ' ' ' ' , ' ' ' '
enge an-padas un-cuth gelad, ' ' ' ' , ' ' ' '
neowle nassam nicor-hus fela. ' ' ' ' , ' ' ' '

Translated: Steep stone slopes, trails narrow,
Narrow one-(man)-paths, unknown ways,
Headlong headlands, nicker-houses many.

This form is due to the way the verse was recited. Saxon poetry was meant not for reading, but for chanting, by the scōp or minstrel. Probably, at each accent, he reinforced the rhythm by a chord upon his harp. To judge how the verse sounded we must imagine it as delivered in this manner.

Undoubtedly the minstrel was helped by alliteration both in finding the right syllable to accent and in indicating it strongly. *In every line at least two of the accented syllables began with the same sound, usually with the same letter.* The line of four

Alliteration

accents, as we have seen, is divided into two half lines of two accents each. The third accent in the line, or the *first in the second half-line*, is the *key syllable*, determining the alliteration for the line.

For instance, in the line,

Beowulf mathelode, bearn Ecgtheow,

bearn is the "key syllable" and *b* is the initial sound for the line. According to the rule, this sound **MUST** be used to begin one (or both) of the accented syllables in the first half of the line. And it must on no account be used in the fourth or last accented syllable of the whole line. In the following passage observe in each line,

(a) the key-syllable.

(b) other syllables alliterating with it.

Nis tháer on tham lándе lãthge- nĩthla,	There is not, in that land one who harms in hate
ne wóp ne wrácu, weãfacen nán,	Neither tears nor misery, no signs of grief,
yldu ne ỹfmthu, ne se énga déath,	(Neither) old age nor poverty, nor the narrow death
ne lífes lýre, ne láthes éyme, . . .	Nor life's loss, nor the coming of evil
ne sõfg, ne slaép, ne s̃war léger.	Nor sorrow, nor sleep, nor griev- ous sickness.

Notice that all vowels, for the purpose of alliteration, count as one letter, as in the third line above,

Yldu ne yrmthu, ne se enge death.

This alliterative meter is used in the translated extracts from *Beowulf* on pages 24-27. To get some idea how verse of this kind would sound with modern words,

read these aloud, or read aloud the extract quoted on page 79 from the *Piers Plowman* of Langland.

Alliterative verse has been discarded in modern English. Yet the old love for alliteration, at least as an adornment still lingers, and there is a freedom of music in modern English verse, a survival of the old Saxon instinct that loves a free gallop better than a set pace.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

(The division into parts indicates a possible division into lessons.)

I. *The origin of the English and their characteristics.*

From what country did the English come to England? Of what race were they?

What became of the original inhabitants of England? Explain why their culture and speech had so little effect upon the conquerors. (For later effect, see page 53.)

What was the original religion of the Saxons? What better known mythology of another Teutonic people did it resemble? How are we reminded of it daily?

What effect can we trace, in English literature, of the Saxon love of the sea and of the soil?

What effects can we trace to Saxon instincts about religion, government, equality?

II. *The form of Saxon poetry.*

In the usual form of Saxon verse, how many syllables received a strong accent?

Which of these was the key-syllable, giving the alliterative letter for the line?

Which of the accented syllables never began with the alliterative letter?

How was Saxon verse recited? How does this account for its form?

Study the chronological chart (page 113). (Be sure you see why the Roman civilization of the Britons failed to affect the Saxons.)

CHAPTER II

THE WRITINGS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS

I. BEFORE CHRISTIANITY

THE literature of the Anglo-Saxons falls into two great groups: what the Saxons wrote before they were Christianized, and what they wrote later. What they wrote *before* consists entirely of verse. It is gloomy in its view of life, but in this it only echoes the feelings of the men who made it.

To the pagan Saxons, nature and the powers behind nature seemed

unfriendly. This was natural. The North Sea, by whose shores they lived, is liable to sudden and severe storms and abounds in dangerous shoals. Its waters are stained by muddy shores. Clouds hang low over it. Seafarers like the Saxons, who had to win a livelihood from it, knew the sterner moods of its nature.

The life of the men fitted their surroundings. It was a life of watchful fear, to be guarded by sword and shield against neighboring enemies. And, besides these visible



THE WILD NORTH SEA

A modern vessel wrecked near Whitby. Observe the steep cliffs and the rollers breaking over miles of sunken ledges. On this sea the early Saxons and Norsemen passed much of their lives.

enemies, these superstitious pagans felt the presence of invisible foemen, giant powers that walked in darkness.

To relieve this darkness of struggle and superstition, the early Anglo-Saxon had ever before him three ideals. First was his admiration for *courage*, a delight in manfully encountering hardship and peril. This was shown, not only in battle with human enemies, but in strife against wind and sea.

Saxon Ideals



A SAXON MERRYMAKING

Dancers entertaining the thane and his household. Observe the costumes, the arrangement of the hall, the open fire without chimney, the high seat for the thane and his companion.

Second, there came the joy of the feast, the delight of the gathering of "kin-warriors" in the great hall, the fires blazing on the open hearths, the night with its evil spirits shut out, while the mead-cups passed along the benches, and the minstrel sang of deeds of heroes.

Third, there was the joy of comradeship, of loyalty to one's fellow and his loyalty in return, — the joy that a boy feels to-day in having a "chum" who will "stand by him."

It is these primitive feelings that inspired the maker of the earliest Anglo-Saxon poem, *Beowulf*. We do not know his name nor do we really know when or where the poem was written.

Hrothgar, prince of the Danes, had built a wonderful mead hall called Heorot, or Hart, because of a stag's antlers set high on the gable. It was richly gilded and rose "lofty and pinnacled," a high hall with huge roof beams. Here the heroes, Hrothgar's little band of war companions, feasted nightly.

But out upon the dark moorland there roamed an evil spirit, Grendel, "a mighty walker of lone places," a "being hated of God." He was angry at the sight of the lighted hall where men were merry and he set out to end their happiness.

So in the darkness this "joyless being" came to the high-built hall. Within he found his prey, the band of nobles sleeping after their feast. Upon them there came without warning this "demon of death, grim and greedy." Thirty of the sleeping thanes he seized in their sleep and slew or carried off to his dwelling.

Night after night his raids continued. To fight against him was useless, for he had more than mortal strength. Besides, no sword could pierce his flesh, which was protected by magic spells. At length the hall was shunned and deserted by men.

Now news of this affliction of Hrothgar's spread wide over all lands. At last it reached BEOWULF, the prince of

the Geats. Immediately Beowulf with fourteen chosen followers prepared a ship, the square-sailed, oared ship of the Vikings, and came after a day's journey in sight of the land of Hrothgar.

Beowulf
comes to
Heorot

Their request for an audience was taken to Hrothgar himself, who instantly gave order that the strangers should be admitted. He had heard of Beowulf and his deeds and hoped that he might bring deliverance.



SAXON DINING HALL

Observe the rudely simple structure of the hall, the wall low at the side, the fire upon the open hearth. The minstrel is chanting to the accompaniment of the harp. It was so that *Beowulf* was sung.

That night there was high feasting in Heorot. A bench was set in the mead hall where all the guests might sit together. Ale and mead were borne around, and at intervals the minstrel sang.

The others now left the hall. Beowulf and his men, according to their boast, remained and prepared to de-

fend it. Beowulf made his final boast and got into his bed.

There he lay, sleeping, or pretending to sleep, awaiting
 Grendel the coming of the monster. It was not
 comes long delayed.

Then came from the *moor*, under the *misty* slopes
 Grendel, moving *onward*. God's *anger* he bore.
 He sought, this cruel foeman, of the sons of men
 Some one for his *spoil* in that *spacious* hall.
 He went under the *welkin* where the *wine*-stead stood,
 That gold-hall of warriors. Well did he know it,
 Flashing with gold-plates. Not the first time this
 That he had the *home* of *Hrothgar* sought.

So toward that building came this being approaching,
 Of heaven's joys *outcast*. Soon opened the door,
 Though with *forged* bands fastened, when his *fingers*
 touched it.

So burst in his anger this *baleful* demon
 The door of the *stead*.

Straightway then

Over that fair-hued floor the foe came stepping.
 In *ire* he went. From his eyes there shone
 Like evil flame, a *light* ill-omened.
 He saw in the *wine*-hall warriors many
 In peace assembled, asleep together,
 Kin warriors in a group. Glad was his heart
 He deemed he should snatch, ere *day* should come
 The life from their bodies. To his longing heart
 Came hope of a feast.

No longer the demon to delay this was minded,
 But straightway fastened upon, foremost of all
 A slumbering warrior. Unawares he rent him,
 Bit into his *bone*-frame, drank blood from his veins,
 Snatch after snatch swallowed. Soon he had

His lifeless victim devoured wholly,
Even feet and fingers.

Forward stepped he, then, nearer,
And laid hold with his hand upon the high of courage,
The warrior at rest.

He then reached out against
The foe with his hand, in his hold caught quickly
The artful enemy; on his arm he sat.

Soon then found this fashioner of evil
That he never had met, in this middle-world,
In all regions of earth, among all mankind
A mightier hand-grip. In his heart there rose,
And in his spirit, fear. But forth he now could not.
His heart felt death near. To his haunts he would flee,
Seek his devilish works. But his way lay not there
Where in the old days, earlier, he had found it.

The
Fight

Now kept he in mind, the good kinsman of Hygelac,
His evening boast. Upright he stood,
And fast upon him held. His fingers were bursting.
The ogre would out. The earl stepped forward.
The monster meant, if he might so have it,
Wide to wend, and away from thence
Flee to his fen. His fingers were, he saw,
In a grim foe's grip. It was a grievous journey
That this harmful enemy to Heorot had made.

Swelling there arose
A sound new, unheard-of. On the North-Danes came
Awful terror, on every man
Who from the wall that weeping heard,
That horrible outcry of the enemy of God,
That joyless song, that sore lamenting
Of that prisoner of Hell. He held him there fast
He who of men was mightiest of all
Then, in that day of the days of life. . . .

This now found he who had before so often
In mirth of mind, upon man's race

Evil deeds performed — this foeman of God! —
 That his body's strength might sustain him no longer,
 But *Hygelac's* kinsman held him there
 Fast by the hand. Each felt the other
 Hateful while living.

Then the harmful fiend
 Knew pain of body, for plain upon his shoulder
 Was seen spreading a wound. The sinews were riven
 The bone-frame burst. To *Beowulf* then
 Came the glory of that battle. Grendel must thence;
 Death-stricken, he must flee under the fen-side slopes,
 Seek his joyless home. Surely he knew
 That of his life the last had come,
 The measure of his days. . . .

**Beowulf's
Victory**

Clear was seen the token,
 When the hero of battle that hand laid down,
 Arm and shoulder, all together,
 Grendel's whole grip, under the great roof.

**Grendel's
Mother**

Feasting followed and rejoicing. Once
 more men felt safe in Heorot. But they
 rejoiced too soon, for Grendel's mother, an ogress as
 dangerous as her son, came to avenge his death. Enter-
 ing the hall she seized upon one of the warriors and car-
 ried him away. Hrothgar did not need to be told who had
 done the deed. He had been told that Grendel had a
 companion.

In a forsaken land
 They dwell, of wolf caverns, wind-blown headlands,
 Ways fearful with fens.

Some distance hence,
 Not many miles, a mere there lies.
 Shuddering groves droop sheltering above it,
 Root-fast woods, those waters covering.
 There every night comes an evil wonder.—
 Fire upon the waters!

Beowulf was ready to meet this monster as well. With Hrothgar's company he sought out the evil mere where she lived. There he saw the trees

Over the *grey* stone grimly bending,
 The joyless *wood*. The *water* stood under it
 Thick with blood, troubled. . . .
 The flood welled with blood. The folk stood gazing.
 The horn, ever and anon
 Sang its ready song.

Beowulf, undaunted, descended into the cavern to encounter Grendel's mother. There was a terrible combat. Once the hero's life seemed lost. His foot slipped and he fell.

She sat upon him, and her sword drew,
 Broad and *brown*-edged.

But among a pile of ancient armor Beowulf spied a magic sword. He seized upon it.

Beowulf kills
 her

In *battle*-wrath furious the *blade* he swung. . . .
 Eager upon her neck the sword-edge bit.

The *bone*-rings burst. . . . To the floor she sank.
 The *blade* was *bloody*. Blithe stood the warrior!
 From the sword shone a *gleam*, a *glory* was within.
 Even so from heaven splendid shine
 The candles of the sky!

So Heorot was cleansed, and Beowulf returned to his own land with fame and rich gifts. He did not "live happy ever after," however, for the poem goes on to tell how he battled in his old age against a fire-breathing dragon that was laying waste his land. He killed it, but died from his injuries.

To the same period as *Beowulf* belong the *Seafarer* and

the *Wanderer*. The latter tells the thoughts of an old man
 The Wan- whose powerful friends are no longer living
 derer to protect him.

He remembers his hall-mates and the meed he received,
 How gladly in his youth, his Gold-bestower
 Was generous at feast. But the joy is all past. . . .
 He thinks in his mind, that he his mighty lord
 Clasps and kisses, on his king's knee lays
 Hand and head as he had of old,
 In glad days gone, by the gift-seat of his lord.

Then awakeneth once more this man unfriended
 And seeth before him the sallow waves,
 The sea-birds dipping or spreading their wings
 The hateful rime, the hail with snow mingled;
 Then heavier for this grows his heart within him,
 Sorer after the sweetness his sorrow is renewed.

So now everywhere in this earth below
 Wasted by the winds, walls uprise
 With rime encrusted, and ruined dwellings.
 The wine-halls stand desolate; the warriors lie
 Their pleasures departed, their pride all fallen,
 The haughtiness by the wall.

So then, by the wall-ruin, the wise man museth,
 And on life's darkness deeply pondereth,
 In his ancient mind he remembers from of yore
 A multitude of slayings, and saith thereof this word: —
 Where is now the steed, where is now the rider, where is the
 Bestower of treasure?

Where is the house of the feast? Where is the hall with its joys?
 Alas the bright cups! Alas the mail-coated warriors!
 Alas the pride of princes! So departs their day
 And darkens into the night, as it never had been.
 The earls lie destroyed by the strength of the spear,
 By weapons of slaughter, and by Wyrd¹ the mighty.

¹ Fate.

On the stony cliff the storms are dashing,
Onset of tempest the earth fast bindeth,
The dread of the winter! Then darkness cometh,
The night grows deeper. The north sends forth
Savage hailstorms to the hurt of man.

All is hardship in this earthly life;
All the way of this world Wyrd¹ overturneth;
Here fortune abideth not, here friend abideth not,
Here mankind abideth not, here kinship abideth not;
All that is in this earth, into emptiness passes.

II. AFTER CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY

Christian doctrines, when once introduced, spread rapidly through the land, and religious houses were founded in



WHITBY ABBEY

Ruins of a later abbey (built about five centuries later) on the site of the abbey where Cædmon sang.

looking the fishing hamlet below. Here were gathered a group of men whom their faith had set apart from the active life of their day. And here upon their rocky hill-top, look-

many Conversion to
places. Christianity

In these, especially in the north, Saxon singers set themselves to the making of Christian poems with poetic zeal and religious devotion.

We must picture the surroundings of the makers of this verse. At Whitby, for example, the abbey stood upon the cliff-top over-

¹ Fate.

ing inland to the brown rolling wilderness of heathery moorland, or eastward over the sullen waters of the North Sea that whitened upon the ledges below, they shaped these songs.

The best known of these northern singers of the seventh and eighth centuries is Cædmon. The origin of his gift of song is told by Bede in Latin in his *Ecclesiastical History*.

He, Cædmon, had lived in layman's habit till well on in years, and had never learned anything about the art of song. Hence sometimes, at a feast, when it was agreed that each, for the common pleasure, must sing in his turn, he would rise when he saw the harp coming towards him, and leave his meal in the midst, and go to his own home.

Once upon a time — when he had done this, and leaving the house and the feast had gone out to the stable, where the care of the beasts was assigned to him that night, and there, at the proper time, had laid himself down to sleep — there appeared to him in his sleep one who saluted him and called him by his name.

"Cædmon," he said, "sing me a song!"

But he replied, and said, "I do not know how to sing. It was for this reason that I left the feast and came hither, — because I could not sing."

He who was speaking to him answered, "Nevertheless, for me you must sing."

"What," asked he, "should I sing of?"

"Sing," replied the other, "the beginning of all created."

And hearing this answer, he straightway began to sing, in praise of God the Father, verses which he had never heard. And the general sense of them is this:

"Now must we praise the Maker of the Kingdom of Heaven, the power of the Creator and his wisdom, the deeds of the Father of Glory, how He, the Eternal God, became shaper of all wonders, who first for the sons of men, as roof to their dwelling — Almighty Guardian over mankind — created the heavens above."

When he awoke from sleep, all that he sung in his dream remained in his memory and to this he added more, to the same effect, in song worthy of God.

We have, critics say, no poetry that is certainly Cædmon's. We have poems that are attributed to him, but they may be the work of later hands. He was, however, the leader and inspiration of the northern song and well deserves the Saxon cross that stands in his honor upon the cliff at Whitby.



THE CÆDMON CROSS

A modern memorial to Cædmon, on the cliff-top, near the site of the abbey.

and passages from other books of the Old Testament, including the story of the fall of the angels, the theme of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Some think that Milton may have read these poems. The story of the Fall of the Angels has much in common with his poem, and there are, in spite of the primitive thought, passages that compare even with his verse.

One of the chief poems attributed to him is a paraphrase (a rewriting in poetic form) of parts of the story of the Bible. Probably it was the work of several poets of the many who worked under Cædmon's inspiration and example. It includes Genesis, Exodus,

The Fall of the Angels



ADAM AND EVE CAST OUT FROM EDEN

From an old Saxon drawing, as devoutly simple as the poem it illustrates.

Observe that the poet puts into

Heaven customs of his own world. The Almighty is the King, the feudal overlord, who had bestowed a realm upon Satan. There is a rugged grandeur combined with an almost childish rambling.

The fiend with his followers fell then from heaven
 In long downfall, three days and nights,
 Angels from on high into Hell, and all these he changed
 The Lord, to devils. . . .
 There at earliest light, the east wind comes,
 Fierce cold with frost, like fire or the spear.
 Heavy the hardship that they have to bear. . . .
 Then spake the overweening king, once of angels brightest,
 Fairest in heaven, and friend of his Master, . . .
 Satan uttered speech;

. . . These words he spake —

“This narrow land is unlike indeed
 That other place that of old we knew,
 High in Heaven’s land, with which my Lord enriched me,
 Though we as All-Mastering shall worship Him no more,
 As ruler of our realm.

That is my sorest grief,
 That Adam, a man who of earth is made,
 My seat of power for himself shall take.

“ . . . Hard must we bethink us
 How upon Adam, if we ever may,
 And upon his offspring, we may evil accomplish,
 And wrest aside His will, if a way we may find.”

Another name heard in connection with this period is that of Cynewulf. Many poems are attributed to him, though, as in the case of Cædmon, it is very difficult to determine what he really wrote. Among the poems attributed to him are certain *Riddles*. The following is an example:

Cynewulf

THE SWAN

No sound makes my raiment when I step upon earth,
 Whether I tarry by the banks, or trouble the waters. **A Riddle**
 Sometimes high uplifted above the homes of men
 By trappings light and the lofty air —
 Wide then doth the welkin's might upheave me
 Over the regions of men. My robe so shining
 Then sounds aloud and sweetly rustles,
 Wonderfully sings, when I stay not, to light
 Upon flood or field — a fleeting spirit.

These early Saxon poets were not savages. Their work would be worth studying were it only from curiosity to see what the men of our race sang in that far-off age. We must remember, besides, that what they wrote really has poetic beauty of its own.

In reading Saxon prose, we must make allowances for the age. A leading writer of prose was King Alfred, one of the ablest men of England. Like the **Saxon Prose** leaders of Japan in the nineteenth century, and like Peter the Great of Russia, he brought to his land the learning and culture of the outer world.

We must remember, however, that what learning and culture the outer world could afford had sadly declined from the great days of Rome. (See page 13.) **Alfred's Work**
 Alfred with all his ability could merely do over again what the world had done better before. What he really accomplished was to develop his own people, to rouse their thought, their patriotism, the desire for education, their ambition and enterprise, in short to prepare for England as it is to-day. And this is why he is worthily called "the Great." He showed them ideals to fight for; he helped England to find herself and to become a nation.

It was to this end that he solidified conflicting tribes and put down uprisings. It was to this end that he developed an army and a navy to keep enemies from the coasts. And it was no less to this end that he encouraged scholars from all the world to come to his land and teach what they knew. All this learning that was brought he strove to make accessible, in English of his day, to the people of his land. He founded schools and he encouraged Englishmen to write English.

In this way he did much to settle the form of the language. There had been several dialects of Anglo-Saxon. The form of a language that lives is the form used in the court and center, the form used in the laws, and the form used in books. Alfred, by encouraging books and schools and publishing laws, did much to make one form of the language the language of all England.

His own writings are of little literary importance. He translated much, especially from late Latin writers, Orosius and

Alfred's
Writings

Boethius, and he wrote, probably, parts of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. His style is simple, yet shows his strong personality. He is, however, less a writer than a shaping force, a maker of England.

The Saxon Chronicle continues for a century after the Norman conquest. A few poems, accounts of battles, are



ALFRED THE GREAT

The first real king of all England, the man who united Saxon England and developed its powers and resources.

included. From this Chronicle we learn most of what we know about Saxon history. Some idea of its style and language may be gained from the extract on page 14. Observe that its language is much nearer modern English than that of the poems.

The Saxon
Chronicle

All books of that day were in manuscript. Printing had not been invented.

The work of making
Form of
Books

books was confined to the monasteries, where, hour after hour, the patient monks would letter their copies. Think of the work that went into each copy of a book so made. Under such conditions, books could be only for the few. Many of the books, written or rather printed by hand at this time, were decorated with beautifully designed initial letters, scrolls, and marginal ornaments



WRITING A MANUSCRIPT

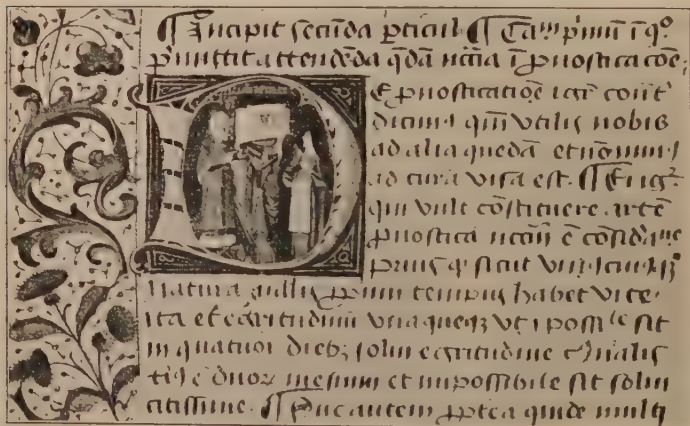
The monk, in the writing room of the monastery, is laboring over such an illuminated page as is shown on page 36.

brightly colored with touches of gold. These are called "illuminated manuscripts" and in them we find some of the earliest revivals in northern lands of the art of painting.

After the development of northern poetry by Cædmon and Cynewulf, the northeastern coast of England was raided and finally occupied by a new set of Teutonic invaders. These were the so-called Danes,

The Danes

though under this name seem to have been included Norwegians, Icelanders, and all the peoples that spoke the Old Norse tongue, a language closely related to English. They were much what the Saxons had been in their first invasion. Along the coast of what is now Yorkshire they obtained a firm foothold and finally made the land their own. Gradually they were Christianized and made one with the Eng-



AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT

The text is Latin. The decorations are in gold and color. The little decorative paintings were often very beautiful, containing most delicate work.

lish. By the time of the conquest, the two peoples had practically fused, kings of Danish origin being upon the throne of England.

This immigration brought gradually into the language a number of words not originally Saxon but derived directly from the Old Norse, like *take* and *ransack*. These later invaders brought in also mental characteristics that were later to affect Eng-

Effect on
English

lish literature. The Norse were an imaginative people with literature of their own. So closely, however, are they related to the English that it is hard to regard them as alien intruders. They were but the latest detachment in the series of Teutonic invasions that founded the English people.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

(The division into parts indicates a possible division into lessons.)

I. *Primitive Saxon poetry.*

What qualities did the early Saxons most esteem? Why?

Who was Grendel? Explain the object of Beowulf's journey to Heorot.

Tell the story of the fight with Grendel. Describe the haunted mere. Tell the story of the fight with Grendel's mother.

What became of Beowulf in his old age? Why is his end true to his character?

What peculiarities do you observe in the life and ideas of the time pictured?

What makes the poem interesting in spite of its remoteness?

What pictures and poetic passages impress you? Why?

For what is the *Wanderer* remarkable? What do you like about it?

What seem to you the chief characteristics of early Saxon poetry?

II. *Later Saxon poetry and Saxon prose.*

Where and under what conditions was most of the Christian poetry written?

Tell how Cædmon became a poet.

What merit has the *Fall of the Angels*? In what respects is it inferior to work of more civilized times? (Compare Books I and II of *Paradise Lost*.)

For what is Cynewulf known?

What claim has Alfred to be called "The Great"?

What is the *Saxon Chronicle* and why is it important?

What part of England did Danish invasion most affect? Explain why Danes and Saxons were somewhat alike in language and character.

(Look up in the List of Authors (page 121) the principal writers and their works. If possible read additional selections in translation.)

CHAPTER III

SAXON AND NORMAN

IN the year 1066 there came the Norman Conquest, an event that was to make a vital difference in the development of English.

Up to the time of the Conquest, the Saxons had held England for some five hundred years. They had developed from a wandering, pagan, piratical people to a settled civilized Christian nation. Had there been no Norman invasion, the Anglo-Saxon people would have worked out for itself a development of its own. Now, suddenly, we find this island nation invaded and conquered by a new people, of totally different language and customs and institutions.

The Norman Conquest was not like the Saxon Conquest five hundred years before. The Saxons had killed the former inhabitants, or had driven them out, or made them slaves. They had taken the land to till for themselves, blotting out all that the former inhabitants had accomplished. The Normans came with another purpose. Comparatively few of them were tillers of the soil. Those who came were the upper classes with their soldiers and servants. Upon the top of the old nation they established them-

selves as an aristocracy. Had things remained as they were immediately after the Conquest, England would have consisted chiefly of two classes, — a Saxon lower class that tilled the soil, and a Norman aristocratic class that lived by the labor of the Saxons. The Normans, natu-



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR BESTOWS A CASTLE

The King (at the right) is formally giving the knight, his feudal vassal, possession of the castle shown in the background. It was by such gifts that the English feudal aristocracy was established.

rally, had no wish to get rid of the Saxons. The less the country was disturbed, the better for the new rulers. If they took the profits, the Saxons might keep the fields and the cottages and do the work.

One result of this was that the great mass of the common people kept their ways and kept their speech; small armed groups of feudal "overlords" could not change these. So England, with the Nor-

Effect upon
the Saxons

man masters upon its back, *went on being English*. As a writer of the day put it: "But the low men holden to English and their own speech still." It is plain enough, that with the two languages in the country, as pictured in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, the *lower* language, the language of the people, must finally become the language of all. This is what happened, though it took some three hundred years in working out.

So we find, in a few hundred years, French, the language of the Normans, passing out of use even in the English pre-court, and English taking its place. We shall find this English, however, absorbing many French words and changing its syntax and inflections. If one lays a coat of thin light paint upon a coat of thick dark paint, the color will, for a time, remain light, but finally the heavy color below will come through. This is what happened when the thin upper coat of French was spread upon the solid under coat of English.

The Normans, as has been said, were French, the French of the north of France. It is interesting to note that they were remotely of Norse ancestry, as their name implies. An army of piratical Norsemen had, over a hundred years before, settled in the north of France, adopting French language and customs. The Normans that conquered England were descendants of these. But one must not think that these Normans had Teutonic speech or customs. The original Norse invaders had married in France, the mothers of their sons were French, and these sons, taught by their mothers, spoke French without an accent. Clearly the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the Norsemen were, in language and conduct, as French as any Frenchman.

The Normans brought to England the French language and French customs. Let us see what these were like.

The French language is not, like English, of Teutonic origin, but is chiefly derived from Latin. The Romans, as any student of Caesar knows, conquered all three parts of Gaul and the Gauls gradually learned Latin. It was not, however, the literary Latin of classic days. In Gaul this corrupt Latin became mixed with native words of Celtic origin. French results from this mixture of "low" Latin and native Celtic. It has been further modified by time, by "weathering" through centuries.

Language and
Customs of
Normans

In the following sentence of modern French, for example, one can trace every word to a Latin source.

J'allais: mes pieds laissent leurs empreintes dans la terre humide dont j'aimais l'odeur.

(I went: my feet left their prints in the moist earth of which I loved the odor.)

Je is from *ego*; *allais*, from *adnare* or *aditare*; *mes*, from *meus*; *pieds*, from *pes*; *laissent*, from *laxus*; *leur*, from *illorum*; *empreintes*, from *imprimo*; *dans*, from *de intus*; *terre*, from *terra*; *humide*, from *humidus*; *dont*, from *de unde*; *je* (see above); *aimais*, from *amo*; *le*, from *ille*; *odeur*, from *odor*.

Contrast this sentence with the English translation below it, in which almost every word is Teutonic, *moist*, *odor*, and *prints* alone being from a Latin source. And for these we might substitute *damp*, *smell*, and *marks*.

It was not only in descent and speech that Norman differed from Saxon. The Saxon had been developing Teutonic institutions. Yet he had never abandoned the traditions of his race. His laws were the laws of his own tribes. His architecture was

Norman
Civilization

the development of the high-roofed "wine-hall" where the warriors gathered. The Norman, on the other hand, had inherited something of the civilization of Rome. He started farther along the road of progress. His code of laws was derived from the codes of the great Roman law-givers. His architecture was based on the lessons that Rome had left him. Even his military science, childish compared with the strategy of a Cæsar, was superior to that of the Saxon spearman.

There was one institution of which the beginnings came into England with the Conquest — the medieval institution of *chivalry*. Historically *chivalry* is of the greatest importance. One may ridicule the absurdities of the system, as Mark Twain does in his *Yankee in the Court of King Arthur*, or as Cervantes did, far earlier, in *Don Quixote*. Yet the age of *chivalry* played an important part in the civilizing of a world that had sunk almost to barbarism. It took the savage's fight-to-the-death and gave it laws and fair play, and ideals of courtesy and self-control. It took the love of man and woman and surrounded it with an ideal of fidelity and a poetry that the world has never since lost. The love story, as we of to-day know it, had its origin in the days of *chivalry*.

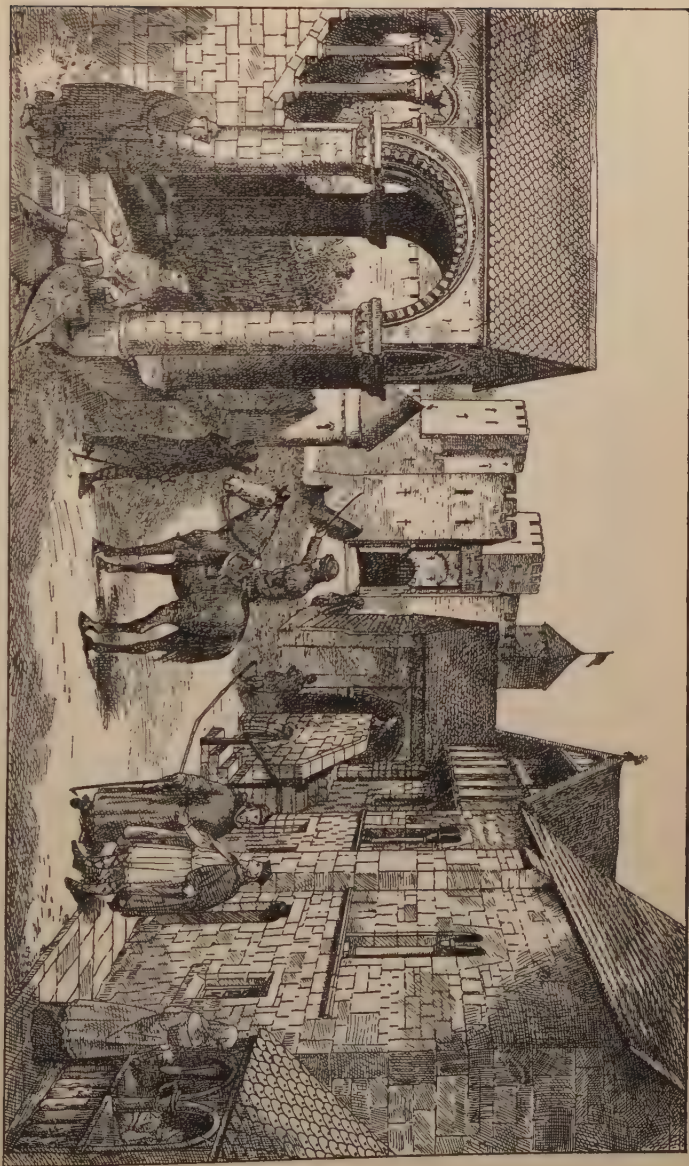
Another important element brought in by the Conquest was the organization of the Church. Here one might seek refuge from enemies or retirement from the world. Here, too, could be found such meager learning as the age afforded. Here the learning of the ancients though shrunken was preserved. Here, in these monasteries, these islands of culture in a sea of violence, was sheltered, wrapped, and folded in against the bitter

Chivalry

The Church

A STREET IN THE DAYS OF IVANHOE

The stone buildings are low and substantial. At the left is the entrance to a monastic building. Observe the round arches with "sharks' tooth" decoration. At the right is a small shop. Upon the steps is a soldier with his shield.



winter of the Dark Ages the bud that the Renaissance would open into flower.

It is true that the early Church forbade scientific study, that she slighted noble writers of antiquity, that she feared freedom of thought, and stood for "established things." But, through all the unrest and strife and bestiality of a world at war, she upheld ideals of character, standards of faith, and maintained, however imperfectly, the continuity of the old learning, the philosophy of Aristotle, the inspiration of Virgil, the oratory of Cicero.

The Norman Conquest was, on the whole, to England's advantage. It brought into England new skill and new learning. It brought England into closer contact with the civilization of the continent. Without the Conquest the only contact with continental learning would have been through the Church. The most important thing to keep in mind regarding the two hundred years following the conquest is that England and a part of France *were not two but one*, that the Channel was a Norman strait, that literature and life flowed without interruption from land to land. In this interval England learned lessons that she could never forget.

To sum up the differences between Saxon and Norman, the latter, while not much more *civilized*, was far more *accomplished*. He was more polished, more conscious of social usages. He was more advanced in some arts, and he had developed, far more than the Saxon, *institutions*—feudal government, chivalry, the Church. The Norman could teach the Saxon. His coming enriched England.

Let us picture England as it must have been soon after the Conquest. The life of the village must have gone on much as before. Here were the cottages and the laborers,

going about their business, speaking English, taking a stubborn pride in the old tongue and the old ways. Passing among them, one would find the servants and soldiers of the Normans. Near by were rising, perhaps, the walls of the Norman lord's castle, a Norman architect directing the Saxon laborers. The lord and his friends would be talking in French, discussing falconry or the latest romance. Perhaps we should find the architect using a few words of ungrammatical Saxon to make his meaning clear to the stolid laborer who would not learn French. A few miles off might be seen the high roof of an abbey, where, sheltered from perils and temptations of the world, Norman and Saxon scholar, side by side, studied the writings of the fathers of the Church or the works of Virgil or Boethius.

Such was the melting-pot in which were mingled the elements that make our language and our literature.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

The effect of the Conquest upon the English People.

Explain how the Norman conquest of England differed from the Saxon conquest of Britain

- (a) in the treatment of the conquered;
- (b) in the use of the land by the conquerors;
- (c) in the final outcome. (Which people played the larger part in making modern England?)

Explain how the Normans (originally Norse) had become French. From what sources is the French language derived?

Explain the influence upon England of institutions introduced by the Conquest. What effect had feudalism? chivalry? What changes in architecture and customs? Show how the Church and the government held the two countries together.

CHAPTER IV

I. THE SHAPING OF THE LANGUAGE

WITHIN four hundred years (between 1000 A.D. and 1400 A.D.) the language of England was transformed. To

Anglo-Saxon appreciate this change compare the two
becomes following translations of the same passage
English of the Bible.

Saxon (before 1000 A.D.):

Tha se Haelend com ofer thone muthan on Gerasenisera rice, tha urnon him togenes, twegen the haefdon deofol-seocnesse, of byrgenum utgangende, tha waeron swithe rethe, swa thaet man ne mighte faran thurh thone weg.

English (about 1380):

And whan Jhesus hadde comen over the water in to the cuntre of men of Genazereth, twey men havynge deuelis runnen to hym, and camen out of graves, ful feerse, or wicked, so that no man mighte passe by that wey.

In the interval between the writing of these two passages the language had changed from *Saxon* to *English*. How had this change come about?

One may compare the English language, in the process of "making," to cement, as it is used in building. Into
Saxon the the pure cement, workmen mix various in-
Cement gredients, sand and stone, shells, ironwork, galvanized wire, material of all kinds. Yet, when the mixture has hardened, has "set" as we say, the holding power of the mixture lies in the cement in which all these ingredients are embedded. In the English that we speak to-day, the pure cement is the part that we inherit from the Saxon. It is this that unites and binds together all the varied elements that have come into the language.

For a century after the Conquest we find England much as represented by Scott in *Ivanhoe*. The nobles and their attendants spoke French, the common people Saxon. In fact, three languages were in actual use, Latin among the learned being the third. In all three languages works of literature were written. Works of learning (chiefly theology and history) were in Latin. Poems, tales, works that would appeal to knights and ladies, were in French. Such a condition could not last. When several languages are spoken one will master the others. Latin, a dead language, could not return to common use. Since the lower classes would not learn French, the upper classes had to descend to English. Necessity made it the language of the country.

How the
Change
Came

This does not mean that the upper classes did not try to make French the speech of the people. For a time it was taught in the schools. Yet English was winning its way. For soon we read, "Now in the year of our Lord 1385, and of the Second King Richard after the Conquest nine, in all the grammar schools of England children leaveth French and construeth and learneth in English." In 1362 we find that in the courts of law English was adopted, "because the French tongue is much unknown." Similarly, we find English appearing in formal addresses to Parliament, in sermons,—becoming, in short, the language of England.

English
drives out
French

The development of English was encouraged by the breaking of ties between Normandy and England. But long before this, warfare between the two countries had stirred English patriotism and lowered French in popular favor. The upper classes for a long time spoke both languages. Under such conditions

Words taken
from French

it was inevitable that words from one tongue should pass into the other. The educated class found Saxon insufficient for many of their ideas. A French-speaking Englishman, finding no suitable English expression for honor, or courtesy, or chivalry, would use the French word. The upper classes of England, in abandoning French for English, retained therefore hundreds of words from the French.

Yet, in spite of such additions, the native character of the language was never lost. In any sentence that we write to-day, — in this sentence, for example, — the *structural* words, the words without which we could have no sentence at all, are all from Saxon. *The, that, in, for, without, which, could, have, are, from,* are hardly changed from their Saxon form. All the *binding part*, all the *cement* of the sentence, is Saxon. We can write whole sentences using only words from the Saxon. We cannot, however, write a sentence that contains *no* words of Saxon origin. English without Saxon is impossible.

It is often said that the *short* and *plain* and *simple* words are all from the Saxon. This is not always true. *Plain* and *simple* are themselves of French origin, while *notwithstanding, unworthiness, dreariness,* are from the Saxon. Nor is it true that Saxon applies only to things of daily life for *life* and *love* and *hope* and *Godliness* are all Saxon. Unless the origin of the word is recognized it should be looked up. The only general rule that can be relied upon at all is that given above, that the words from the Saxon are the *structural* words, conjunctions, prepositions, articles, pronouns, and the verb *to be* and its auxiliaries. (Even this rule must be applied with caution, for *except* and other common words of this class are not Saxon.)

Most words from the French are originally from Latin. (See page 41.) But, besides the words that came from Latin through the French, many came into English directly, and have, in fact, been coming into the language even up to the present. Latin has been for many centuries the language of learning and of the Church. It is natural, therefore, that English terms for science and criticism and theology should be derived from Latin or through it from Greek.

Words from
French and
Latin

Sometimes the same Latin word has come into English by two roads, directly from Latin itself and indirectly through the French, resulting in two derivatives usually different in meaning. We have, for example, *plain* and *plane*; *strait* and *strict*; *royal* and *regal*; *emperor* and *imperial*; *deceive* and *deception*; *sense*, *sentence*, and *sententious*; *treasure* and *thesaurus*, *number* and *enumerate*.

English, as a study of the dictionary will show, has been steadily growing, adding words from many sources, Arabic, German, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, even American Indian. Yet whatever ingredients are stirred in, the general character of the binding material remains the same—the old Saxon cement.

Other
Sources

To see this clearly, let us take two passages of relatively modern English, one almost purely Saxon, the other with a large Latin intermixture. The first is from Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*.

Example of
Saxon Eng-
lish

I could look at her by the fireside for an *hour* together, when I was not too sleepy, and think of my dear father. And she would do the same thing by me, only wait the between of the blazes. Her hair was done up in a knot behind, but some would fall over her shoulder; and the dancing of the light was sweet to see through a man's eye-

lashes. There was never a face that showed the light or the shadow of feeling, as the heart was sun to it, more than our dear Annie's did. To look at her carefully, you might think that she was not dwelling on anything; then she would know that you were looking at her, and those eyes would tell you all about it. God knows that I try to be *simple* enough, to keep to his meaning in me, and not to make the worst of his children. Yet often have I been put to shame, and ready to bite my tongue off, after speaking amiss of anybody, and letting out my littleness, when *suddenly* mine eyes have met the *pure*, soft gaze of Annie.

The above passage, except for the few words italicized, is entirely made up of words from the Saxon. Passages like this are chiefly found in the expression of simple intense feeling. In the passage that follows Latin English the subject and style are scholastic and philosophic. Yet even in this passage the proportion of outside words is only about one in four.

The *recognition* of Law being the *recognition* of *uniformity* of *relations* among *phenomena*, it follows that the *order* in which *different* groups of *phenomena* are *reduced* to law, must *depend* on the *frequency* with which the *uniform relations* that they *severally display* are *distinctly experienced*. At any given *stage* of *progress*, those *uniformities* will be best known with which men's minds have been *oftenest* and *most strongly impressed*. In *proportion partly* to the *number* of times a *relation* has been *presented* to *consciousness* (not merely to the *senses*) and in *proportion partly* to the *vividness* with which the *terms* of the *relation* have been *cognized*, will be the *degree* in which the *constancy* of *connexion* is *perceived*.

— HERBERT SPENCER, *Recent Discussion in Science*

The new words from classical sources added within the last century have been chiefly scientific, usually new compounds to describe new substances or new inventions, such as *automobile*, *gramophone*, and *aëroplane*.

The language has changed not only in vocabulary

but in *structure*. Some of the changes would have taken place had the Normans never come to Eng- Changes in
Structureland. The presence of the Normans, however, hastened the process.

One change is in *inflection*. In modern English we inflect nouns only for the plural and for the possessive case, and adjectives and articles are not inflected at all. In Saxon these were inflected much as in modern German. This inflection might have disappeared had the Normans never come. The presence in England of another language with fewer inflections, and those different, unsettled the Saxon inflections. The decline of Saxon literature hastened the change. Gradually the inflections, like the tail of the tadpole, dropped off altogether.

Partly as a result of this loss of inflection, there came a change in the order of words. The word order of Anglo-Saxon was Teutonic, much like that of modern German. The order used in modern English is nearer that used in French. Any student of both French and German must have observed that while in German the *words* are like English, yet the *order* of the sentence is foreign. In French, on the other hand, while few of the words are like common words in English, the general order, the general *way of thinking*, is like our own. The sentence-form of French prose, from the Conquest on, has greatly affected English prose.

The change in the language of England since the Conquest has been so great that some deny that the language is the same. Yet, as we have seen, the development of English from the Saxon has been continuous. The language has grown, it has improved, it has dropped old characteristics and acquired new ones. but it is the old language.

The following extracts show the gradual progress from Anglo-Saxon to modern English. Beginning over a hundred years after the conquest, they carry the development down to the time of Chaucer.

The Changes Illustrated

(For Saxon itself, in its earlier and later forms, see the passages on pages 17 and 14.)

The first extract is from the *Brut* of Layamon (about 1205). (See page 70.)

Tha iseh Uther
That icume was Gillomar.
To him he gan riden
And smot hi in than side.
That the spere thorh-rod
And the heorte to-glod.
Highenliche he hine bi-went
Of-tock he sone Pascent.
And theos word saide;
"Uther the sele
Pascent thu scalt abiden.
Her cumeth Uther riden."

When saw Uther
That come was Gillomar,
To him he gan ride.
And smote him in the side
(So) that the spear through ran
And the heart glided-to.
Hastily he him went-by
Overtook he soon Pascent.
And these words said:
"Uther the good (selig)
"Pascent, thou shalt abide,
Here cometh Uther riding."

This extract represents a comparatively early stage.

Orm

The next selection, from the *Ormulum* of Orm (about 1215) (see page 70) is nearer English as we know it. (The spelling has been simplified.)

And after that te tid was gan
They wenden fra the temple
And ferdén toward Nazaraeth
An dayes gang til efen,
And wenden that te Laferd Crist
With hem that gate come;
And he was tha bihindén hem
Bilefed at te temple;

And after that the tide (i.e.
time) was gone
They wended from the temple
And fared (went) toward
Nazareth
A day's going til even,
And weened that the Lord Christ
With them that way came:
And he was then behind them
Remaining at the temple;

And tat ne wiste noht his kin
Ac wende that he come,
And yeden heore weye forth
Til that it com til efen.

And that not wist not his kin
But weened that he came,
And went their way forth
Till that it came to even.

Except for a few obsolete words, such as *yeden*, this is not hard to read. There are still unfamiliar endings; yet, if not modern English, this passage is certainly not Saxon.

From such passages as this to Chaucer is but an easy step. An extract from Wyclif's translation of the Bible will show the beginning of the last stage: Wyclif

Forsothe when Jhesus hadde comen doun fro the hil, many companyes folewiden hym. And loo! a leprouse man cumminge worshipide hym, sayinge; Lord, gif thou wolt, thou maist make me clene. And Jhesus holdynge forthe the hond, touchide hym sayinge, I wole, be thou maad clene. And anoon the lepre [i.e. leprosy] of hym was clensid.

This English is old-fashioned, but for all its quaintness, it is English that a modern reader can understand and can recognize as his own speech. The language has "found itself."

II. CELTIC AND NORSE LITERATURE

In considering the materials out of which the English people took shape, one must not overlook the Celts. The earlier inhabitants of the island, whom the Saxons drove out, were of this race, so were the inhabitants of Ireland and the original settlers of Scotland. At the beginning they produced no effect upon the English. As has been seen, the Britons were killed, or enslaved, or driven westward. But after the Britons had become the Welsh, there naturally began to be dealings between the neighboring nations. People of Welsh stock

**Nature of
Influence**

settled in Saxon England. Bit by bit, from the Saxon invasion till to-day, there has been a steady mixing of Celt and Saxon.

The people of Scotland and England are a mixed people and are all the better for the mixture. Each element brought something of value. We have seen what the Saxon literature was. The Celtic literature, as we see it in Welsh and Irish tales, excelled in grace, in delicacy, in fantastic exaggeration, in poetic mysticism. Compare with the bold hammer strokes of Beowulf the following passage from a Gaelic (Irish) tale, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, translated by Lady Gregory. Maeve has gathered her army to invade Ulster.

Her chariot was turned then, and she went back again homeward. But presently she saw a thing she wondered at, a woman sitting up on the shaft of the chariot facing her, and this is how she was: a sword of white bronze in her hand with seven rings of gold on it, and she seemed to be weaving a web with it; a speckled green cloak about her, fastened at the breast with a brooch of red gold; a ruddy pleasant face she had, her eyes gray, and her mouth like red berries, and when she spoke, her voice was sweeter than the strings of a curved harp, and her skin showed through her clothes like the snow of a single night. Long feet she had, very white, and the nails on them pink and even; her hair gold-yellow, three locks of it wound about her head, and another that fell down loose below her knee.

Maeve looked at her and she said, "What are you doing here, young girl?"

"It is looking into the future, I am," she said, "to see what will be your chances and your future."

"I see," she said, a "low-sized man doing many deeds of arms; there are many wounds on his smooth skin, there is a light about his head, there is victory on his forehead; he is young and beautiful and modest toward women, but he is like a dragon in the battle. . . . All this host will be reddened by him. He is setting out for the battle;

he will make your dead lie thickly, the memory of the blood shed by him will be lasting; women will be keening over the bodies brought low by the Hound of the Forge that I see before me."

The following description is typical of another side of Celtic tales.

And as to the third troop, the one Maine himself was in, there were fifty reddish-brown horses in it, with long manes and tails colored purple, and bridles on them, with a bell of red gold on the one side, and a bell of white silver on the other side, and a gold or a silver bit to every one of them. A collar of gold with bells from it on the neck of every horse, and when the horses would be moving, the sound of these bells would be as sweet as the strings of a harp when the player strikes it with his hands. . . .

And as to the young men themselves, they were very handsome and stately, and large and shining, curled yellow hair on them, hanging down on their shoulders, proud, clear blue eyes; their cheeks like the flowers of the woods in May or like the foxglove of the mountains.

A third extract brings out still another side.

And when Cur went out in the morning, Cuchulain was practicing all his feats — and Cur was for a while trying to get near enough to come at him with his weapon, but he could not; and Cuchulain was so taken up with doing his feats that he never noticed him at all. Then Larg saw him and said, "Have a care, Cuchulain . . . there is an armed man making ready to attack you."

Cuchulain was doing his apple feat at that time, keeping nine apples and his shield and his sword in the air that none of them fell to the ground. And when he saw Cur, he threw the apple that was in his hand straight at his forehead, and it went through, and brought out a share of his brains the size of itself at the other side.

Observe, in the first of these, the sense of the mystical, the eerie, uncanny effect, mingled with a lightness and simplicity peculiar to Celtic stories.

In the second, note the brilliancy, the constant dwelling upon *color*, the love of rich detail for "the joy of it."

In the third, there is the most impossible exaggeration, done with an air of truthful simplicity.

In direct contrast to this Celtic story is the following
Example of extract from a Norse Saga. Observe its
Norse Saga matter-of-fact tone.

Glum said, "A man's foes are those of his own house. Shall I take upbraiding from thee, a runaway thrall as thou art?"

Thiostolf said, "Thou shalt soon have to own that I am no thrall, for I will not yield an inch to thee."

Then Glum got angry and cut at him with his hand-axe, but he threw his axe in the way, and the blow fell on the haft with a downward stroke and bit into it about the breadth of two fingers. Thiostolf cut at him at once with *his* axe and smote him on the shoulder and the stroke hewed asunder the shoulder-bone and collar-bone, and the wound bled inward.

Glum grasped at Thiostolf with his left hand so fast that he fell, but Glum could not hold him, for death came over him.

Then Thiostolf covered his body with stones and took off his gold ring. Then he went straight to Varmelek. Hallgerda was sitting out of doors and saw that his axe was bloody.

He said, "I know not what thou wilt think of it, but I tell thee that Glum is slain."

"That must be thy deed," she says.

"So it is," he says.

— From *Burnt Njal Saga*, translated by Dasent.

In the English people of the present, Celtic and Norse and Saxon Norse are blended. The elements mingle well. The language remains essentially English. The institutions of the land have kept the Teutonic spirit, but its literature shows the subtle influence of Celtic fancy.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

(The division into parts indicates a possible division into lessons.)

I. *The effect of the Conquest upon the English language.*

Explain why the English people did not adopt the language of the conquerors.

Explain why the conquerors gradually adopted the language of the English.

How did French words enter the language?

From what origin (see previous chapter, page 41) are these words chiefly derived?

Show that the part of our language derived from Saxon is the structural, "binding" element.

Examine passages of modern English, using any unabridged dictionary, noting words of Saxon and of Latin derivation. Observe whether words of Latin derivation have entered English through the French.

How has English changed from Saxon in inflection?

What changes in sentence-structure and general character of style?

[In a second lesson, go over the selected passages (pages 52-3), reading them aloud and noting peculiarities already mentioned. Combine this review lesson with the advance.]

II. *Other early literatures that have affected English literature.*

Compare the Celtic extracts with *Beowulf*. What do you like in each?

Compare the Celtic extracts with Irish tales (*Seumas McManus*, etc.) and with the Welsh tales in the *Mabinogion* (page 116). (See List of Authors and Reading List.)

In what respects does the Norse saga differ from the Celtic tales? from *Beowulf*?

In what does it resemble the latter?

CHAPTER V

LITERATURE AFTER THE CONQUEST

IN the three hundred years from the Conquest to the time of Chaucer, there is little worth reading for its own sake. We read writers of this period only in order to learn about their age. One reason why men wrote so little of value was that they were limited by the narrow culture of their day. The people of England, and of much of Europe, in the first two or three centuries after the Norman Conquest, had neither trained thought, nor thorough learning, nor, save in the one art of architecture, creative genius. The most that can be said for the age is that it is a period of promise.

Another reason lay in the unstable condition of language. A man might, within an ordinary life, watch the language of his land changing. Nor was it changing uniformly. It changed differently in different parts, splitting into dialects. So unsettled a condition did not favor literature. When, as one critic puts it, a language is "moulting," it will not sing. Men who had important things to say did not intrust them to English. They preferred Latin, a language sure to remain the same.

Still another reason lay in the fact that life was insecure. There was constant war, baron against baron, or barons against the king, or one king against another. Only in the cloister could a man be assured of safety.

There was one respect in which this otherwise un-



ELY CATHEDRAL (Upper Pictures) AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY



CATHEDRAL INTERIORS

The upper left-hand picture shows a massive early type (Peterborough Cathedral, the South Aisle). The upper picture at the right shows a later type, with airy stone tracery. (Peterborough, Lady Chapel.) The lower picture shows the vast spaces of York Minster.

productive age excelled even our own. It was an age of great architecture. During this three hundred years England erected her noblest cathedrals. Beginning soon after the Conquest with massive Norman designs, English builders, directed or aided by architects from the Continent, developed the wonderful lightness of Gothic arch and flying buttress. In architecture these centuries, so unproductive in literature, have left a priceless heritage.

This was, besides, an age of craftsmanship, of sincere handiwork. The artisan of that time took a loving pride in every touch. In wood-carving, in tapestry, in all handicraft, the Middle Ages, "dark" as they might be in learning, can give light to our own day.

To the development of the English during these three hundred years, the Normans contributed much. They contributed their part to architecture and craftsmanship. They contributed much also to the language and to laws and customs. They contributed even more to literature.

Some have the idea that the Normans, when they came to England, were a cultured people with a literature. This is far from the case. In some respects they did excel the English of that day,—in the art of war, for instance, in organization of government, in architecture, in polish and refinement (such as it was) of manners. But in learning and literary art they were little, if at all, superior.

The learning of bookish men, throughout Europe, was, in those days, practically the same. Their written works, except for such lighter writings as they might compose for their "vulgar" countrymen, were altogether in Latin. Saxon and Norman might study

**Architecture
and Art**

**French
Influence**

**International
Scholarship**

side by side in one monastic school, perhaps in England, perhaps in France, and would use one language, Latin, in their daily conversation. Only by keeping this clearly in mind can one understand how ideas and subjects of literary composition spread so rapidly.

At the time of the Conquest, England, which had developed learning under Alfred, was the equal of France,

French though inferior to Italy. The Normans, on
Influence their coming to England, brought with them
Gradual little if any poetry of importance. The influ-

ence of the Normans upon English literature did not consist in *what they brought with them*. It lay in the fact that, during these three hundred years, their presence kept England in touch with the poetry and romance that was growing up in France. In the three hundred years following the Conquest, France was developing a new literature, rich and graceful. This naturally was read and imitated by the French-speaking upper classes of England. England, therefore, in castle and court, was in constant contact with this new, growing literature of France.

The new French poetry was not great in itself. But it was the first poetry *of the coming kind*. It had in it possibilities of growth. The Saxon poets had carried alliterative poetry as far as it could go. The new verse opened a new field that we have not yet exhausted.

French Let us look at an extract from a typical
Versification French poem of this period.

(Metrical accents are indicated.)

Or sé voudrá il ésprouvér
De máin au chévaliér étrángo
Qui cháscon jór ses rámes-chángo
Et chéval ét hernóis remúe.

This extract is like modern English in *form of verse*. The Saxon verse had a ragged rhythm. The reader had to use judgment (helped by the alliterative letter) to place the accents. In this French verse, on the contrary, the accents fall at *measured* intervals upon every second syllable. The line is, in metrical terms, made of "iambic feet."

It is this principle of *regular accentual meter* which the Norman Conquest brought into England. It soon became naturalized, and, though modified by English love of variety, has governed English verse to the present day. (In French, a language without marked syllable accent, verse has necessarily kept to a regular count of syllables. In English, as in German, each word has one syllable strongly stressed. This enables an English poet to use varied rhythms.)

This principle of meter was originally derived from the Latin. Students of Latin should note, however, that late Latin verse, from which English verse is derived, is not *quantitative*, like the hexameter of Virgil's day. The accent falls, not, as in Virgil, upon the long syllable, because it *is* long, but upon the syllable that would receive the accent in speaking. The ancients accented a syllable because it was long; we make it long because we accent it.

Meanwhile alliteration, as a mark of structure, was vanishing. In its place we find *rhyme* to mark the end of the line and to emphasize the grouping of the lines. The origin of rhyme is in dispute. Some trace it to the late Latin. Others hold that the Crusaders adopted it from the Arabic. The effect of rhyme in Latin is rich and sonorous. The following

Regular
Meters

Origin

Alliteration
Yields to
Rhyme

lines show late Latin rhyme and *accentual* meters. The accent falls in its natural (prose) place.

Hóra novíssima, témpora péssima súnt; vigilémus!
 Écce mináciter ímminet árbitet, ílle suprémus.
 Ímminet, ímminet, récta remúneret, ánxia líberet, áethera dónet,
 Aúferat áspera dúraque póndera méntis onústae.

—Bernard of Cluny

From the original of *Jerusalem the Golden* and other hymns.
 Imitative translation:

Earth now hath older grown, evil hath bolder grown. Watch ye.
 Be waiting!

Lo now with terror looms he who man's error dooms, God, all-
 creating!

Drawing near, drawing near, good deeds rewarding here, freeing
 the heart from fear, heaven bestowing,

Smoothing the rugged way, lifting sore loads away from the o'er-
 burdened.

The prevailing type of poem at the Conquest was the *Chanson de Gestes*, a narrative poem dealing with the deeds of some knight or group of knights. One of the earliest of these was the *Song of Roland*. This was a long poem, written in lines of five feet. It tells how Roland, a knight of Charlemagne, was betrayed by the jealous and crafty Ganelon into an ambush of pagan enemies, and how he and his men died, fighting to the last, in the mountain passes of Roncesvalles.

The *Chanson de Gestes* passed, by development, into the *Metrical Romance*, more polished in form. The age of chivalry was approaching its height, and the poetry of the age expressed its ideals. The perfect knight owed loyalty to his feudal superior. He owed loyalty to his religion. He owed loyalty to one chosen lady. Love, according to the medieval view, was

an institution. A knight must at least make some lady the object of his formal devotion, must sing her praises, wear her colors in the lists, and fight in her cause. Courts of love discussed and settled fine points of lovers' etiquette. History was ransacked and imagination strained to furnish tales of true lovers.

Chivalry

We must not forget that one reason why the Middle Ages liked romances of chivalry was that for them chivalry still lived. The young man who read of jousts and knightly deeds would himself level his lance in the lists and ride abroad to battle. The lady who read of knightly lovers might watch through the dust of tournament for the "favor" her hand had given her champion. It is true the real knights killed no giants or dragons, but they went through perils no less terrifying. Life was unstable. It was not an age that analyzed motives. Its stories told of deeds upon deeds, of travels and strange adventures.

The Metrical Romances presented pictures of chivalry and adventure. They were of amazing length, containing thousands of lines. To a modern reader, they lack interest. There is a great deal going on, but it all happens vaguely and wordily. The people are unreal and all they do is equally unreal.

A certain number of these poems were, as was said above, based upon stories from history. There was, however, in the minds of the medieval people no real understanding of past ages. What they knew about Greece and Rome came from medieval writers and when they did study Virgil or Cicero, they imagined, as they read, a world that had little resemblance to that of which these wrote. Æneas was a "knight," Troy was a castled town like those of Europe, everything was seen

History

in the colors of their own day. History was regarded by the medieval writer as a field for invention. Where there was a gap in his knowledge (and his knowledge consisted largely of gaps) he filled it from his own brain. Consequently the "historical poems" of the age are as unhistorical as the rest.



A MEDIEVAL FEAST

From an old drawing. The musicians play while the king dines.

The more common subjects of these poems may be grouped in cycles. One dealt with Alexander the Great, another with the Fall of Troy, another with Charlemagne and his knights, and still another (the most famous of all) with King Arthur and his Round Table. This last will be discussed by itself at greater length (see Chapter IX).

In early days there was no feeling that a man had a right to a subject. A plot was common property, a "competition subject," open to all. Few writers invented plots. They preferred to vary and adorn old themes. They turned to stories from late Latin writers, to Italian tales, to legends and traditions. Each aimed to tell the story better than it had ever been told before.

Besides these there were tales of various types. There were tales in which animals were used to caricature

human beings. In these, Reynard the Fox (like Brer Fox in the *Uncle Remus Stories*) was a prominent character. There were also tales from the Other
Types Orient much like the tales of the *Arabian Nights*. We find in medieval Bestiaries — books about beasts — an interesting proof of medieval ignorance and credulity. (Books of travels are no better. See the comments on Mandeville, page 133.)

The medieval awe of supernatural forces came largely from ignorance. Men could understand neither the motion of planets nor the mechanism of their own bodies. They knew little of the earth under their feet and less than nothing of distant lands and climes. Ignorant of what to credit, they persecuted truth and accepted absurdities.

The medieval fondness for disputation and allegory came through the Church. Monastic training and pious discourses had habituated the age to formal Disputation
and Allegory logic after the rules of Aristotle, to description of the "Seven Deadly Sins," and to allegorical picturing of religious lessons. It was easy to extend these to the "woes of lovers." Allegory had a particular charm for the medieval reader, and many allegories are thousands of words long and so complicated that a modern reader gives up in despair.

One of the most graceful and most enjoyable French romances of this time is the story of *Aucassin and Nicolette*. The following extract gives Aucassin and
Nicolette some idea both of its form and of its grace and simplicity.

He [Aucassin] caused the charger to be saddled and bridled, then put foot in stirrup, mounted, and left the castle, riding till he entered the forest, and so by adventure came upon the

well whereby the shepherd lads were sitting, and it was then about three hours after noon. They had spread a cloak upon the grass and were eating their bread with great mirth and jollity. . . .

When Aucassin marked the song of the herd-boys, he called to heart Nicolette, his very sweet friend, whom he held so dear. He



NICOLETTE AND THE SHEPHERDS

thought she must have passed that way, so he struck his horse with the spurs and came quickly to the shepherds.

"Fair children," said he, "tell over again the song that you told but now." . . .

"Sire, I will not sing for you, since I have sworn not to do so; but I will tell you in plain prose, if such be your pleasure."

"As God pleases," answered Aucassin, "better the tale in prose than no story at all."

"Sire, we were in this glade between six and nine of the morning, and were breaking our bread by the well, just as we are doing now, when a girl came by, the loveliest thing in all the world, . . . and she brimmed our wood with light. She gave us money, and made a bargain with us that if you came here we would tell you that you must hunt in this forest. . . . Now go to your hunting if you will, and if you will not, let it go."

"Fair children," cried Aucassin, "enough have you spoken, and may God set me on her track."

Now is sung:

Aucassin's fond heart was moved
When this hidden word he proved

Sent him by the maid he loved.
 Straight his charger he bestrode,
 Bade farewell and swiftly rode
 Deep within the forest dim,
 Saying o'er and o'er to him,
 "Nicolette, so sweet, so good,
 'Tis for you I search this wood . . ."

We may roughly divide the three hundred years following the Conquest into two parts, the first from the Conquest (1066) to about 1200; the second from 1200 to about 1360, when Chaucer began to write.

In the first period, there is little to repay study. There is one piece of very early prose, the *Ancren Riwele*, a letter of advice to a group of ladies about to retire from the world to found a religious house. Most of the prose of this period was, however, in Latin.

First Period
1066-1200

New poetry had been developing in France. The French-speaking people in England naturally became familiar with the poems across the Channel. Some of them, like "Marie of France," wrote French poems in imitation of these. The translation or imitation of such tales in English naturally followed. This second period shows a distinct step forward. In the first place it shows that the Englishman had now enough respect for his own language to write poems in it. It shows, in the second place, that English was being broken into the restrictions of rhyme and meter, that govern English verse to-day. Few of the early English poets merely translated. They retold the story in their own words, altering and amplifying at prodigious length. The following passage will show the general manner of these

Second Period
1200-1360

tales. It is from the ballad of *Havelok*. The spelling is modernized. In some cases, the meaning is placed in brackets.

A child has been given to Grim and his wife to put to death.

She saw therein a light full shire [bright]
 Also bright as it were day
 About the knave [boy] there as he lay.
 Out of his mouth it stood a steam,
 As it were a sune-beam,
 Also light was it therein
 So there brenden [burned] cerges [candles] in.
 "Jesu Christ," (q)uoth(h) dame leve [quickly].
 What is that light in our cleve [dwelling]!
 Stir up, Grim, and look what it means.
 What is this light, as thou weens?"

"God wot," quoth Grim. "This is our heir
 That shall (be) lord of Denemark.
 He shall be king strong and stark;
 He shall haven in his hand
 All Denemark and Engeland. . . ."

About this time there had been composed in England two long poems, the last of the old type, the *Brut* of Layamon and Layamon, and the *Ormulum* of Orm. These, though influenced by French verse, clung to the style that was passing out. Layamon wrote in the Saxon alliterative form, though with incidental use of rhyme. Orm used a regular meter. (See the extracts given on pages 52, 53.)

On page 122 is a list of the more important poetry of this "middle English" period. It may prove interesting, here, to read one of the earliest lyric poems that was written in English.

Cuckoo Song

Summer is i-comen [come] in

Loudè sing, cuckoo,

Groweth seed and bloweth mead,

And spring'th the woodè nu [now].

Sing, cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,

Low'th after calfè cu [cow]

Bullock starteth, buckè verteth [shelters in green places]

Merry sing cuckoo.

Cuckoo, cuckoo,

Well singest thou, cuckoo,

Ne swik [cease] thou never nu [now].

Up to this time most prose literature had been in Latin. Men had felt that anything worth writing down should be in a tongue that had dignity and permanence. For several hundred years

Prose

Latin was to maintain this claim. Yet, little by little, in Italian, in French, in English, there appeared prose writings of increasing importance. Writers began to want a wider audience. Priests wished to instruct their people. And whatever was to reach the multitude had to descend into the common tongue.

One cause of progress lay in the Crusades. By breaking up the isolation of each people, the Crusades quickened their intellectual activity. They took men into new lands and acquainted them with new standards and new ways of living. Princes and noblemen (like Richard and Ivanhoe in Scott's novel) returned home with new ideas and new ideals. New routes of trade were opened, and new commercial relations brought nations into stimulating contact. Barriers were broken. The world was awaking to new life.

The Crusades

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

I. *General character of the age and its poetry.*

Explain by reference to the following why so little of value was written for three centuries after the Conquest:

- (a) culture of age;
- (b) condition of language;
- (c) national and political conditions.

Why was scholarship of the day international? What language was much used in learned works?

Explain how it happened that English poetry imitated French poetry.

What elements in French poetry did English poets adopt?

From what sources did French poetry inherit meter? rime?

What new subjects and ideas came in with the French romances?

What were some of the more popular groups of subjects?

II. *Definite literary history.*

Into what two chief periods can this interval be divided?

What is the subject of the *Song of Roland*? What makes it worth reading?

What differences do you see between *Havelok* and *Beowulf*? In what is *Havelok* nearer modern verse?

Compare in the same way *Havelok* with the extracts from Layamon and Orm (pages 52 and 53).

Review

- (a) Development of poetry in France, after the fall of Rome.
- (b) Development of poetry in England after the Conquest, bringing out . . .
- (c) (1) Departure from Saxon poetry;
- (2) Approach to modern poetry.

CHAPTER VI

THE TIME OF CHAUCER

By the middle of the fourteenth century the language of England had reached a form much like modern English. It was still, however, far from settled. In different parts of England and in different levels of society men used different forms of language.



A MEDIEVAL HALL

There is more luxury than in the Saxon halls shown in preceding pictures. A juggler performs before the lord and lady who sit on thrones upon the dais. There is a fireplace, with chimney. Observe the gallery for musicians. In such halls the gentry of the castle gathered to hear tales of love and adventure.

In fashionable life, especially in the royal court, French still played an important part. The learned tended to introduce words and constructions from the Latin. Yet, unsettled as the language was, it had come so near a

settled form that a writer of the highest rank might choose it as the tongue in which to write his masterpiece.

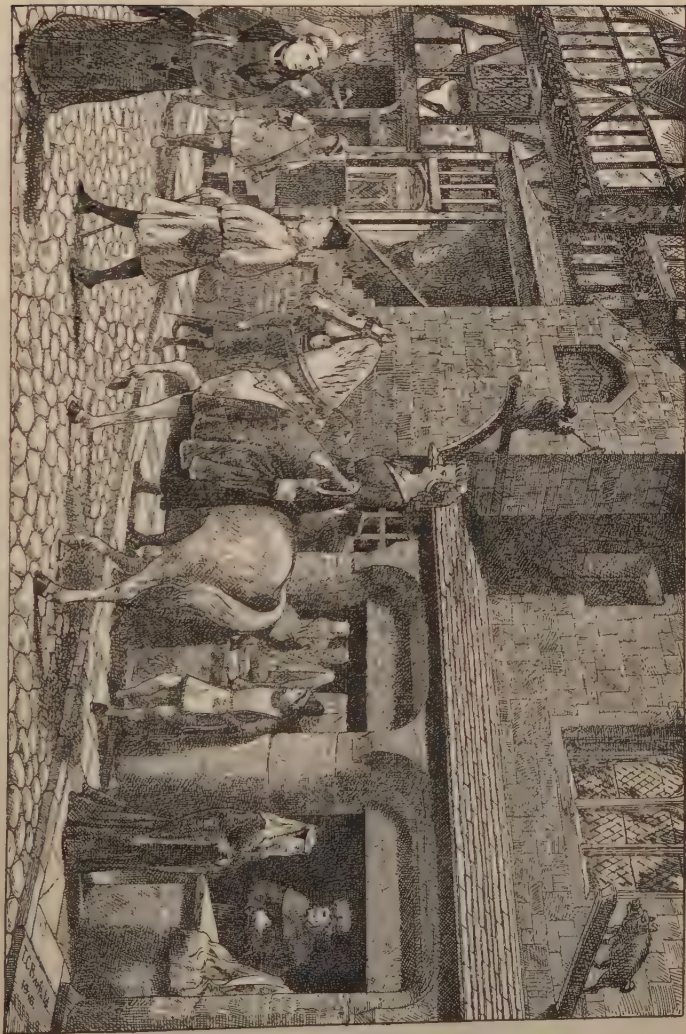
Such a master was Chaucer. He came, it is true, too early. The language that he used has in part proved false to his trust, for readers are kept from reading him by the unfamiliar look of his pages. Yet the language has not changed enough to conceal his greatness. The greatness of Chaucer lies not in his writing when he did, but in the poetic gift that enabled him, in an age so unfavorable, in a language so unsettled, with material so imperfect, to shape his language to his purpose and to select material suited to his object. It was his task to find in the shapeless mass of romances, fables, gestes, lays, allegories—this rubbish-heap of mediæval verse—those elements which he could wake to life with the fire of his genius.

Though still within the Middle Ages, by the middle of the fourteenth century, we are in sight of the beginnings of the modern world. We shall see later the origin and meaning of what is called the Renaissance or Rebirth of learning. Already, by way of Italy and France, the first influences of this new learning were beginning to touch northern Europe. The study of the classics was more accurate, more earnest, with a new craving for fuller knowledge of the culture of the ancients.

Other changes marked the passing of the old and the coming of the new. Feudalism was failing; labor was becoming conscious of its needs and its power; religious dogma was questioned; abuses both of the State and the Church, once endured as a matter of course, were attacked with vigor. The world was advancing to the threshold of a new age.

A STREET IN CHAUCER'S LONDON

Life has grown more ornate and elaborate. Observe the half-timbered houses and the open



The decline of feudalism was due to many causes. Among them was the new importance of the common soldier. Archery was making Locksley as good as Richard or Front-de-Bœuf. A knight might no longer ride through the ranks of the vulgar, cutting them down like sheep. One arrow through his armor, and his feudal lordship passed from him. With this cause were linked other causes, political and economic.

An important element of change lay in the fact that the common people now began to realize their economic value. Political economy teaches that when
Labor Asserts a useful article becomes scarce, its money
Itself value increases. In the fourteenth century human labor became scarce. It was hard to find men to do the work. Not only had years of war wasted the ranks of the workers, but a pestilence, the Black Death, had swept through Europe, wiping out a great part of the population. Common laborers became suddenly of importance. They could name their own price. For the first time it became clear to them that the world needed something that they had to sell and that they might dictate terms to their masters.

With the little education afforded them, with no newspapers, no books, no post-office system, it is a wonder that they accomplished what they did. In history one reads how these men, "villeins" and "untutored rustics," inspired by the eloquent preaching and rousing verses of John Ball, a priest and agitator of the day, rose in revolt through a great part of England, captured London, and terrorized the government.

It is interesting to glance at the utterances of this early agitator. One finds in them anticipations of the Declaration of Independence. "Good people, things will

never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? . . . If we all came of

John Ball's
Sayings

the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? . . . They have wine and spices and fair bread and we oat-cake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the fields. And yet it is



A VILLAGE GATHERING

It was to such gatherings of villagers that John Ball made his eloquent appeals.

of us and of our toil that these men hold their state."

And from the same source came the rhymes that ran through England like wildfire, among them the famous couplet,

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Remember that there was as yet no printing. The time for printing, however, was close at hand. There was now, for the first time, a *public* that needed books, that had begun to think, that desired

No Printing

to *know*. Literature was to be no longer a thing restricted to churchmen and to idlers. The workers in the fields, the men in the workshop, the shop-keepers of the city, these too were ready and eager for the written word.

Incidental to the discontent of labor there was discontent with many features of the Church of the day.

Criticism of the Church Prosperity had poisoned its leaders. "Their own selfishness severed them from the nation at large. Immense as was their wealth, they bore as little as they could of the common burthens of the realm." Naturally, sincere men within the church, both priests and laity, were aroused to rebellion.

Prominent among these was John Wyclif. He and his fellow-remonstrators were called *Lollards*, which was a term of reproach applied to those who brought forward new and "ridiculous" ideas. They urged a greater earnestness, a greater sincerity, a return to the simplicity and humility of the early Church. In contend-

Wyclif ing for their views Wyclif wrote not only scholarly Latin, but energetic English addressed to the common people. One of his best known works is his translation of the Bible. It is not certain how much of this is his own. Much of it may have been done under his direction. On page 53 is an extract from this translation.

One who wrote what he thought of the life about him was Langland, author of *Piers Plowman*. His chief poem is a long attack upon his age, upon Church and bar and court, and his point of view is always that of the common people. It is, we might say, almost that of John Ball himself.

His language, owing perhaps to church training, is as far

from Saxon as is Chaucer's. There is a larger proportion of words from Latin, and he quotes Latin frequently. He is Saxon, however, in one respect. He returns deliberately to the old alliterative meter. He uses it not quite according to Saxon rules, but always in the old spirit. (See extract below.)

His great poem, *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, is not easy reading. The interesting thing to-day is not so much just what Langland says in the poem *Piers Plowman* as its spirit. It strips off conventions. It questions the value of human institutions, not by their age or their origin or their divine authority, but by their *justice to man*. The institutions of government and of formal religion are called upon to defend themselves before the court of the people.

The *Vision* is in the form of an allegory. The poet sees "a field full of folk." From their talk and that of a few personified figures, such as Meed (Bribery), one gets a vivid and unpleasant picture of abuses in courts of justice, in the church, and in the treatment of laborers. The allegory is further developed in a second part, very complicated and not altogether consistent. The poem ends triumphantly with the victory of Christ over Death. The complicated allegory makes an outline difficult. No later writer has had a clearer faith than Langland in a golden age of human brotherhood.

Extracts

"They are my blood brethren," quoth Piers, "for God bought [redeemed] us all.

Truth taught me once, to love them each one.

And to helpen them of all things, aye as them needeth."

All manner of men that thou might espy,

That needy been and naughty, help thou with thy goods.

Love them, and lack [blame] them nought; let God take the vengeance.

Shall no more Meed [bribery] be master, as she is nought,

Ac [But] love and lowliness and loyalty together.

These shall be masters on mould [earth], truth to save.

And kind love shall come yet, and conscience together,

And make of law a laborer, such love shall arise,

And such a peace among the people, and a perfect truth

That Jews shall ween in their wit, and waxen wonder glad,

That Moses or Messiah be come to this earth. . . .

All that beareth baslard [dagger], broadsword or lance,

Axe or hatchet, or anything else,

Shall be doomed to the death, but if he do it smithy

Into sickle or to scythe, to share or to coulter. . . .

Battles shall be none, nor no man bear weapon,

And what smiting that any man smiteth, be smit therewith to death.

The world has not yet attained the ideals of Langland's *Vision*. It shows us that, though men of his day stood only at the beginning of the road, they saw, no less clearly than we of to-day, the goal to be attained.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What did Chaucer do to fix the language and stop further change?

What is the meaning of the term *Renaissance*?

What causes were bringing about the decline of feudalism?

What conditions gave the laboring class more power?

For what did John Ball stand?

In what form was *Piers Plowman* written? What was its general subject and character?

In what respects was it a poem of the old type? In what respects, in form and in subject, did it represent new tendencies?

What makes each increase in the importance of the common people important in the history of a nation's life and thought?

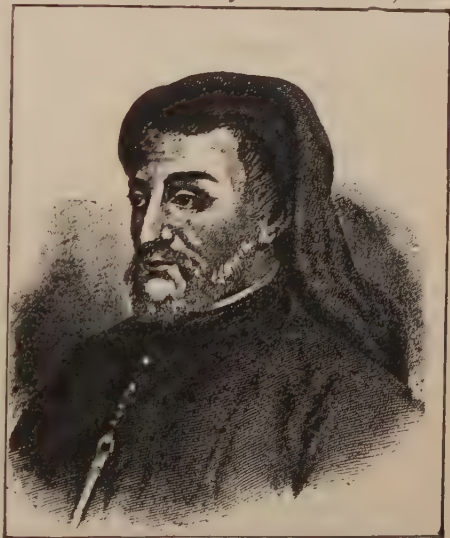
CHAPTER VII

CHAUCER (1340?-1400)

CHAUCER's life accounts in part for his work. He was born in London and brought up in the royal household. He had probably as good an education as his day allowed, — a great deal of Latin and French and some bits of astronomy and other science.

Chaucer's
Life

When nineteen he went with the army into France, was taken prisoner and ransomed. This adventure must have given him some experience of the hardships of real life. His later story is hardly that of a dreamer or unworldly man. He was at least twice sent upon important diplomatic errands abroad and rose apparently into considerable favor at court. In this favor,



CHAUCER

though at times it diminished, he continued until his death. The important fact about his travels is that probably, by his journey to Italy (where he may have met Petrarch), he was brought more directly than before under the influence of Italian literature.

He must have been a man of keen insight into human nature, who went a good deal among men, and kept his eyes open. From his *Canterbury Tales*, we get the impression of him as quiet, efficient, kindly, and humorous, with sympathy for all fellow men whatever their station. He never preaches democracy, yet a feeling of human oneness underlies his stories. It is a mistake to think of him as childlike and simple. A man who writes in the infancy of a language is not for that reason intellectually an infant. One does not retain childlike qualities in the courts of princes or on diplomatic missions. Through all the trifling differences of speech, we feel in Chaucer a strong nature and an acute intellect, — a man of the first rank. We read his poems to-day not as we read the works of Layamon or Orm, as mile-stones in the progress of the language. We read him because he was a great poet, a marvelous teller of stories.

His early work is based chiefly upon the French, consisting of several long poems not now much read or admired (see list of works, pages 123, 124). They show the medieval fondness for long allegory. The work for which he is known to the modern reader is his *Canterbury Tales*. When he wrote it, he had benefited by the influence of Italy, and his own powers had reached their highest development.

The idea of the *Canterbury Tales* perhaps originated in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. In Boccaccio's book a party, seeking refuge from pestilence in a palace, occupy their leisure in telling stories. The company who tell the stories in the *Canterbury Tales* are pilgrims on their way from London to Canterbury, the stories breaking the dullness of the journey. (We find

in Longfellow's *Tales of the Wayside Inn* a later use of a similar plan.)

In the subjects of the tales we find illustrated the tendency of early writers to take plots where they could find them. The *Canterbury Tales* are almost all (perhaps all) retold. The stories come from Dante, from Petrarch, from Latin historians, from legends of saints, from French romances and lighter tales. One is from *Reynard the Fox*. But each of these the genius of Chaucer has transformed into his own.

The speakers in the *Canterbury Tales* stand out like living people. Not only do they tell stories appropriate to their pursuits, but each tells his story in his own characteristic way.

The pilgrimage gives a remarkable excuse for getting together people from different stations in society and of different tastes. Seldom to-day could one find so varied a group. There is a knight, dignified and courteous; his son, a spirited young squire singing and making love and fond of fine clothes; a prioress who was fastidiously "nice" in all her ways; a rich monk who loved hunting; and a hard-working devout parson of a small parish. And mixed with these one finds an Oxford scholar, a vulgar "wife of Bath," a redbearded miller, and a pardoner who is very frank about his dishonest tricks.

The Plan

A few extracts will let you see some of these as Chaucer shows them. These extracts are given in the original form, not modernized. In reading them, pronounce all final *e*'s except when a vowel begins a word following (in the same line). Pronounce these much as you would a final *e* in German. They are also silent before some words beginning with *h*. One can go best by the meter of the

line, taking care to make out the full *ten* syllables (five iambic feet). For example:

On bokes for to rede¹ I me delyte.

To get something of the effect of Chaucer's language as it was spoken pronounce the vowels with the values they have in Latin or in French.



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THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

The figures shown, from left to right, are the Sergeant at Law, the Clerk of Oxenford, Harry Bailey the Host, Chaucer, the Manciple, the Cook.

The Knight

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo. . . .
And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port he meke as is a mayde.
He nevere yit no vileinye ² nè sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.³
He was a verray perfright gentil knight.



THE KNIGHT

¹ The *e* in *rede* is silent, because another vowel, *I*, follows.

² Anything unbecoming a knight.

³ Kind of man.

A yeman hadde he, and servauntz nomoo
 At that tyme, for him luste ¹ ryde soo;
 And he was clad in coote and hood of grene.
 A shef of pocok arwes brighte and kene
 Under his belte he bar ful thriftily. . . .
 Wel cowde he dresse his takel yemanly;
 His arwes drowpede nought with fetheres lowe.
 And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.
 A not-heed ² hadde he with a broun visage.

The
 Yeoman

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,
 That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;

The
 Prioress



THE PRIORESS

Hire gretteste ooth ne was but byseynt
 Loy;
 And sche was cleped [called] madame
 Eglentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servise
 divyne,
 Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
 And Frensch sche spak ful faire and
 fetysly [nicely],
 After the scole of Stratford atte
 Bowe,
 For Frensch of Parys was to hire
 unknowe.

And sikerly [surely] sche was of gret disport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
 And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
 Of court, and ben estatlich [ceremonious] of manere,
 And to ben holden digne [worthy] of reverence.....
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hire wympel [head-dress] i-pynched was;
 Hire nose tretys [fine]; hire eyen greye as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed,
 But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
 It was almost a spanne brood [broad] I trowe;

¹ It pleased him to.

² A cropped head.

For hardily sche was not undergrowe.
 Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was warr.
 Of smal coral aboute hire arm sche baar
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene;
 And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
 On which was first i-write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.¹

**The
Clerk**

A clerk ther was of Oxenford
 also,

That unto logik hadde longe i-go [gone].
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake; . . .
 For him was levere have at his beddes heede
 Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Then robes riche, or fithele [harp], or gay
 sawtrie [fiddle]



THE CLERK

**The
Parson**

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a poure persoun [parson] of a toun;
 Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
 The ferreste in his parische, moche
 and lite,
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a
 staf.

This noble ensample to his sheep
 he yaf [gave],
 That first he wroughte, and after-
 ward he taughte;

Out of the gospel he tho [those] wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addede eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man [layman] to ruste;



THE PARSON

¹ Love conquers all things.

The passages quoted above exhibit Chaucer's actual language. The selections following from the *Knight's Tale* are given in modernized spelling. Where possible, without injury to meter, the *form* of words has also been modernized. Pronounce final *e* when it is marked with a "grave" accent (*è*). Words in unusual senses are explained.

The *Knight's Tale* is laid in the Greece of medieval romances. Theseus, a "duke," makes prisoners of two young knights, brothers-in-arms, each sworn to aid the other in all adventures, including love. The prisoners are confined in the tower of the castle with little prospect of ever getting out. In the same castle is Emily, the beautiful young sister of the duke's wife.



EMILY IN THE GARDEN

Thus passeth year by year and day by day
 Till it fell ones [once] in a morrow [morning] of May
 That Emily, that fairer was to seen
 Than is the lily on her stalkè green,
 And fresher than the May with flowers new . . .
 Ere it was day, as was her wont to do,
 She was arisen, and all ready dight;
 For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
 The season pricketh every gentle heart,

Emily

The
Prisoner

And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
 And saith, "Arise and do thine óbservance."
 This maked Emily have rémembrance
 To do honor to May, and for to rise.
 I-clothed was she fresh for to devise.
 Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
 Behind her back, a yardè long I guess.
 And in the garden at the sun's uprist
 She walketh up and down, and as her list
 She gathereth flowers, partly white and red
 To make a sotil [fine-wrought] garland for her head,
 And as an angel heavenly she song.
 The greatè tower that was so thick and strong
 Which of the castle was the chief dungeon,
 Was even joining to the garden wall.
 There as this Emily had her playing.
 Bright was the sun and clear the morwening,
 And Palamon, this woeful prisoner,
 As was his wont, by leave of his jailer,
 Was risen, and roamed in a chamber on high . . .
 This sorrowful prisoner, this Palamon,
 Goeth in the chamber, roaming to and fro,
 And to himself complaining of his woe;
 That he was born full oft he said alas!
 And so befell, by aventure [luck] or case,
 That through a window thick, of many a bar
 Of iron great, and square as any spar,
 He cast his eyes upon Emelya,

And therewithal he blenched and criedè, "ah!"
 As though he stungen were unto the heart.
 And with that cry Arcite anon upstart,
 And saidè, "Cousin mine, what aileth thee,
 That art so pale and deadly on to see?
 This Palamon answered and said again,
 "Cousin, for sooth of this opinion
 Thou hast a vain imagination.
 This prison caused me not for to cry

But I was hurt right now throughout mine eye
 Into my heart, that will my banè [death] be.
 The fairness of that lady that I see
 Yond' in the garden roaming to and fro
 Is cause of all my crying and my woe.
 I not [know not] whether she be woman or goddess
 But Venus is it soothly as I guess.
 And therewithal on knees adown he fil [fell]
 And said, Venus, if it be thy will.
 You in this garden thus to transfigure
 Before me, sorrowful wretched creature,
 Out of this prison help that we may scape." . . .
 And with that word Arcite gan espy
 Where as this lady roamed to and fro,
 And with that sight her beauty hurt him so
 That if that Palamon was wounded sore,
 Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more.
 And with a sigh he saidè piteously;
 "The freshè beauty slayeth me suddenly
 Of her that walketh in the yonder place;
 And but I have her mercy and her grace,
 That I may see her at the leastè way [at least],
 I (n) am but dead; there (n) is no more to say."
 This Palamon, when he those wordes heard,
 Despitously [savagely] he looked, and answered,
 "Whether sayst thou this in earnest or in play?"
 "Nay," quoth Arcite, "In earnest by my fey [faith].
 God help me so; me lust full evil play."
 This Palamon gan knit his browes tway [two].
 "It nere [were not], quoth he, "to thee no great honoür
 For to be false, ne for to be traitòr
 To me that am thy cousin and thy brother,
 I-sworn full deep, and each of us to other,
 That never, for to dien in the pain
 Till that the death departè shall us twain,
 Neither of us in love to hinder other,
 Nor in no other case, my liefè brother. . . .
 Thus art thou of my counsel out of doubt,

The
Quarrel

And now thou wouldest falsely be about
 To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
 And ever shall, till that mine heartè starve [die]
 Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt not so.
 I loved her first, and toldè thee my woe
 As to my counsel and my brother sworn
 To further me, as I have told beforen.
 For which thou art i-bounden ¹ as a knight
 To helpè me, if it lay in thy might,
 Or elles thou art false, I dare well sayn."

This Arcitè full proudly spake again;
 "Thou shalt," quoth he, "be rather false than I.
 But thou *art* false, I tell thee utterly,
 For par amour ² I loved her first ere thou.
 What wilt thou say? Thou wottest not yet now
 Whether she was a woman or goddess!
 Thine is affection of holiness,
 And mine is love, as to a creature . . .
 And eke it is not likely all thy life
 To standen in her grace, no more shall I;
 For well thou wotst thyselfen verily
 That thou and I be damned to prison
 Perpetually, us gaineth no ransoun. . . .
 Love if thee list — for I love and aye shall,
 And soothly, liefè brother, this is all.
 Here in this prison mustè we endure,
 And everych [each] of us take his aventure [chance]."

Both at last get outside the prison and meet unexpectedly. They are about to fight out their quarrel, when Theseus appears and appoints a formal tournament. Palamon and Arcite shall each gather his hundred champions, and the one whose party wins shall have Emily. Palamon prays to Venus that he may wed Emily. Arcite

¹ i-, a Saxon prefix, like the German ge-.

² With human love.

prays to Mars that he may win the victory. Both prayers are granted. Arcite wins the fight, but is thrown from his horse after it, and dies from his injuries. In his dying words, he leaves Emily to his rival:

Alas the woe! Alas the painès strong
 That I for you have suffered and so long!
 Alas the death! alas mine Emely!
 Alas, departing of our company!
 Alas mine heartès queen! alas my wife!
 Mine heartè's lady, ender of my life!
 What is this world? What asken men to have?
 Now with his love, now in his coldè grave
 Alone withouten any company!
 Farewell my sweetè foe, mine Emely!
 And softly take me in your armès twey [two]
 For love of God, and harken what I say.
 I have here with my cousin Palamon
 Had strife and rancor many a day a-gone
 For love of you and for my jealousy. . . .
 So Jupiter have of my soulè part
 As in this world right now (ne) know I none
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
 That serveth you and will do all his life.
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man." . . .
 Dusken his eyen two, and faileth breath.
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye:
 His lastè word was "Mercy, Emely!"

Arcite
 Dies

And after a due period of mourning, we find Duke Theseus saying to Palamon:

"I trow there needeth little sermoning
 To maken *you* assente to this thing.
 Come near, and take your lady by the hand!"

Palamon
 weds
 Emily

And the knight who tells the story concludes:

Thus endeth Palamon and Emely.
And God save all this fairè company!

Most of Chaucer's verse is in the form shown above, iambic pentameter, five iambic feet. Langland had re-
Chaucer's turned to the Saxon alliterative measure.
Verse Chaucer, keeping English qualities and Eng-
 lish speech, abandoned the Saxon form. One may say
 that he established the five foot iambic line as the normal
 measure in English. In most of his poems, he uses it in
 couplet form. In some, however, we find it in a stanza
 derived from the Italian, a stanza simpler than Spenser's
 (see page 150) and better adapted to the telling of a
 simple tale. The following stanza (modernized) is from
 the *Clerk's Tale* (the story of Patient Griselda).

Chaucer's And in this house, where ye me lady made,
Stanza (The highè God take I for my witness,
 And all so wisely he my soulè glad!)
 I never held me lady nor mistress,
 But humble servant to your worthiness,
 And ever shall, while that my life may dure,
 Above(n) every worldly creature.

In the language used by Chaucer in the preceding
 extracts, observe the number of words from the French.

Chaucer's In the account of Emily's early walk, we
English have for instance, *gentle*, *observance*, *remem-*
brance, *honor*, and *devise*. And some of these, *remembrance*,
observance, and *honor*, for example, are accented upon the
 last syllable. In other places we find such forms as *nas*
not (i.e. *ne was not*) or *nas but* (i.e. *ne was but*) like the
 French *n'était pas*, or *n'était que*. Yet, on the whole,

Chaucer's language is very largely Saxon. This is especially the case in pathetic passages, like Arcite's dying speech.



IN THE PLEASANCE

A sheltered walled garden, within the castle. Here the young lover, lute in hand, sings his latest love-song to his lady. Such gardens played an important part in medieval life and romance.

The poet of the court turned to Saxon English when he would touch the heart.

In studying Chaucer, we should note the respects in

which he is typical of his age. We can observe how he dwells upon love not merely as a passion but as, one might almost say, an art, with rules and an elaborate etiquette. We see his lovers quarrelling according to set rules of medieval disputation. We are overwhelmed, especially in his earlier poems, by vast allegories, of which the medieval mind could never have enough. We are amazed to find so little understanding of classical life: Theseus is a "duke" and dwells in a "castle," and his knights fight according to rules of chivalry. We enjoy Chaucer's passion for light and for bright color, and his medieval delight in the spring, the fresh open air of May after the winter in the cold crowded draughty castle. It is a bright, clear world that he loves to dwell in, the world that one sees in medieval Italian paintings, a dazzlingly brilliant world uplifted by a simple faith.

In Chaucer's writings we find surprisingly little reference to the tumult and struggle of his day. Perhaps a man of meditative temperament could, even in days of war and rebellion, retire into the country of his dreams and create rich visions. Yet we cannot be sure, because the *poet* Chaucer ignores the problems of his day, that the *man* Chaucer may not have felt them keenly. Possibly it was for relief from them that he turned, as Morris turned later, to the tales told by his company of pilgrims.

Yet there was, even as it is pictured in Chaucer, a dark side to the world. It was a world full of disorder and crime and violence; close by the throne stood "the smiler with the knife under his cloak." Even in religion there was pretence and covetousness. There was oppression in high

places. We see the medieval world with all its grace and brightness and faith and cruelty and oppression, a world that, with all its lights and shadows was moving toward new things.

In one sense, Chaucer does not preach. In another, he does; for his heart goes with his *good* people, the gentle knight and the poor parson who held that the priest must be a noble example to his flock. Jest as he may, even if he descend to ribaldry, we feel that he belongs upon the higher level. And no poet, of all poets that have ever sung, has told a story with so compelling a charm, with so fresh and so humorous a simplicity. Homer tells a story as simply, as feelingly, even more poetically. Sometimes he stirs us to tears. But Homer never gives us that touch of humor mixed with pathos that we find in Chaucer. There is in Chaucer an element akin to men of to-day, to Dickens, and Mark Twain, and Whitcomb Riley, an amused tenderness that touches the heart of life.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What kind of man was Chaucer? Where did he live? What evidence from his life that he had a "practical" side?

What foreign literatures and writers influenced him?

What is the plan of the *Canterbury Tales*. From what sources were the *Tales* themselves derived?

In the description of the characters in the Prologue observe Chaucer's selection of characteristic detail. See why each fact given is significant.

What is the metrical form? What does it owe to French verse?

Observe peculiarities of language. With the teacher's help, try to determine whether each is

(a) a survival from Old English;

(b) a new importation from French.

In the *Knight's Tale* look for examples of

- (a) the point of view of the speaker, the "perfect gentle knight";
- (b) effectively and vividly presented scenes;
- (c) humor;
- (d) pathos or tenderness;
- (e) poetic beauty and high imagination.
- (f) a medieval way of looking at things, at love, at astrology, at the life of the ancients.

CHAPTER VIII

BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS

FROM about the time of Chaucer we find the *folk-song* or *ballad*. We must not forget that a ballad was an actual *song*, meant to be *sung*. A type of native folk-song grew up among the common people of England precisely as it has grown up among the people of every other country.

A folk-song was in a sense the product of the whole community. Some singer, inspired by some local tragedy or tradition, would compose a poem and would sing it among his neighbors. As they in turn sang it, learning it from him, each would make changes, attempting improvements of his own. In time there would be many versions. Of these versions, the ones that least suited popular taste would be abandoned. The song in its final shape would be, therefore, the original song improved by the whole community.

While various meters occur in English ballads, one is commonly called "ballad meter." This is the stanza of four foot and three foot lines, alternating. It was later used by Coleridge in the *Ancient*

Mariner. Typical stanzas of this sort will be found on pages 98 and 99.

A second type of stanza, less common in English, is the ballad with a *burden* or *refrain*, one or more singers chanting the same lines over and over again as a chorus to the song of the solo singer. (One still finds this in the chanties of sailors, and in the hymns and working songs of negroes.)

There were three ladies played at the ba'
 (With a hey ho and a lily gay)
 There came a knight and played o'er them a'
 (And the primrose smells so sweetly).

Many of these ballads are crude; yet in them one finds poetry of the rarest type with a characteristic flavor. It compares to the poetry of book-taught poets as the yellow apples of the country roadside differ from the apples of the city dealer, or as wild-flowers differ from the blossoms of the garden. To any lover of poetry these ballads are full of haunting lines.

To Noroway and far away
 And far away to Noroway,
 And o'er the faem to Noroway,
 The wind has blown my plaid away.

O Annan water's wading deep,
 And my luve Annie's wondrous bonnie.

'Twas mirk, mirk night, and there was no stern [stars'] light
 And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
 And there they saw neither sun nor moon,
 But they heard the roaring of the sea!

The best ballads are from Scotland and from the north of England. Possibly either the Scandinavian element that prevailed in the north or the Celtic element from the Scotch Highlands, or possibly the mingling of these two elements, afforded just the right soil for such poetry. In England the best ballads are those of *Robin Hood* (who had all the ideal qualities for a popular hero) and various Border ballads, such as *Chevy Chase*. This literature, unwritten, handed down from singer to singer, from generation to generation, had begun by the time of Chaucer, perhaps before that. Even to-day remnants of such songs will be found in out of the way corners of Scotland and England.

These songs of the people, these strains of rude poetry, were to preserve through all artificial "fashions" the spirit of native song. We shall see that to this source poets of a later day, wearied of a world that had lost faith in itself, turned for draughts of new inspiration.

A famous old ballad that has been handed down in many forms is the ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*. It is not really founded upon history. Its value lies wholly in its poetry.

The king sits in Dumferling toun
 Drinking the blude-red wine.
 "O where will I get a guid sailor
 To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the king's richt knee,
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That sails upon the sea."

The king has writt'n a braid letter
And sign'd it wi' his hand
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the sand.

The first line Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laugh'd he.
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blind'd his ee.

"O wha is this has dune this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send me out at this time o' year
To sail upon the sea!

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'
Our guid ship sails the morn!"

"Now ever alack, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.

"For I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the old moon in her arm,
And if we go to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm." . . .

O laith, laith were our guid Scots lords
To wat their cork-heeled shoon,
But lang e'er a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
With their fans into their hand
Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand
With their gold kaims in their hair,
A-waiting for their own dear lords,
For them they'll see na mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdore
 It's fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- In what stage of civilization and culture are ballads made?
 In what sense are they the product of the whole community?
 What is the most common *ballad stanza*? Quote a stanza and indicate the metrical form.
 What is meant by a *burden* or *refrain*? Illustrate.
 How are ballads handed down?
 What lessons may writers of cultured ages learn from them?
 In the ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*, observe instances of
- (a) selection of important moments, with omission of everything else;
 - (b) suggestions of character;
 - (c) indications of irony or humor;
 - (d) lines or stanzas that seem worth memorizing.

From reading this, do you feel that you do or do not wish to read more ballads? Why?

(It is very desirable for a class to study additional ballads. See also page 118, general collections and List of Authors.)

CHAPTER IX

KING ARTHUR

AMONG the most popular subjects for stories in the Middle Ages was the court of King Arthur. His deeds and those of his knights, the famous Round Table, were sung in thousands of lines of rhymed romance. The stories about Arthur were, very remotely, of historical origin.

Historical
 Origin

When the Saxons were slowly moving westward in their conquest of England, there came a halt in their progress. There had arisen among the Britons a new leader who defeated the invaders and who, for many years thereafter, held them back and gave his countrymen an interval — a kind of Indian summer — of prosperity and power before their final overthrow. This leader legends call *Arthur*.



A JOUST

Two knights meet in the lists, perhaps for "trial by combat." Observe the covered galleries for the gentry, the pavilions for the two knights, the heralds and marshals at the front.

From recollections of such a leader, the later Britons (the Welsh) developed many heroic stories. Some such tales must have reached the ear of Geoffrey of Monmouth the creator of the Arthur of later legend. Partly out of ancient legends, but more out of his own very inventive brain, he evolved a history of early Britain. Written in Latin, it was accepted as history and became the basis of "historical" poems and plays, not

Geoffrey of
Monmouth

to speak of romances. The feature of the book that took hold upon the medieval world was the story of Arthur. The rage for Arthurian stories swept like an epidemic through Europe.

The stories based upon Arthur and his court took their color and character not from the days in which a real Arthur might have lived, but from the days in which the stories were written. Medieval life was pictured as it might be in a dream, a bewildering succession of battles, jousts, courtly pageants, quests, adventures with ogres and giants and dragons, and over all a general atmosphere of romantic love and religious mysticism.

It was the religious element that led to the development of the story of the Holy Grail, the cup from which the Lord drank at the Last Supper. There grew up stories of this being guarded by pledged knights, visible only to those who had attained spotless purity in thought and deed. (Observe Lowell's use of this idea in his *Vision of Sir Launfal*.)

Such stories made up a great bulk of English and French metrical romance down to about the time of Chaucer. Not long after Chaucer, however, printing led to a revival of the best romances, and a number were collected and retold in prose. The prose collection by Sir Thomas Malory has become for modern readers the "authorized form" of these legends. His volume, the *Morte d'Arthur* (1470), contains in very poetic old English, easy to understand, the chief Arthurian stories.

What makes the stories of Arthur still more important is that they were revived in the nineteenth century in



THE VISION OF THE HOLY GRAIL

The knight wins by purity and good deeds the sight of the Sacred Cup. (A modern painting, by Burne-Jones (see Book IV, Chapter XII), in the Pre-Raphaelite style.)

the general revival of interest in medieval life and romance. (See Book IV, Chapter VIII.) The **Modern Development** greatest writer to make use of them was Tennyson, in his *Idylls of the King*. But William Morris, Lowell, Swinburne, and countless others also took up in a new way the old but not exhausted themes.

(In music the old tales inspired Richard Wagner; in *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal* one finds the story of the Grail and its guardians.)

After the Arthurian stories had run their course, there continued for some time stories of knightly adventure.

Amadis of Gaul One of the most famous of these later romances is *Amadis of Gaul* by Lobeira, a Spanish writer. Such romances held popular favor down to the seventeenth century.

The old romance had its merits, and the Arthurian stories collected by Malory will last as long as Shakspeare for they have high ideals and noble imagination. The old romancer can — like the **Charm of Malory's Work** Ancient Mariner — hold us with the wonder of his tale. *The Noble and Joyous History of King Arthur* still lives. What reader can fail to wish to know more of a story that begins like this:

Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Gaheris rode more than a pace after the white hart, and they let slip at the hart three couples of grey-hounds; and so they chased the hart into the castle, and in the chief place of the castle they slew the hart that Sir Gawaine and Sir Gaheris followed after. Right so there came a knight out of a chamber, with a sword in his hand, and slew two of the hounds, even in the sight of Sir Gawaine; and the remnant, he chased them with his sword out of the castle. And when he came again, he said "Oh, my white hart! it repenteth me that thou art dead, for my sovereign lady gave thee to me; and evil have I kept thee, and thy death shall be dearly

bought." And anon he went into his chamber and armed him, and came out fiercely, and there he met with Sir Gawaine.

— From *Morte d'Arthur*, "The Book of the Three Quests."

An element to be observed in these Arthurian tales is their *Celtic* character. (See page 53.) They are far nearer the extracts on pages 54 ff. than to *Beowulf* or the *Sagas*. They are full of a mystical element and a delight in beauty and color. And they have, too, a fluency, a liquid ease characteristic of Welsh and Irish tales. This is natural, for their origin lies, in part at least, in Celtic legends.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What historical foundation for the tales about Arthur? Why is this unimportant in studying the stories?

Why might the Welsh (and the Cornish and Breton people) have retained legends about Arthur?

What did Geoffrey of Monmouth write? Why, though not worth reading, is his work important?

If the Arthurian stories do not show real life, what do they show a modern reader? What ideals and standards do they represent?

What religious traditions became united with the tales of Arthur?

Who was Malory? What did he do for Arthurian stories? Why is his book worth reading?

What modern poets have made use of these tales? What modern musician and dramatist?

Compare the extract from Malory with the Celtic extract on pages 54, 55. What resemblance? How do you account for it?

CHAPTER X

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH DRAMA

By the time of Chaucer, plays had already begun in England. These, like similar plays upon the continent, were almost childish in simplicity. The **Medieval Conditions** great traditions of the drama of the Greeks and the Romans had disappeared. It was as if Sophocles and Euripides had never written. The world had gone back to its childhood.

This return was not wholly bad. For this new world, being Teutonic and Christian, did not start from the same point as the Greeks, nor did it express the same spirit. It put into its new crude drama a spirit and character of its own; and later, when it added to its native genius the grace of classical art, it kept this new spirit and character. Shakspeare is as great as Sophocles or Euripides and imitates them in many points; yet he is not like them.

Double Origin of English Drama If English drama had not acquired a character of its own before men returned to the study of the ancient drama, English drama might have been contented to copy the Greeks. But with a drama of their own taking shape, the English dramatists did not do this. "We will not," they might have said to the ancient Greek, — "we will not write *your* kind of play. But we will study and admire your play and learn from it how to make ours, *in our own way*, as good. We shall learn from you to climb our English mountain as you have climbed your Greek summit. Where you have your Euripides, we shall have our Shakspeare."

The new drama began in the Church. The Greek

plays had begun with hymns praising (and exhibiting) the deeds of gods and heroes. The Christian Religious plays began with stories from the Old or the Origin New Testament, or with legends of saints. Such plays were given as a rule upon the great religious days. At first they were given in the church itself. The anthem or *introit* gave a chance for *responsive singing* that soon became *dialogue*, and later there came *action* in harmony with the words. Naturally dramatic action within the service itself could not go far. The plays were removed, consequently, to the church porch, under the great entrance arch of the minster; later, to scaffolding in the church yard; and, at last, outside the church altogether, to the city streets. As interest developed, the human side, with a tendency to comedy, became stronger, and the clergy gave place to secular actors, to townsfolk, not unlike the group in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The play separated from the Church and became a thing of the people.

Such is the *Miracle Play* as it developed. We find it given in towns by the working people and becoming a feature of holidays. The different plays covered a great part of the Bible. Among the popular sub- Miracle Play jects were the Creation, the Flood, Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac, and the Slaughter of the Innocents, the last introducing that favorite "villain," the tyrant Herod. Our modern stage could not treat such subjects. But the devotion of a medieval audience lifted them above irreverence.

(We find two names used for these early plays, *Miracle Plays* and *Mysteries*. As applied in England, the names are interchangeable. Strictly speaking the *Miracle Play* dealt with the lives of saints, the *Mystery* with subjects connected with Christ.)

The actors were taken from associations of workmen or "guilds," in some respects parallel to modern "unions." The goldsmiths' guild, for example, would give the coming of the Magi with priceless gifts, and the shipwrights would present the building of the Ark. These plays were of and for the common people. Plays so made had little literary value. One catches bits of human feeling and imaginative insight. But these are rare.

So long as poets kept close to the Bible story, the text tied them down. But soon we find writers beginning to "humanize" the story. They transfer the action to their own day. They make characters just such people as their neighbors. The shepherds are such men as might be in the audience, the workmen are such men as use hammer and chisel in the town, and the simple story is enlarged with incidents drawn from local experience.

We see very early that mingling of the comic and the serious so characteristic of English plays. An interesting example is seen in the Miracle Play that shows the shepherds hearing the good tidings of the birth of Christ. Inserted in this devout play is a comic interlude in which a shepherd steals a sheep, hides it (disguised as a child) in a cradle, and is caught in the act! In the story of the Flood there is introduced a comic passage in which Noah's wife obstinately refuses to leave her "gossips" and enter the Ark. When Noah tries to compel her, she strikes him. Then all soberly enter the Ark and the play goes on with religious seriousness.

We find, too, efforts to bring out the deeper human feelings that a situation would have aroused. Where Abraham is commanded by God to kill Isaac, his own son, Abraham becomes, in the imagination

Comic
Element

Human
Feeling

of the writer, a real father and Isaac a most boylike boy. Abraham says:

He speaks so ruefully to me
That watir shotes in both min eeyn.
I were lever than all wordly wyn
That I had for him onys unkynde,
But no defaut I faunde hym in;
I wolde be ded for hym or pynde.
To slo hym thus I thynk grete syn.
So ruefulle wordes I with hym fynd;
I am fulle wo that we shulde twyn,
For he will nevir out of my mynd.
What shall I to his moder say?

And what a human note when the boy says:



The shining of your bright blade
It gars [makes] me quak for ferd [fear] to die.

The next advance was the *Morality*. It presented a moral lesson in allegorical form. Each character personified some quality, some virtue or vice. For instance, in one, man surrenders himself into the hands of Pleasure and Folly and learns a lesson by experience. Among the most common figures in these Moralities are the Seven Deadly Sins. We find also the Mind, the Soul, the Will, Good Deeds, Discretion, Death, the last being represented by a grim figure in black tights upon which was painted a skeleton. He carried a drum, which he beat to summon his victims.

The Morality

FROM A MORALITY

A figure from a medieval illustration to *Hickscorner*.

At first sight plays so abstract seem further from life than the Miracle Plays. But this was not the case. In a *story*, allegorical characters might be unreal. But try to personify Drunkenness upon the stage and before you know it you will be presenting a caricature of some drunkard you have seen on the street. Procrastination



THE MORALITY STAGE (restored)

At the left of the stage (not shown here) is Heaven. Near the center (at the left of this picture) is the seat of the Almighty. At the right is Hell, with devils and flames. The jaws of Hell yawn for their victims.

would be shown by a man putting off unpleasant tasks. Just so with Idleness, Courage, Generosity. The Morality set the author at liberty to develop character.

One of the best of the early Moralities is *Everyman*. It is occasionally produced even to-day. In the following passage, note how human is the dialogue between Everyman and Fellowship. Everyman has been told that he must die and is trying

Everyman

to see which of his friends and supporters will go with him. Each in turn refuses. Fellowship abandons him like the rest.

FELLOWSHIP

Now, by God that all hath bought,
If Death were the messenger,
For no man that is living to-day
I will not go that loath journey,
Not for the father that begat me.

EVERYMAN

Ye promised otherwise, pardy. [*Par Dieu*, by God.]

FELLOWSHIP

I wot well I said so truly,
And yet if thou wilt eat and drink, and make good cheer,
I would not forsake you, while the day is clear,
Trust me verily.

EVERYMAN

Yea, thereto ye would be ready;
To go to mirth, solace and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.

FELLOWSHIP

Now, in good faith, I will not that way;
But, and thou will murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will.

EVERYMAN

Whither away, Fellowship? will you forsake me?

FELLOWSHIP

Yea, by my fay; to God I betake thee.

EVERYMAN

Alack! shall we thus depart in deed,
 O Lady, help, without any more comfort,
 Lo, Fellowship forsaketh me in my most need:
 For help in this world whither shall I resort?

The *Interlude* differs from the *Morality* in being more
 compact in plot and, in many cases, in being
 free from allegory.

Another natural step is the extension of plays into the field of history. People wanted to learn the story of the past, and the play was the best way to satisfy their need. Some of the plays — "Chronicle Plays" — that were first written for this purpose were very crude. They put the history first and the play second. It did not take long, however, for people to see that in these stories character could be depicted and stirring action might be developed. Yet to make great historical plays, like Shakspeare's *Julius Caesar*, men must have higher dramatic ideals. They needed the inspiration of the past. The English Drama must wait the Revival of Learning.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Explain why medieval drama had fallen below the ancient standard.
 Explain how the English drama originated in the services of the Church.

Show how it gradually detached itself from these services.

What were Miracle Plays? What subjects did they present?

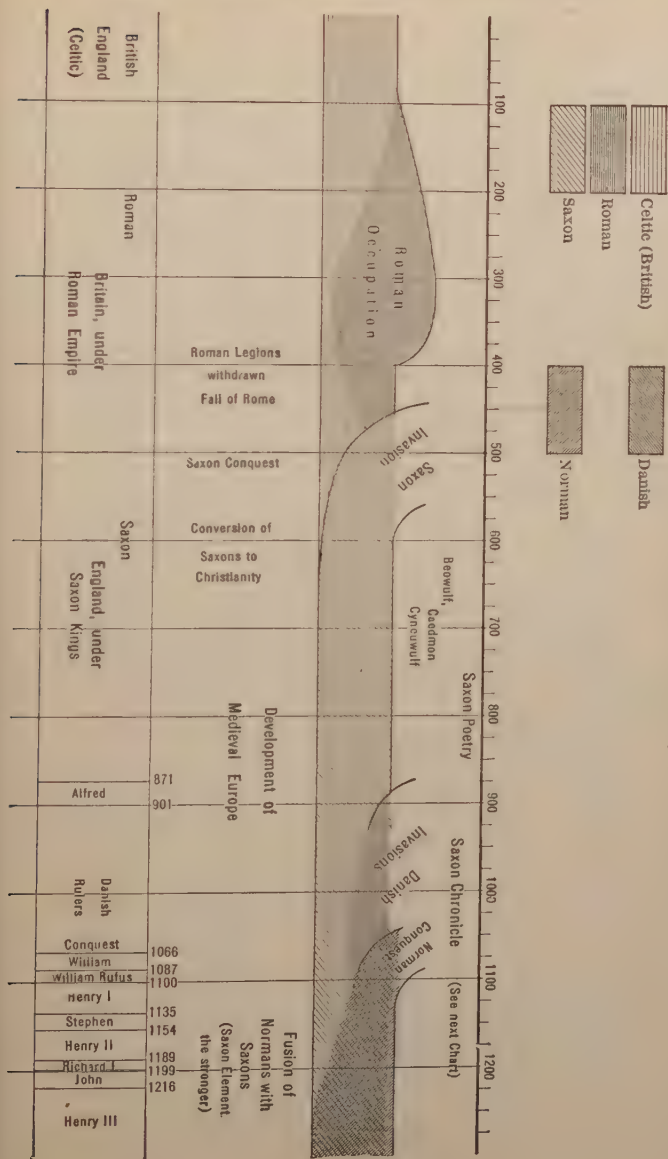
What was their literary merit? Who wrote them and who acted in them? Where and how were they presented?

What was the *Morality*? Show that it gave more opportunity than the *Miracle Play* for the depiction of character.

What was the *Interlude*? In what was it an advance?

What was the *Chronicle Play*? How does it differ from such plays as *Julius Caesar* or *Antony and Cleopatra*?

THE MAKING OF THE PEOPLE AND THEIR SPEECH (Successive Occupants of England)



RECOMMENDED READING

(Books starred (*) are especially desirable.)

For additional reading concerning the periods treated, students should consult the general works listed on pages xi-xiv. (In consulting the longer works, use the index and table of contents of each book as a guide.)

For specific works of literature written in each period, see the LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, pages 121-125.

ENGLAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST

HISTORY. (Roman Britain.)

Few will need more than they will find in Green, Gardiner and Traill. For those wishing more, the following are recommended.

* Church. *Story of Early Britain.* (Juvenile.)

(Saxon.)

Allen. *Anglo-Saxon England.*

* Ditchfield. *The English Village.*

Kemble. *The Saxons in England.*

Turner. *History of the Anglo-Saxons.*

(The student should try to get from these, not mere dates and lists of facts, but a general sense of the life and character, the aims and ideals and traditions, of the Saxon people.)

LITERATURE. See general works (page xii); also

Baldwin. *An Introduction to English Medieval Literature.*
(Extracts.)

Brooke. *History of Early English Literature.* (Very full, good extracts.)

Lewis. *Beginnings of English Literature.*

* Marks. *Early English Hero-Tales.*

Additional specimens of Saxon Literature will be found in the following:

Sweet. *Anglo-Saxon Reader.* (Original Saxon only.)

* Cook and Tinker. *Selected Translations from Old English Prose.*

* Cook and Tinker. *Selected Translations from Old English Verse.*

* Marks. *Early English Hero-Tales.* (Retold.)

(Sagas, Scandinavian Literature.)

- * Anderson and Bjornson. *Viking Tales of the North*.
Church. *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance*.
- Dasent. *Burnt Njal Saga*. (Translation, suitable for older students.)
- * Du Chaillu. *The Viking Age*. (Valuable for reference, and good to "browse" in.)
- * Hull, E. *The Northmen in Britain*. (Saga tales vividly retold. Illustrated.)
Mabie. *Norse Stories*.
- Morris and Magnusson. *Grettir the Strong*. (Literal translation of Grettir Saga.)
- * Baring-Gould. *Grettir the Outlaw*. (The same, retold.)
- Morris. *Volsunga Saga*. (Translation from Edda.)
- Morris. *Sigurd the Volsung*. (Original poem, based upon the foregoing.)

(Celtic Literature.)

- Antin. *Hero-Tales of Ireland*.
 - De Vere. *The Children of Lir*.
 - Gregory. *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*.
 - * Hull, E. *Cuchulain, the Hound of Ulster*. (The same as the above in a different translation.)
 - * Hull, E. *The Mabinogion*. (Old Welsh Tales. In Temple Series and in Everyman's Library.)
Joyce. *Old Celtic Romances*.
 - * Lanier. *Boys' Mabinogion*.
 - Morley. *English Writers*. (Advanced, for reference only.)
 - Rolleson. *High Deeds of Finn*.
- (See also Celtic tales and plays by Yeats (Recommended Reading, Book IV), also tales by Seumas Macmanus.)

CONQUEST TO CHAUCER

HISTORY.

- (For history of the language, see page 117.)
- Archer and Kingford. *The Story of the Crusades*.
- Barnard. *Companion to English History*. (Long, very full.)
- * Cox, G. W. *The Crusades*.

- Jewett. *Story of the Normans.*
 * Wishart. *Monks and Monasteries.*
 Wright. *History of Domestic Manners during the Middle Ages.*

LITERATURE.

All general works listed on page xii; also

- Curteen. *Arthurian Epic.*
 Maynadier. *Arthur in the English Poets.* (Historical.)
 Lewis. *The Beginnings of English Literature.*
 Trevelyan. *The Land of Arthur.*
 Metrical Romances. English and French. Middle English Poems.
 See general collections; also
 * *Song of Roland.* (Translations from the French by O'Hagan, Butler, and others.)
 Ellis. *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances.*
 Morris and Skeat. *Specimens of Early English.* (Original.)
 * Weston. *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.* (Modernized.)
 Weston. *The Chief Middle English Poets.* (Modernized.)
 * Lang (or Baker). *Aucassin and Nicolette.* (Translated from the French.)
 * Malory. *Morte d' Arthur.* (Everyman's Library, Camelot Series and other standard series.)
 (William Morris in his *Earthly Paradise* retells in modern English verse a number of medieval tales, in a thoroughly medieval spirit. See also his *Man Born to be King.*)
 Medieval Story in General.
 Lawrence, W. W. *The Medieval Story.* (With reflections upon its significance.)

CHANGES IN THE LANGUAGE.

- Bradley. *The Making of English.*
 Emerson. *Brief History of the English Language.*
 Lounsbury. *History of the English Language.*
 Marsh. *Lectures upon the English Language.*
 * Trench. *English Past and Present.*
 Welsh. *Development of English Literature and Language.*

AGE OF CHAUCER

- Besant. *London in Medieval Times.*
 Browne. *Chaucer's England.*
 * Coulton. *Chaucer and His England.*
 Denton. *England in the Fifteenth Century.*
 Green. *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.* (Difficult.)
 Haweis. *Chaucer for Children.*
 * Haweis. *Chaucer for Schools.*
 Kittredge. *Selections from Canterbury Tales.*
 MacKail. *Chaucer (in Springs of Helicon.)*
 Mackaye. *Prose Version of Chaucer.*
 Pollard. *Chaucer.*
 Snell. *The Age of Chaucer.*
 Tappan. *Stories from Chaucer.*
 Thompson. *Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims.*
 Tuckwell. *Chaucer.* (Short.)

COLLECTIONS.

- Neilson and Webster. *Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century.*

BALLADS.

See general collections, p. xiv; also

- Bates, K. *A Ballad Book.*
 Galey and Flaherty. *Poetry of the People.*
 Gummere. *Old English Ballads.*
 Hazlitt. *Early Popular Poetry of England.*
 Johnson. *Popular British Ballads.* (4 vols.)
 Sargent and Kittredge. *English and Scottish Popular Ballads.*

EARLY RENAISSANCE

- Saintsbury. *The Early Renaissance.* (Too advanced for average student.)
 Snell. *The Age of Transition.*
 Symonds. *Short History of the Renaissance.*
 Schofield. *Chivalry in English Literature.* (Chaucer to Shakespeare.)

FICTION DEALING WITH THE PERIODS STUDIED

BRITISH AND ROMAN.

- Henty. *Beric the Briton*. (Juvenile.)
- * Kipling. *Puck of Pook's Hill*.
- * Cutts. *Villa of Claudius*. (Roman life in England.)
- Church, A. J. *The Count of the Saxon Shore*. (Fall of Roman Britain.)

SAXON.

- Havelok. *Northern England*.
- Fenn. *The King's Sons*. (Juvenile.)
- Henty. *The Dragon and the Raven*. (Juvenile.)
- * Whistler. *King Olaf's Kinsman*.
- * Whistler, C. W. *A King's Comrade*. (Upon the Danish invasions. Catching the saga spirit.)

CONQUEST AND LATER. (Arranged approximately according to the time they deal with.)

- Crake, A. D. *The Rival Heirs*. (Juvenile.)
- * Kipling. *Puck of Pook's Hill*.
- * Kipling. *Rewards and Fairies*.
- * Kingsley, C. *Hereward the Wake*. } Founded upon the same
Macfarlane. *The Camp of Refuge*. } historical basis.
- Lytton. *Harold the Last of the Saxons*.
- Young. *The Little Duke*. (Normans before Conquest.) (Juvenile.)
- Scott. *Count Robert of Paris*. (1100.)
- Macfarland. *A Legend of Reading Abbey*.
- Scott. *The Betrothed*. (1187.)
- * Scott. *The Talisman*.
- * Scott. *Ivanhoe*. (1194.)
- Newbolt. *The Old Country*.
- Newbolt. *New June*. (Emphasizing resemblances of Old and New.)
- Hall, H. *Court Life under the Plantagenets*.
- Hewlett. *Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*. (Hard reading but powerful. Compare his Richard with Scott's.)
- Crake, A. D. *The House of Walderne*. (Juvenile.)

- Pyle. *Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*. (Juvenile.)
- James, G. P. R. *Forest Days, or Robin Hood*.
- Porter. *The Scottish Chiefs*. (1300.)
- Stoddard, W. V. *With the Black Prince*. (1346.) (Juvenile.)
- * Doyle. *Sir Nigel*. (A very vivid picture of the young knight's life.)
- Henty. *St. George for England*. (Juvenile.)
- Barber (Fairless). *The Gathering of Brother Hilarius*. (A poetic picture of monastic life.)
- Yonge, C. M. *The Lances of Lynwood*. (Juvenile.)
- Aguilar. *The Days of Bruce*. (Juvenile.)
- Scott. *Castle Dangerous*.
- Maxwell. *The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest*.
- Scott. *The Maid of Perth*.
- Scott. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.
- Johnston. *Fortunes of Garin*.
- Crockett. *The Black Douglas*.
- Hervey. *Eric the Archer*. (1377.) (Juvenile.)
- * Converse. *Long Will, A Romance*.
- Bevan. *Red Dickon, Outlaw*. (Juvenile.)
- Henty. *A March to London*. (1385.) (Juvenile.)
- Ainsworth. *Merry England*. (The Rising of the Serfs.) (Juvenile.)
- Morris. *The Dream of John Ball*. (A socialistic vision.)
- * Doyle. *The White Company*.
- Henty. *At Agincourt*.
- * Stevenson. *The Black Arrow*. (1471.)
- Lytton. *The Last of the Barons*.
- Church. *The Chantry Priest of Barnet*.
- * Yonge. *The Armorer's Prentices*. (Juvenile.)
- Scott. *Lady of the Lake*.
- Scott. *Marmion*.
- * Mark Twain. *Prince and Pauper*. (1547.)
- Scott. *Monastery*. (While the time is late, the spirit is medieval.)
- Reade. *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

BOOK I. LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

The relative importance of each author (or work) is indicated by face of type.

Works starred are recommended for reading. Double asterisks indicate that the book is especially recommended for student's reading.

The sign (Col.) means that the work indicated (or selections from the author indicated) should be read in *standard selections*. See the list on page xiv.

Page numbers indicate the page of this book where the author or work is discussed.

(The list of works under an author's name is not, as a rule, complete. The aim is merely to indicate *representative works*.)

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Roman legions with- drawn from Britain c. 400 A.D.	Origin uncertain: pres- ent form settled about <i>seventh century</i>	BEOWULF (Col.)* p. 22
Saxon invasion and gradual conquest c. 450-550		THE SEAFARER (Col.)* THE WANDERER (Col.)* p. 28 <i>Deor's Lament</i> <i>Traveller's Song</i> (Widsith) <i>Battle of Finnsbarg</i>
	Cædmon (or collabo- rators and imitators) 650-750?, p. 30	<i>Paraphrase of Genesis</i> (Col.)* p. 31 <i>Paraphrase of Exodus</i> <i>Paraphrase of Daniel</i> <i>Christ and Satan</i>
	Cynewulf (or collabo- rators and imitators) p. 32 (eighth century)	<i>Christ</i> (paraphrase) <i>Elene</i> } <i>Juliana</i> } Legends of saints <i>Andreas</i> <i>Phoenix</i> <i>Dream of the Cross</i> <i>Riddles</i> (Col.)* p. 32
Danish Invasions <i>Reign of Alfred</i> 871-901	KING ALFRED (THE GREAT) 849-901 p. 33	ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE (Col.)* (Partly the work of Alfred) pp. 15, 34 translations from late Latin writers, Bede, Orosius, etc.
	Unknown	<i>Battle of Brunanburgh</i> (Col.)* } Spirited <i>Battle of Maldon</i> (Col.)* } accounts of battles
	<i>Ælfric</i> (tenth century)	Sermons
Canute (Danish King of England) 1017 Edward the Confessor 1042	<i>Wulfstan</i> (tenth cen- tury)	Sermons
NORMAN CONQUEST (Battle of Hastings) 1066		Development, both in France and in England, of writings in <i>Latin</i> and in <i>French</i> . <i>Important works:</i> <i>Latin:</i> (England) <i>Geoffrey of Mon-</i> <i>mouth, History of Britain</i> , basis for <i>Arthurian Tales</i> , etc. (1147)

* See above.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
First Crusade 1095		<i>French:</i> (England) <i>Wace. Brut d'Engleterre</i> <i>Map. Lancelot de Lac</i> <i>Quest de St. Graal</i> <i>Mori Artus</i> (Morte d'Arthur)
Elder (Norse) Edda written		<i>French:</i> (France) SONG OF ROLAND** (10 ?) p. 64 <i>Amis et Amiles</i> (Col.)* AUCASSIN ET NICOLETTE** pp. 67, 68 <i>Percival le Gallois</i> <i>Chanson d'Alisandre</i> (1190) (These and others being the basis of the English romances that follow.)
Nibelungenlied (German folk-epic) about 1140		
Richard I 1189 (Period pictured in <i>Ivanhoe</i>)	<i>Layamon</i>	BRUT (1205?) (Col.)* p. 52 (based upon Geoffrey of Monmouth, see above)
Magna Charta 1215	<i>Orm</i> (or Ormin) Unknown	<i>Ormulum</i> (1215-20) (Col.)* p. 52 <i>Ancren Riwle</i> (Col.)* p. 69 (Other religious writings)
DANTE in Italy	Nicholas of Guildford	<i>Owl and Nightingale</i> (Col.)* <i>Debate of Soul and Body</i> <i>Proverbs of Alfred</i> } Other work, now <i>Proverbs of Hendyng</i> } in written form
Edward I 1272	<i>Poems not narrative</i>	CUCKOO SONG* p. 70
Edward II 1307		ALYSOUN* (Charming early love-song) (Col.) THE PEARL (Col.)* A beautiful poem upon a father's grief at his daughter's death. <i>Handling Sin</i> } 1303 } Long moral works, un- <i>Cursor Mundi</i> } readable to-day 1320 }
	<i>Romances</i>	DEVELOPMENT OF ROMANCES IN ENGLISH Teutonic or English tales <i>Horn</i> (in various forms) (Col.)* <i>Havelok the Dane</i> (1270-80) (Col.)* p. 70 <i>Guy of Warwick</i> <i>Bevis of Hampton</i> Romances based upon French poems: <i>Sir Tristrem</i>

* See explanation, page 121.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
	<p>See pages 64-66 (These are only selected titles, not strictly chronological, to give an idea of the general character of these tales)</p> <p><i>Mandeville</i> (a name rather than a person) prose p. 133</p>	<p><i>King Alexander</i> <i>Richard Cœur de Lion</i> <i>Amis and Amiloun</i> (14 cent.) <i>William of Palerme</i> (<i>William and the Werewolf</i>)</p> <p>GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT* <i>Arthur and Merlin</i> <i>Sir Launfal</i> (Col.)* Not Lowell's story, but a very charming romance <i>Sir Isumbras</i> <i>Sir Orpheo</i> <i>Destruction of Troy</i></p> <p>VOYAGE AND TRAVEL (1356)* p. 133 Quaint tales showing how readily medieval readers accepted accounts of marvels. Very popular.</p>
Edward III 1327	WILLIAM LANGLAND	THE VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN
PETRARCH AND BOCACCIO in Italy Black Death 1349	<p>poems 1322-1400 p. 78</p> <p><i>John Wyclif</i> p. 78 prose 1324-1384</p>	<p>(1378) (Col). p. 79</p> <p><i>Translation of the Bible</i> (see extract on page 53) Religious writings</p>
Wars with France Battles of Cressy and Poitiers 1346, 1356	<p>JOHN GOWER poems 1350-1402</p> <p>GEOFFREY CHAUCER p. 81</p>	<p><i>Confessio Amantis</i> (and other long poems). Stories told in clear, even, uninspired, tiresome verse</p> <p><i>Romaunt of the Rose</i> (translated)</p>
Wat Tyler's Rebellion 1381	poems 1340-1400	<p><i>Book of the Duchess</i> (1369). An allegorical poem in memory of the wife of John of Gaunt</p> <p><i>Troilus and Cresseyd</i>, a romantic poem, based upon Boccaccio, a subject very popular in medieval days</p> <p><i>Parliament of Foules</i> (Birds). Allegorical, after French style</p>
Henry IV 1399		<p><i>House of Fame</i>. Allegorical, medieval</p> <p><i>Legend of Good Women</i></p> <p>CANTERBURY TALES (1373-1393) PROLOGUE,** p. 84 KNIGHT'S TALE,* p. 87 MAN OF LAW'S TALE.* The story of Constance, the emperor's daughter, and her trials and tribulations</p>

* See explanation, page 121.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
		<p>PRIORESS'S TALE.* A story based upon the absurd medieval tradition that Jews killed Christian children</p> <p>NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE.* An amusing tale of a Fox and Cock, with hits at human weaknesses</p> <p><i>Physicians Tale.</i> The story of Ap-pius and Virginia</p> <p><i>Pardoner's Tale.</i> How three men sought for Death and found him in the form of gold</p> <p>CLERK'S TALE.* The story of the patient Griselda, who bore her husband's cruelty without complaint</p> <p>SQUIRE'S TALE. An oriental story, incomplete</p> <p>FRANKLIN'S TALE. A medieval tale of honor and fidelity</p> <p>SECOND NUN'S TALE.* Story of St. Cecilia</p> <p><i>Canon Yeman's Tale</i> tells the tricks of an alchemist.</p> <p>(The other tales are, for various reasons, not suitable for high school work. One exception is Chaucer's own tale of <i>Sir Thopas</i>, a parody upon the metrical romances of the day.)</p> <p><i>Troy Book, Story of Thebes, etc.,</i> (Col.) Long poems after the manner of Chaucer, but without his genius</p>
	<p><i>Lydgate</i> poems 1370-1450</p> <p><i>Occleve</i> 1368-1402</p>	
Henry V 1413	<p>(SCOTTISH POETS (Imitators of Chau- cer)</p> <p><i>James I of Scotland</i> poems 1394-1437</p> <p><i>Robert Henryson</i> (Col.) poems 1425-1500</p> <p><i>William Dunbar</i> (Col.) poems 1460-1530</p> <p>Most original of this group.</p>	
Battle of Agincourt 1415		
Henry VI 1422		<p><i>The King's Quhair</i> (Col.)* (The King's Book). p. 127. Very graceful poetry in the Scotch form of the language</p>
Joan d'Arc raises siege of Orleans 1429		<p>The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins, (1507)</p> <p><i>Lament for the Makers*</i> (1507)</p>
Louis XI in France (Period of Scott's <i>Quentin Durward</i>)		<p><i>Colin Clout</i></p> <p>PHILIP SPARROW*</p> <p>MISTRESS MARGARET*</p>

* See explanation, page 121.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
The beginning of <i>printed books</i> 1474 (Chaucer and other earlier writers were <i>printed</i>)		A writer of rugged power, fantastic, eccentric, flighty, coarse. Yet his best work has fascination. <i>Colin Clout</i> is satire, aimed largely at the church. The other poems are on lighter themes. <i>Philip Sparrow</i> is charming in some passages.
Constantinople cap- tured by Mohamme- dans, 1450 (resulting in westward spread of learning) p. 128 Richard III 1483 Henry VII 1485	<i>Caxton</i> p. 130 <i>Sir Thomas Malory</i> p. 102 1400-1471 BALLADS. Chap. VIII, p. 96 ff.	Compilations, translations, etc. MORTE D'ARTHUR** (1470) p. 102. A collection into one work of almost all the Arthurian stories of the centuries preceding. Malory unites them and tells them over in prose that has a charm of its own. See general collections, and in the <i>special collections</i> listed on page 117.
		EARLY DRAMA MIRACLE PLAYS (and "Mysteries") York Plays } * Chester Plays } 14th century Townley Plays } (Col.) MORALITIES EVERYMAN* (Col.) p. 113 Hickscorner
		INTERLUDES The Four P's (1530)
		PLAYS:
	Nicholas Udall (?)	<i>Ralph Roister Doister</i> * (Col.) (1551) p. 159
	Thomas Sackville (and Norton)	<i>Gammer Gurton's Needle</i> * (Col.) (1566) p. 159 <i>Ferrex and Porrex</i> (or <i>Gorboduc</i>)* (Col.) (1561) p. 159

* See explanation, page 121.

BOOK II

THE GREAT AWAKENING

CHAPTER I

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING

AFTER Chaucer's death there comes a long interval that offers little worth reading. Someone has compared Chaucer's poetry to a sunny day in early spring, a day that convinces one that summer is at hand, only to be followed by weeks of renewed cold. Chaucer, in the fourteenth century, gave evidence of what English poetry was to be. But it was almost two centuries before the promise was redeemed.

A Period of
Little Good
Literature

The more important writers of this interval and their works are given at the end of the *List of Authors* following Book I, page 124, and at the beginning of the list following Book II, page 251. The average imitator of Chaucer does not repay study. Much of the poetry of the age consists of belated metrical romances, long-drawn dialogues, and interminable allegories, allegory being a particular weakness of the medieval world. Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer, writes long tales in monotonous verse. There are some minor ballads and stray lyrics that one can read with interest. The most individual English poet of the time is Skelton, whose *Philip Sparrow* and *Merry Margaret* are whimsically original. The development of printing brought about a revival of old

romances. We have already seen what Malory did for the Arthurian tales. Other men rewrote other cycles of romance. The Middle Ages, before making way for a new order, put themselves on record.

The best poetry for a number of years following the death of Chaucer is to be found in Scotland. The poets of Scotland imitated the French poets and Scotch Poetry Chaucer. They succeeded better than their English contemporaries in getting life and personality into their work. A study of Dunbar and Henryson, in Ward's *English Poets*, will show this. A poem of the day that has still some interest is the *King's Quair*, by James the First of Scotland. Perhaps the charm of this lies less in the poetry than in the spectacle of a royal lover.

The real work of these two centuries from the birth of Chaucer to the birth of Shakspeare was *preparation*. It was a continuation of the unproductive Preparation preparation that had gone on from the Conquest to Chaucer himself. Chaucer was a striking interruption, to assure one what was coming later. It was as if Nature had said, "Be patient! This is an example of what I shall soon be able to give you." Let us see what forces, through these years of silence, were working beneath the surface.

In the first place, as we have seen, the people of the Middle Ages had lost most of the learning and culture of the ancients. In Italy something of the Revival of Learning older civilization survived, and in Constantinople, capital of the Eastern Empire, there remained still more of the culture of the Greeks. Among the Moors and Arabs, some branches of learning, mathematics and chemistry had made positive advance.

The RENAISSANCE, as it is called, is the *revival of learning*, the spreading of the learning of the ancients among the new peoples that had displaced them,—the kindling of the old fire with the new fuel. A number of causes helped. The Crusades had brought East and West into contact. The Fall of Constantinople sent scholars and critics wandering over Europe as a wind scatters sparks. Diplomatic relations linked Italy in closer relations with England. The presence of the Moors in Spain brought their learning to the attention of the West. Yet all these things might have happened without result had not the world been ready. If Romeo is to fall in love at first sight, he must meet Juliet just when his heart is ready for love. The opportunity for new learning came when the world was eager for it.

There had been great changes since the tenth century. The Church no longer regarded the ancients with fear.

**The Church
favors Classic
Learning**

There was no longer danger that men would build altars to Jupiter and to Minerva. The

Church began to see that the ancients could help, that Plato and Aristotle could strengthen Christian theology, that Cicero could teach preachers eloquence, and that pious poets would be no less devout if they turned to Virgil and Horace to teach them the art of song. The sculptors could carve better saints by studying the ancient statues of the gods of Greece, and the builder of cathedrals might find inspiration in the stately portico of the Parthenon.

The world was like a self-taught artist, a fisher boy upon an out-of-the-way island. Suppose that such a lad should suddenly be transported to New York and shown the riches of the Metropolitan

**Nature of
Revival**

Museum. It was with just such a fervor that the medieval world, in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, was awakening to the riches of antiquity.

Not that they had never known of Aristotle or Virgil or Cicero. The medieval world had always *known* the works of these. They had *used* them, but had never really *seen* them. The medieval "doctors" had used books as collections of "texts," as authorities in arguments, as models of Latin style. But they had never realized them as an expression of human life. Now they began to realize what the ancient civilization had been. They saw, through these books, men like themselves who had uttered human aspirations. And they saw too that these men had reached heights far beyond present reach. It was not the *letter* of Virgil or Cicero that was new to them, it was the *spirit*, the culture, the ideal. It was to this that the world was awakening.

There had been an amazing ignorance of the life that lay behind the making of these great works. Theseus, to Chaucer, was a duke who fought according to rules of chivalry. The medieval ideas of Greece and Rome were as absurd as a South Sea Islander's ideas of New York or of London. Practically the whole world of Greek philosophy, history, poetry, and drama had to be rediscovered.

Ignorance of
Antiquity

The awakening to this inspiration is what is called the RENAISSANCE, the *New Birth* of Art and Learning. Just as Peter the Great brought from France and England the learning that Russia needed, just as loyal citizens of Japan, leaving their own land for years, finally brought back to it the best that they could gather from the western world, just so, in the fifteenth and early sixteenth cen-

tury, men of France and England were turning to ancient Rome and Athens, seeking enlightenment for their own day.

One cause of the new spirit lay in the growth of a *public*. In the days of Alfred or of Richard I books were only for men of the Church or of the court. By the fifteenth century this had changed. The common people had begun to ask for education. From the first peasant rebellions down to the present, this development has been continuous. There is a straight line of progress from John Ball to the free high school of to-day, and to the free college of the future.

With this growing demand for books arose an invention to meet the need. In Athens and Rome slaves could write from dictation enough books for the small educated public. But labor now cost more. The result was the labor-saving invention of PRINTING. About 1476 William Caxton set up the first printing press in England. The price of books was brought within the reach of the common purse. It was a miracle of multiplication. Like the loaves and fishes of the New Testament, the bread of learning might pass into the hands of all who hungered.

Together with the development of a reading and thinking public, there came increasing freedom in the discussion of public questions. It was no longer "rebellious" for a common man to have opinions about government. The number of people included in the expression "the world" was constantly growing greater. In the eleventh century it had meant only a little group of the upper classes. The period we are studying shows the beginnings of a world in which the

worker shall determine the conditions of his work. The revival of classical learning helped in this. Men read of the ancient republics of Athens and of Rome, and were fired with the democratic ideals of Brutus and of the Gracchi. They began to wonder why government by the governed might not be good in their own day. In the sun of the new learning the ice of feudalism was breaking.

**It it plesse ony man spirituel or temporel to bye ony
pyes of two and thre comemoraciōs of salisbury use
enpryntid after the forme of this present lettre whiche
ben wel and truly correct, late hym come to westmo-
nester in to the almonesrye at the reed pale and he shal
haue them good chepe . . .**

Supplico stet cedula

CAXTON'S ADVERTISEMENT

"If it plesse ony man spirituel or temporel [clergy or layman] to bye ony pyes [piece or pamphlet] of two and thre comemoracions [canonical services] of Salisburi use [as used at Salisbury] enpryntid after the forme of this present lettre whiche ben wel and truly correct, late [let] hym come to Westmonester in to the almonesrye [Almonry] at the reed [red] pale and he shal have them good chepe [at a good bargain].

"Supplico stet cedula"

[Please let this card be; *i.e.*, Do not mar or change it.]

In religion, too, authority was weakening. By the end of the sixteenth century, men were beginning to see the possibility of toleration.

Toleration in Religion

The increased study of the Bible had an effect at once stimulating and disquieting. Men had grown used to the Bible as expounded by priests in the Church. But the new idea of the Bible as a book for

Study of the Bible

one's self, laid hold of the imagination. People thronged to read it and to hear it read. This enthusiasm had two results. In the first place there was the tendency (leading to Puritanism) for each man to think out his religion for himself, going directly to the Word of God for authority. Secondly, people received with excitement the poetic inspiration of the Old Testament. They were brought abruptly face to face with the sublimity of Job and Isaiah and the lyric faith of the Psalms.

Another element that favored the coming of the golden age of the Renaissance was freedom from war. Not only was there peace, but it was peace with pride. Englishmen felt that they had a past to be proud of. They began to take interest in the history of their own land.

There was in general a new desire to think and to see for one's self. The medieval ages had been a time of submission to authority. Men had lived in a world of "taboos," of things forbidden. Scientists dared not think or experiment. Two bogies, *heresy* and *witchcraft*, had barred the way to any intelligent discovery in chemistry or physics. Chemistry had struggled along under the mask of *alchemy*, on the edge of the black arts, and astronomy had become a mere fortune teller under the name of *astrology*.

Now the fetters were struck off. One might experiment with ill-smelling chemicals or wonder whether the earth did not perhaps circle around the sun. And, related to this new desire to explore regions of thought, there came the desire to explore the material world. Columbus not only asked the long-forbidden question: "What lies beyond?" He boldly

went in search of the answer. And after him innumerable sea-adventurers, Dutch, Spanish, and English, went wandering and questioning wherever the wind would take them. And such marvels as they reported upon their return! No wonder the public could not tell the true tales from the untrue when both were equally unheard of. New continents with strange new birds and beasts, cities of palaces adorned with gold! If these things were true, why hesitate to believe in fountains of youth?



“A CORKADRILL”

From *Mandeville*. The picture is as unlike the animal as the spelling is unlike the intended name — *crocodile*.

The general mixture of ignorance and credulity in the



“A MONSTRE”

An illustration to an early edition of *Mandeville's Travels*.

The general mixture of ignorance and credulity in the fifteenth century is well shown in such books as *Mandeville the Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, both the “travels” and “Sir John” being imaginary. This book contains among other strange matter, passages like the following:

In one of these isles be folk of great stature as giants. And they be hideous to look upon. And they have but one eye, and that is in the middle of the forehead. And they eat nothing but raw fish and raw flesh.

And in another isle be men without heads, and their eyes and their mouths be behind their shoulders.

And in another isle be folk of foul fashion and shape that have the

lip above the mouth so great that when they sleep in the sun they cover all the face with that lip.

Taking it all in all, the spirit of the Renaissance was that of *opening doors*. The world had been a Bluebeard's castle, full of doors and every one forbidden. At the least step toward one of them, feudal authority, religious authority, superstition,

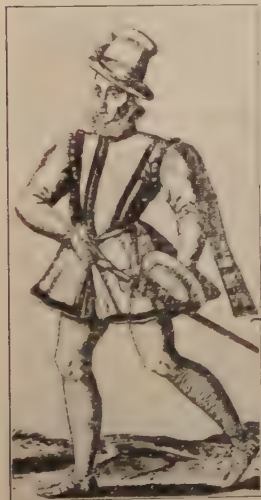


A HOUSE OF THE RENAISSANCE

Charlecote House, Stratford, near Shakspeare's home. Compare it with a medieval castle, observing the many windows, the large chimneys, the general spaciousness and comfort.

prejudice, ignorance, had at once barred the way. Now suddenly man found himself master of the castle, with the keys in his hand. Each door he opened revealed, not the horrors that had been threatened, but unimaginable wonders and riches. And the doors still unopened seemed infinite. The world of the Renaissance was not only dis-

covering; it was *excited* with discovery, like a child on Christmas morning. Men were thrilled, intoxicated with undeveloped possibilities. Nothing was too good to prove true. Amid such a spirit, imagination shot to its height



A GENTLEMAN OF THE
RENAISSANCE

Observe the elaborateness of the costume, — the care and expense devoted to it.

and flowered into literature. It was this age of wonder that blossomed into Marlowe and Shakspeare.

This spirit was showing itself in all fields. All life, partly owing to prosperity and peace, **New Rich-**
was taking on a greater **ness of Life**

richness. Houses were more costly and more comfortable. Dark castles gave way to light mansions, with windows and chimneys. Food and drink became more varied, abundant, and enticing, — with delicacies from foreign lands. Men learned the new luxury of tobacco. Dress became more showy and more varied than for centuries before. Even manners — especially about the court — took on a new elaboration.

It was no longer sufficient to do or say a thing as others would do it. Men aimed at distinction in word and act, at being, not *like* others, but brilliantly **The Effort**
different. The court took up, like a newly **for Distinction** discovered game, elegance, grace, and courtly manners. Raleigh's graceful laying down of his cloak before Elizabeth was a bit of such play-acting as every courtier aimed at. Fantastic behavior, deliberately adopted, became a fashion.

The English people were, in short, at least in court-circles, very different from the English of to-day in temperament and spirit. They were lively, **Elizabethan Temperament** versatile, imaginative, emotional, quick-witted and proud of their quick wits, full of artistic temper and fantastic moods. In fact the Englishman of Shakspeare's day is in many ways like the "foreigner" as the Englishman sees him to-day. We must understand this in order to understand the wave of creative impulse that swept over sixteenth-century England.

And yet we must not let ourselves forget that in contrast to this brilliant England there lay in it and under **Puritan England** it another, the England that was finally to prevail, the England of the lower middle class, the serious, earnest, God-fearing Puritans. Narrow-minded, often wrong-headed, stubbornly obstinate, they yet held the fantastic imaginative England of their day anchored to seriousness. In a later chapter we shall see something of the meaning of the conflict between the brilliant pagans of the court and the philistine burgesses of the city. We sympathize with the artistic grace, the imaginative life, the idealized emotion of the literary court. Had it not been for the brilliant pagan court there would have been no Shakspeare. Had it not been for the grim Puritan, holding like a bull-dog to what he felt was right, Shakspeare would have had no England to which to bequeath his works of genius. Shakspeare made the plays. The Puritan saved England.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What is meant by the Renaissance? Make clear the causes that led to it. Show its connection with the fall of Constantinople.

In what direction did it alter life and literature? Mention several of the principal changes.

Explain why the medieval reader knew so little about the ancient world.

Explain why learning and civilization had in most respects deteriorated since the fall of Rome.

Explain what is meant by saying that the spirit of the new age was that of "opening doors." Give details.

CHAPTER II

I. THE AWAKENING IN POETRY

IN the middle of the sixteenth century the effect of the new literary activity began to show in lyric verse. The revival of learning brought a number of **Italian Influence** foreign influences. Most marked of these was that of Italy. This was shown particularly in the introduction of the SONNET.

In Italy the writing of sonnets, particularly love sonnets, was much in fashion. The master of the art had been Petrarch. The love sonnet was a direct outcome of the formal, one might say professional, love-making of the medieval poet. **The Sonnet** The poet of the days of chivalry selected a lady as the subject of his verses, not because he was really devoted but because a poet *must* have a lady-love about whom to write.

The object of a sonnet is to express one idea, suiting it, one might say fitting it, perfectly into its receptacle.

A sonnet, in the strict use of the word, contains fourteen lines, and is in iambic pentameter. The **Italian Sonnet** Italian form is divided into two parts, the octave (of eight lines) and the sestet (of six). Usually

we find in the octave, the statement of a fact, or the putting forward of an idea, and in the sestet the author proceeds to the application of the idea, or to his feeling about it. One might say that the octave furnishes the material for an outburst of feeling, the sestet embodies the outburst itself.

In the octave the eight lines are rhymed as follows: *a b b a a b b a*, each rhyme being repeated four times.

In the sestet, more variety is allowed, there being sometimes two, sometimes three rhymes, in almost any arrangement except regular couplets (rhyming pairs), and under no circumstances must there be a couplet at the end.

Very common rhyming schemes in the sestet are *a b a b a b* and *a b b a b a*.

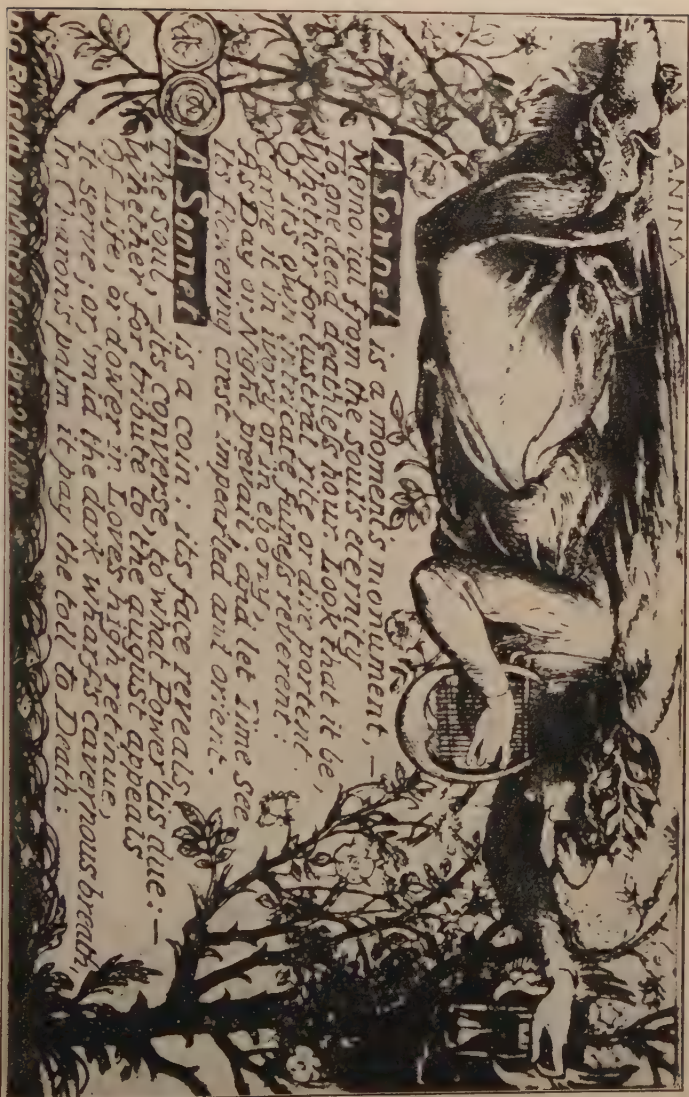
The Italian sonnet was little used by the earlier English writers. They preferred, as a rule, while keeping the Italian fourteen lines, to use the rhymes in a different arrangement. Their sonnets can be divided into three sets of four lines, followed by a couplet. The rhyme system is always:

Shakspeare
Sonnet

a b a b c d c d e f e f g g

The whole sonnet leads up to a conclusion, and then the couplet gives the point in one brilliant flash. The Italian sonnet is like the long lift and downrush of a wave. The English sonnet is like a rocket that bursts, at the very summit of its flight, into a crown of fire.

The following sonnets (of later date) illustrate the two types. (A slight division between the groups of lines, not usually made, is made here to show the grouping of the lines.)



ROSSETTI'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ITALIAN SONNET

A modern definition that practices what it preaches; a model "Italian sonnet," illustrated by its author. Observe the clear division into octave and sestet.

A "Shak-
spere"
Sonnet

Come, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make me in these civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine in right,

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

—SIDNEY

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE IN EARLY MORNING

An
"Italian"
Sonnet

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

*(Modern Sonnet) — WORDSWORTH

The sonnet was introduced in English verse by Sir Thomas Wyatt. The first step in another direction, the introduction of BLANK VERSE, was taken by the Earl of Surrey (1516-1547) who translated portions of Virgil's *Æneid* into English verse. For this purpose he used the iambic pentameter, already used by Chaucer and others but used it *without rhyme*. His translation is often crude. Some passages, nevertheless, were of real beauty.

And at the threshold of her chamber door
 The Carthage lords did on the Queen attend.
 The trampling steed, with gold and purple trapped,
 Chewing the foamy bit, there fiercely stood. . . .
 Her quiver hung behind her back, her tress
 Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
 Button'd with gold.

Others developed this same form. By the time, therefore, that England was ready for drama, the verse best suited for English drama was at hand.

II. THE AWAKENING IN PROSE

WITH the new impulse in verse, there came a similar awakening in prose. Writers who were used to polished Latin tried to put into English sentences classic grace and art. Something of this improvement we find in Malory and his contemporaries. Still more clearly, however, is it to be seen in the work of TYNDALE (who died in 1536). His translation of the Bible (1530) makes a landmark in the history of English. His translation is, in fact, the basis of the English of the later *Authorized* or *King James* version.

The first writer of scholarly training who deliberately set out to make the writing of English prose an art

was Roger Ascham

Ascham, the tutor of Elizabeth. He wrote *Toxophilus*, a work upon archery, and *The Schoolmaster*. Compare the following extract with earlier prose selections especially those upon pages 46 and 53.

It was a notable tale that old Sir Roger Chambe, sometime chief justice, would tell of himself. When he was Ancient in Inn of Court, certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for



ROW OF OLD HOUSES

A street of half-timbered houses — much as it appeared three centuries ago.

are now, and I had twelve fellows like



HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE

The timbers are structural, the framework of the house, the spaces between being filled with brick, stone, or plaster. A type common in Shakespeare's day.

certain misorders. And one of the lustiest said, "Sir, we be young gentlemen, and wise men before us have proved all fashions (i.e. experimented with all kinds of life) and yet those have done full well."

This they said because it was well known that Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth.

But he answered them thus very wisely. "Indeed," saith he, "in youth I was as you

unto myself, but not one of

them came to a good end. And therefore follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever you think to come to this place or these years that I am come to — less [lest] you meet either with poverty or Tyburn [the gallows] on the way.”

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

I. *The awakening in verse.*

In what country did the sonnet originate? What poet's name is associated with its origin?

How many lines in a sonnet? How many feet in the line?

Into what parts is the “Italian” sonnet divided? Give the rhyme system of each part.

Give the rhyme system of the “Shakspeare” sonnet.

State the advantages of each type.

Write, if you can, a sonnet of each kind.

Who introduced the sonnet into English verse?

Who first used blank verse in English? Why is blank verse important?

II. *The awakening in prose.*

Why had learned men neglected English? In what language had they expressed themselves? Why?

What effect had the study of Greek and Latin upon English prose?

What did Ascham write? For what is he important?

Compare the prose extract given with earlier prose. Compare it with later prose. What differences do you observe?

CHAPTER III

THE ELIZABETHAN OUTBREAK: POETRY

WE have seen, on pages 128-136, the causes of the outbreak of creative art that marked the age of Elizabeth. The poet who marks the beginning of this poetic spring is EDMUND SPENSER. If we follow along the tide of poetry from Chaucer to Spenser, we

Spenser

find nowhere in the interval a man who can be compared with either. Let us see, since Spenser is at once of the old and the new, in what respects he is typical of each.

In Spenser's life we find the feudal system of patronage.

A poet of modern

Patronage times,
if he

lives by his poetry,
lives by *selling* it to
the public. In feudal
days there was
no public. The
poet, a "troubadour"
or minstrel,
was a part of the
household and retinue
of his feudal lord,
who supported him
either from a love
of poetry or from
pride in maintaining
a poet. The



EDMUND SPENSER

The author of *The Faery Queene*. His face is strong and thoughtful, not that of a weak dreamer. The dress is characteristic of the age.

unfortunate part of this system was that often the great man became careless or indifferent, and the poet must, like Chaucer, Dunbar, or Spenser, humble himself to make poetic appeals to his patron's bounty. (See page 151.) In Spenser's day this system of patronage was just beginning to decline. A poet could not yet live by his work, and he needed from the great not only money but protection. And, just as in the days of Chaucer, it seemed to be understood that the literary man should, besides

his literary labors, do work of other sorts, executive or diplomatic.

As a boy, Spenser seems to have needed assistance in his education. He went to Cambridge, and we find him afterwards attached to the household of a powerful nobleman, the Duke of Leicester. Spenser's
Life

Through Leicester's influence, Spenser obtained an office in Ireland, where in those days of conquest and uprising, he must have witnessed many scenes of violence. At times we find him also in London. The greater part of his life, however, he passed in Ireland,—one of the unlucky Englishmen sent over to rule a race they could not understand.

In life, therefore, Spenser was a poet of feudal days. Thoroughly medieval, too, is the subject and plan of his chief poem, *The Faerie Queene*. For it is a Medieval
Elements moral allegory, a direct descendant of the long allegorical poems of the fourteenth century. Even the stanza used in the poem is related to that used by Chaucer. The story too is the old romance of chivalry. The adventures are of the type of *Amadis of Gaul*, encounters between armed knights, combats with dragons, ogres, wizards, and beautiful enchantresses.

Yet, while every *feature* of the poem is medieval, while the language itself turns back to the past, in spite of all this, the poem belongs, in tone and spirit, to New
Elements the Renaissance. The language bears the mark of its time. The allegory is less medieval than that of the *Romaunt of the Rose*. By an added line it has passed from the narrative stanza of Chaucer to a new type. And, pervading all, there is a consciousness of new standards of art, an openness to a richer thought.

The Faerie Queene, the poem by which Spenser is best known, is an allegory. It presents, just as does *Pilgrim's Progress*, a moral in the form of a story, each character representing some quality or idea. This allegory, however, is less simple than that in *Pilgrim's Progress*. For not only is there a moral allegory running through all, but there is political allegory as well, and the moral allegory itself is not always consistent.

The main story is based upon tales of Arthur's court, the same theme we find in Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*. Knights ride forth upon quests, and achieve adventures. Each knight represents some virtue and performs a task suited to that virtue. To quote Spenser's own words (in modernized spelling),

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by any historiographer [i.e. historian] should be the twelfth book, which is the last; where I devise that the Fairy Queen kept her annual feast twelve days; upon which twelve several days, the occasion of the twelve several adventures happened, which being undertaken by twelve several knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed.

**Author's
Design**

The first adventure begins like the story of *Gareth* though it continues differently.

The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queen of the Fairies desired a boon (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that he might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floore, unfit through his rusticity for a better place. Soon after entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed that bore the arms of a knight and his spear in the dwarf's hand. She falling before the Queen of Fairies complained

that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue, and therefore besought the faery queen to assign her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently [i.e. at once] that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the queen much wondering and the lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him that unless the armor which she brought, would serve him (that is the armor of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, vi. Ephesians) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftsoons taking upon him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first book, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, etc.

The twelfth book, which was to explain the story, was never written. The plan of the whole poem is nowhere shown in the poem itself. As for the author's intention in the allegory, we have, in the same letter to Raleigh from which the passage above is taken, his general intention. He tells us that the knight of the first book, the Red Cross knight, stood for Holiness. The knight of the second adventure represented Temperance; the knight of the third adventure, Chastity; and so in each book. Prominent among the evil figures are Archimago, the enchanter, and Duessa, the latter typifying not only deceit but sometimes Mary, Queen of Scotland.

The character of the Faerie Queene herself illustrates how conflicting is the allegory. "By her," Spenser says, "I mean glory in my general intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our sovereign the Queen." Yet the Queen herself he represents also in other forms. The best thing for the

reader to do is to forget the allegory except when it forces itself upon his attention. We must read the poem merely as a story of knightly deeds in enchanted forests, a tale of adventure, yet a tale "where more is meant than meets the ear." We need not trouble ourselves about the plot or about underlying meanings.

Much of the material of *The Faery Queene* is not the stuff of dreams, but was from experiences in Ireland.

The Poem There were still lonely forests, savage bands of unruly men with cudgels, wild lords who captured strangers, knights who fought on horseback, — everything but dragons and enchanters, and if these themselves were not there, never was there any land so abounding in wild tales of them.

The following passage (from Book I, Canto 3) is characteristic of Spenser at his best. The innocent maiden Una, separated from her lover, the Red Cross Knight, encounters a lion. (The illustration used as frontispiece is based upon the last stanza.) The spelling of this passage is modernized.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage [savage] blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily
 To have at once devoured her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kist her weary feet,
 And lickt her lily hands with fawning tongue,
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet [recognize].
 O, how can beauty master the most strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging wrong.
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pity of my sad estate:
 But he, my Lion, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him lov'd and ever most adored
 As the God of my life? Why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The Kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again
 To seek her stroyèd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared;
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

Long thus she travellèd through deserts wide,
 By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,
 Yet never shew of living wight espied,
 Till that at length she found the trodden grass

In which the trackt of people's footing was
Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar;
The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spied, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

The stanza of *The Faerie Queene* is based upon the Italian, suited perfectly to this particular work. Often

The Stanza of each stanza
Faerie Queene is as complete in itself as a sonnet, while the successive stanzas yet follow each other without break, making one continuous whole. The poem is too richly imaginative for continuous reading. One should read a little at a time. And he should read it not for the story, but for the scenes in the story; not for the plot, but for delight in the poem itself.

Spenser was a man of varied powers and tastes.

Shepherd's His Shep-
Calendar herd's Cal-
endar, based upon Virgil's

Eclogues and the *Idyls* of Theocritus (see page 207) tries to put into rustic England of his own time such pictures as classic writers had drawn of their own days. To those who



SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS

"My sheep did leave their wanted
food . . .

And gazed on her. . . ."

(The picture catches the spirit of
Spenser's lines.)

have read only his *Faerie Queene*, the *Calendar* will surprise by its humor and rhythm.

PERIGOT. A chapelet on her head she wore,
 WILLIE. Hey, ho, chapelet.
 PER. Of sweet violets therein was store,
 WIL. She sweeter than the violet.
 PER. My sheep did leave their wonted food
 WILL. Hey, ho, seely sheep!
 PER. And gazed on her as they were wood, [mad.]
 WIL. Wood as he that did them keep.

Another side of Spenser's character is shown in his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. It has the allegorical satire of *Piers Plowman*, but it has also a keener Satire edge, a more polished form, a surety gained from the classics, and a peculiar handling of the couplet that anticipated Dryden. Who would think that the "gentle dreamer" of *The Faery Queen*, wrote the following?

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state, . . .
 Full little knowest thou that have not tried
 What hell it is in serving long to bide;
 To lose good days, that might be better spent;
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
 To spend to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
 To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years.
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
 Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend.

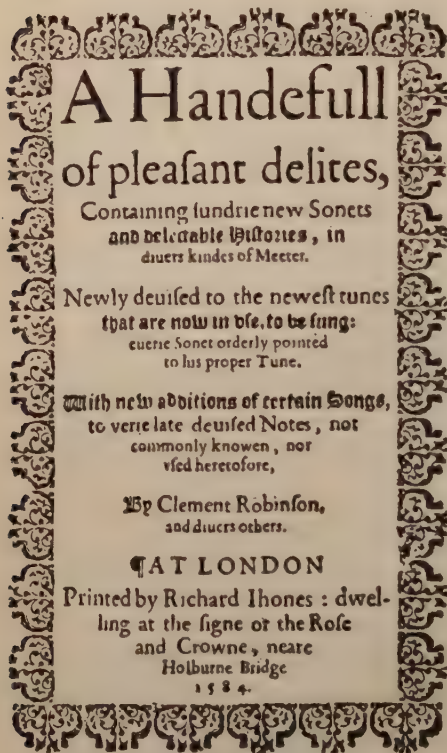
Spenser's representative work is *The Faery Queene*. Every student should read at least one long selection from

it. He should make sure that he sees clearly the peculiar quality of Spenser's verse, which was reflected later in

Milton, in Keats, and even in Tennyson and Arnold. In fact almost every great poet since Spenser's day has been influenced more or less, directly or indirectly, by his peculiar charm. His poems excel in their rare mingling of sweetness and stateliness and in their atmosphere of magic suggestion. Spenser had none of Shakespeare's dramatic genius. He had not Chaucer's gift of telling a story with simple directness. But he had a gift that neither had, the gift of creating for the reader

a golden atmosphere, an enchanted vision. And this atmosphere and this vision have become inseparable from his name.

The Faerie Queene, we saw, had a tendency to overload



A Handefull
of pleasant delites,
 Containing sundrie new Sonets
 and delitable Histories, in
 diuers kindes of Meeter.
 Newly deuised to the newest tunes
 that are now in vse, to be sung:
 euerie Sonet orderly pointed
 to his proper Tune.
 With new additions of certain Songs,
 to verie late deuised Notes, not
 commonly knownen, nor
 vsed heretofore,
 By Clement Robinson,
 and diuers others.
AT LONDON
 Printed by Richard Ihones: dwel-
 ling at the signe of the Rose
 and Crowne, neare
 Holburne Bridge
 1584.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

Such collections were brought out by the score in the days of Elizabeth. Observe that the "songs" were intended for actual singing.

with detail. Another instance of this tendency is seen in the early work of William Shakspeare. In his *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucrece*, thought crowds upon thought, image upon image. It was



A LUTE

The lute was used to accompany song. It was played like the modern guitar. Another form of it was more like the mandolin.

only with maturity that Shakspeare learned to sacrifice adornment for simple strength. Even his sonnets suffer from overcrowding. The meaning must be disentangled.

We have seen that the Elizabethan age was constantly looking back for inspiration and guidance to antiquity and to foreign lands.

Translations

It was an age of enthusiastic translation. Books were translated by the score from French, Italian, and Spanish, from Latin and even from Greek. North's *Plutarch* (the basis of Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*) and Chapman's *Iliad* stand out from the rest. Chapman wrote good plays. His translation of the *Iliad* is, however, the work for which he is best known. It is full of minor faults. It is far from literal. It is often affected. Changes in language make it hard to understand. Yet it remains the one translation that best catches the long roll and thunder of Homer's verse.

A striking feature of the days of Shakspeare and Spenser is the abundance of minor poetry, especially of songs. Songs were everywhere. It was not only professional poets that wrote them, but all men of refinement and education. The art of

Songs

song amused the leisure of every one who could pretend to the least skill in it. The courtier carried his lute as naturally as he wore his sword.

One reason for this was the general love of music, especially of part songs. The madrigal was especially popular. One famous collection, published in 1857, was called *Tottel's Miscellany*. Some had fantastic titles such as *The Paradise of Dainty Delights*. Grace is the chief quality of these songs. There is a charming use of short lines, of varied cadence. Those numbered 22, 37, 54, and 57 of the *Golden Treasury* are good examples. A great number were anonymous. Incidentally, almost every dramatist was a graceful writer of songs,—Shakspeare, Marlowe, Lodge, and Ben Jonson, for instance. The following madrigal gives an excellent idea of Elizabethan lyrics.

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
 But my Sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets; —
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at eve he sets?
 — Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
 Melt not in weeping!
 While She lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping!

A series of sonnets by Sir Philip Sidney, published under the title of *Astrophel and Stella*, tells the story of the writer's sufferings under his lady's coldness.

This series is full of grace and beauty and less overloaded with thought than Shakspeare's. Observe, in the *Golden Treasury*, Sonnet numbered 58. See also the Sonnet quoted on page 140.

Sidney

Attention has been called, (page 153) to the obscurity of Shakspeare's sonnets. Yet no one should grudge the labor of unpacking the riches compressed in them.

A Shakspeare sonnet must be allowed to "melt in the mind." Their passion is repressed, sober, meditative. We do not know whom Shakspeare praised as a friend or what woman brought him so bitter a mingling of love and self-reproach. His sonnets may be based upon imagination. They may go straight to the secrets of his inner life.

Shakspeare's
Sonnets

Many of these sonnets are in the *Golden Treasury*. The following is one of the best known and needs no notes. The poet is lamenting the passing of his own life and thinking of his friend's love.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave e'er long.

Elizabethan poets studied the theory of their art. One group of poets, Spenser, Brooke, Sidney, Harvey and Dyer, theorized and experimented, attempting all kinds of imitation of classical meters. Poetry was a study, going back on one side to Chaucer, on another to Horace and Virgil and Theocritus. We must keep in mind, however, that the Elizabethan age, in going to the classics, looked not for *rules to insure correctness* but for *new forms to imitate, new examples to inspire*, new games to play. Their age was looking for new outlets.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. What had been the feudal system of "patronage"? Why did it decline?
In what respects is the *Faerie Queene* medieval? Point out old-time elements in the plan and language of the poem.
In what respects is it typical of the period in which it was written?
Explain the general plan of the poem, making clear the main allegory.
In the extract given or in others, select instances of musical lines, of passages that appeal to you, of beautiful images, of vivid description.
Indicate the rhyme system of Spenser's stanza. What is the meter?
Write, if you can, a stanza in the same form.
Characterize briefly the *Shepherd's Calendar* and *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.
- II. What general fault injures the lyric and narrative poetry of Shakspere's day?
Contrast the popularity of graceful songs with conditions prevailing to-day.
For what book is Sidney noted?

What evidence that Spenser and his associates gave close attention to the theory and technique of verse?

What kind of help and stimulus did antiquity and foreign literature of his own day bring to the English writer of the Renaissance?

By reference to definite writers and works, show that the strength and the weakness of the new age lay in richness of thought and lavishness of creative energy.

CHAPTER IV

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

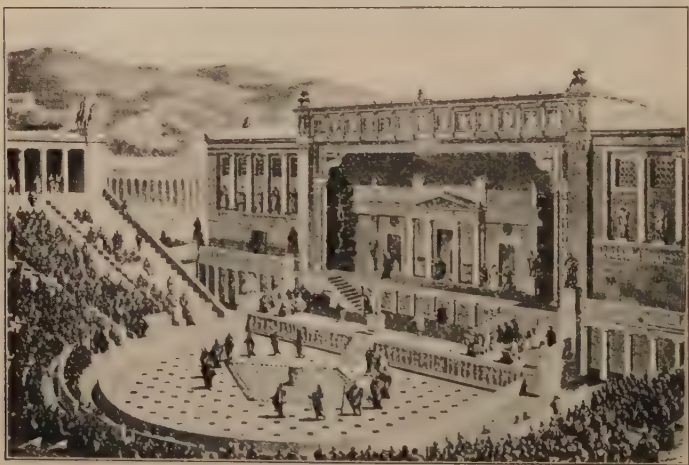
ENGLISH drama, we have seen, owed its character to two lines of ancestry. On the one side it came from the native drama, descending through the Miracle play and Morality and Interlude to plays that depicted life. On the other side it was descended from the drama of the ancients, partly from the great Greek plays, particularly from the Latin tragedies of Seneca and the comedies of Plautus. The native plays lacked art; the imitations of the ancients lacked life. The perfect play could come only from a joining of the two kinds. In "Elizabethan" drama we see this union perfect.

The masterpieces of Greek drama were written by Sophocles and Euripides when Athens was in her prime. No later writer has surpassed, and few have even remotely equalled, their power to embody dramatic passion in stately verse. The English play and the Greek play had developed in different directions. The English play, which began in dramatic singing of portions of the service, had, as soon as it passed out of the church, become realistic imitation of life. The Greek

Two Lines of
Descent

Greek
Drama

play, beginning in hymns to the gods, whose deeds were imitated, retained the choral ode and made it its foundation. A Greek play was always set in a frame of song. Its chorus, moving in solemn dances before the stage (see the picture below), accompanied each important act with their rejoicing or their laments. We know, in *Julius*



AN ANCIENT GREEK THEATER

Plays were given in the open air. The chorus circled in appropriate dances in the space before the stage. There was little imitative scenery, but the architectural background was impressive. Observe the vast seating capacity. The theater was upon a hillside, the seats being cut in the rock.

Cæsar, Antony's final summing up of the life of Brutus. In Sophocles or Euripides, what Antony *says* would have been *sung* in a solemn chant.

The Trojan Women of Euripides, in Murray's translation, is the best fitted to the modern reader. Reading such a play as this or the *Antigone* or *Ædipus* of Sophocles, we can appreciate the genius that thrilled audiences under

the open sky of Athens. We can appreciate, too, what the discovery of such models meant to a nation that longed to express itself upon the stage. The Greek play, as it was, could not fit English needs; but Shakspeare could learn its loftiness of conception. *Macbeth* is not a Greek play, but only a man who had felt the influence of Greek and Latin drama could have written it. It is to Sophocles and his comrades, not to Morality or Miracle Play, that Shakspeare owes the sublimity of his verse.

By the time of Shakspeare's birth (1564) there are several plays that show the beginning of the fusion of the native drama and the ancient. We find a Native
Drama comedy called *Ralph Roister Doister* that in many respects imitates Plautus. It is written in a galloping rhymed doggerel, with a good deal of action and boisterous humor. Another drama, also in doggerel, is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. It owes less than *Ralph Roister Doister* to classic influence.

We find, too, plays in imitation of classical tragedy. One of these, *Gorboduc* or *Ferrex and Porrex*, is constructed according to classical rules. It is written in Classical
Models iambic pentameter. This verse had been used already by Surrey. Here we have it used in a play, the first blank-verse drama.

By 1580, then, when Shakspeare was sixteen years old, the public was taking an increased interest in plays. And educated men, familiar with Roman masterpieces, were trying to get some of the art of the ancients into the plays of the people, or to get some of the life of the popular plays into the classic forms.

What helped to bring these elements together was a group of men who were educated in universities, but were

at home in the convivial crowd of street and tavern. The English play began in humble surroundings. Actors were for years social outcasts. Yet, the life was a merry one, full of change and fun and excitement, and young men of education and good family were led into it.

Those who stood aloof, upon a respectable university level, accomplished little. Their work did not catch the color of life and human feeling. The men who made the great plays were those who answered the "vulgar" demand for comedy and violent deeds, yet knew what a play should be. This would not have counted for much had it not been that the crowd of that day had the taste to prefer the good to the bad. The common people of Shakspeare's day had an instinctive feeling for dramatic art. They welcomed these men who threw in their lot with them and who brought them spoils from the treasures of the learned.

For one thing, even the illiterate had a peculiar delight in *effective ways of saying things*. Elaborate language, refined beyond comprehension, was the mark of the courtier and nobleman. The boys of the street, the "Lancelot Gobbos" of London, had the same fondness. Popular taste followed the taste of the court. Nothing so quickly won an audience as a clever new turn of expression.

The Elizabethan no more used words merely to convey meaning than a French *chef* prepares food merely to sustain life. He enjoyed the *art* of using them. He punned with them; he linked them in unthought-of combinations; he bewildered and dazzled with verbal fireworks. And, on the more serious side, this same Elizabethan public

ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIER

The court under which Marlowe and Shakspeare wrote. This audience appreciated clever sayings and graceful acts, quickness of wit and word and deed. Observe the elaborate dress.



was able, when it got the chance, to feel the thrill of poetic lines, the uplift and glory of great verse. We know how a crowd behaves when it sees a brilliant double play at baseball. Hard as it may be to believe, a crowd of the day of Elizabeth must have hailed a brilliant new turn of phrase, a startling pun, a splendid sunburst of poetry, with no less enthusiasm. So it was not merely the chance of dissipation, or the hope of money, that lured educated men to the stage. It was the same feeling that

The Lure of the Stage makes a boy wish, to-day, to win popular applause, to do the thing that people hail with delight.

It is such motives that explain why CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, a man of education, broke loose from respectability and carried its treasures into the

Marlowe camp of the vulgar. It is hard to tell briefly just what Marlowe did and was. One can explain the conditions that led to his coming, but the man himself appears as a miracle. For, all of a sudden, among people that listened to crude plays and hoped for better things, and men that stiffly imitated works of centuries before, there came a man with a new, wonderful poetry such as had never before been heard in English.

Marlowe is the first author to write plays in light, rapid, singing blank verse. In fact (considering the stiffness of both Surrey and Gascoigne) he may be said to be the first English poet to write *good* blank verse of any sort. Partly from the example of the ancients, partly from his own poetic instincts, he suddenly broke into a verse so rich and musical that only Shakspeare's can be said to rival it. And, while Shakspeare, before his death far surpassed, in many respects, Marlowe's best, yet let us bear in

mind that Shakspeare, up to the age at which Marlowe died, had hardly more than equalled Marlowe. Shakspeare learned what Marlowe could teach, and went further. But Marlowe must have the credit for the wonderful beginning.

Marlowe was not contented with merely *measuring* out a line of ten syllables. He treated the line, with its five accents, as a *whole*, making it swing as a **Marlowe's** whole and sing itself. He does not keep **Blank Verse** absolutely to the count of syllables but adds extra ones, giving rapidity and varied music, adapting sound to sense. To some extent he carries his music outside the line itself; that is, his lines arrange themselves in groups, in the cadence of the rhythm, making a stanza linked together not by rhyme but by rhythm.

And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.

Yet Marlowe failed to realize what Shakspeare realized after him, that it is possible, not only to include several lines in one movement, but to break the borders that separate the lines themselves. Marlowe's lines are usually what are called "end-stopped," a pause coming regularly at the end of each. Shakspeare developed what is called a "run-over" form, where the sense runs uninterrupted from line to line. To see this clearly, compare the lines from Marlowe, above, or those quoted on page 165, with the lines of Shakspeare quoted on page 177. Clearly, the "run-over" line offers opportunities far richer. Possibly Marlowe, had he lived to the age at which Shakspeare reached the height of his poetic powers, would have developed more freedom in his art.

Marlowe is said to have led a life of dissipation and evil associations. He disbelieved the creeds of his day.

Marlowe's Personality He was, in fact, at the time of his death, to be prosecuted for "atheism and blasphemy."

He was at last stabbed in a tavern brawl.

His plays are filled with ideas of grandeur. His characters are men impatient of limitations, who try to put

His Themes the world at their feet. His "supermen" all fail. None can pass the limits set by fate.

Tamburlaine conquers half the world with his sword and is stricken down by sickness, his conquest incomplete. Faustus binds Mephistopheles to serve him and to give him wealth and power, to bring back Helen of Troy from death to delight his eyes; yet, when his every wish is gratified, he must be borne away to punishment in Hell. Barabas, the Jew of Malta, is so rich that he cannot count his wealth in gold, but must have it in precious stones, "infinite riches in a little room," buys and sells nations, plots with Machiavellian craft, and falls a victim to his own device. Each "overmeasure" results in downfall. Each triumph is followed by stern retribution.

Marlowe is less dramatic than Shakspeare. He rather
His Lyric Tendency sees the *feeling* and sings it but does not take us into the heart of the living man. Had he written *Julius Cæsar*, we should have had a poetic lament of Antony over Cæsar's death, but not Shakspeare's Antony, whom we know better than most men we have met. Marlowe is LYRIC rather than dramatic.

His Genius At its worst his verse is full of rant. At its best he gives us such passages as the following.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss . . .
 O thou art fairer than the evening air,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Give me the merchants of the Indian mines
 That trade in metal of the purest mould;
 The wealthy Moor that in the eastern rocks
 Without control can pick his riches up,
 And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
 Receive them free and sell them by the weight,
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
 Jacynths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds.
 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
 As one of them indifferently rated,
 And of a carat of this quantity,
 May serve in peril of calamity,
 To ransom great kings from captivity.

TAMBURLAINE. Behold my sword; what see you at the point?
 VIRGINS. Nothing but fire and fatal steel, my lord!
 TAMB. Your fearful minds are weak and misty, then,
 For there sits Death; there sits imperious Death,
 Keeping his circuit by the shining edge.
 But I am pleased you shall not see him there.
 He now is seated on my horsemen's spears
 And on their points his fleshless body feeds.

In Marlowe we feel the white concentrated fire of Elizabethan enthusiasm, untamed, bewildering in intensity. In Shakspeare we shall find its blaze **Marlowe's** moderated but enriched with the sympathy **Energy** and understanding of a profound nature, and restrained by ripened art. Later we shall find this light of inspiration fading "into the common light of day." In Marlowe we find the Elizabethan period in its first splendid youth,

setting out, like Tennyson's Gareth, all hope and vigor and inexperience, a promise too splendid to be fulfilled.

It was a rough and often brutal public for which Marlowe and Shakspeare wrote. The age was not one of refinement.

The Elizabethan Audience The savage was still near the surface. Men went armed and ready to fight. Drunkenness was the rule. Men liked their amusements "strong."



THE GLOBE THEATER (AS SHAKSPERE KNEW IT)

South of the Thames, just across London Bridge. (See map, page 195.) The flag is up and people are gathering for the play.

The theater was a neighbor to the "bear-pit." Yet this brutal force is inseparable from the greatness of the age. The brutality is bad, but the force, the energy, the red-blooded intensity that underlay the brutality, is what modern literature lacks. Modern writing is too much a thing of the sheltered study. It does not grow from the heat of life and action. The rough Elizabethan audience

threw its boisterous strength into all it did, and "let itself go" as a modern audience cannot. Its feelings were not thin or hysterical. They were the hot passions of men who had fought for their lives. If two men take up an art — music or painting or poetry — the man who has the *capability* for brutality (which he may and should restrain), the man who has the stronger *driving power* behind his art, will go further and impress men more deeply. The Elizabethan age did not leave literature to its weaklings. It put into its plays the full energy of its unruly nature.

The new drama "took after," as people say, both its lines of ancestry. Like the Miracle Play, it moved from land to land, it leaped across intervals of years, **The New Drama** it mingled comedy and tragedy, it rioted in talk for the mere joy of talk. An Athenian hearing it would have lifted protesting hands to his gods. A medieval hearer would have been bewildered by its depth of thought. It was like a child of gipsy ancestry with the seed of wildness still in its heart. It was a new thing in part of old Greece, in part of the Middle Ages, in part of its own growth, a dazzling crystallization of the spirit of Elizabethan England.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

From what two lines of ancestry was English drama descended?

State briefly the characteristics of each.

What did Shakspeare's drama derive from the drama of the Greeks?

What did it derive from native sources?

Make clear the historical importance of *Ralph Roister Doister*, of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, of *Gorboduc*. What is their literary value?

Explain the feeling of the Elizabethan audience about *words*.

What difference to-day?

What effect had the young university men upon the Elizabethan drama?

What did Marlowe contribute to English drama? What did he give Shakspeare?

In what respects is Marlowe's work great in itself? Point out its merits of style.

What common factor in most of Marlowe's heroes, Faust, Tamburlaine, and Barabas? Why is this typical of him and of his time?

CHAPTER V

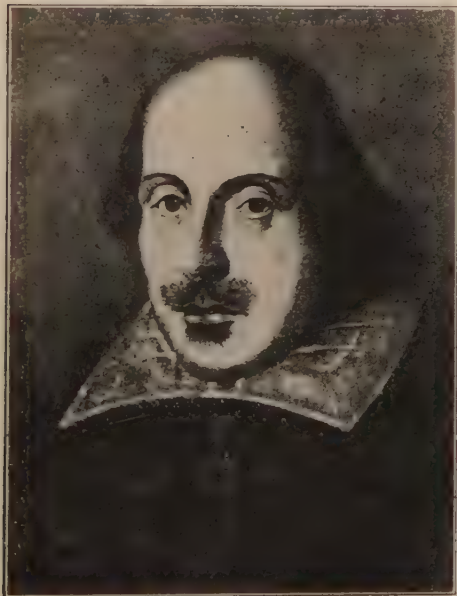
SHAKSPERE

SHAKSPERE can be accounted for only in part as a product of his age. We can see how the time in which **Mystery of Genius** he was born made his genius take the turn that it did. What no one can explain is his genius itself. We know little of Shakspeare the man, little of his personal appearance, his habits, or his tastes. We must judge the man from his work. But we do know a good deal about the world in which he lived, the influences that led him, and the opportunities that opened before him.

Like Marlowe, Shakspeare was of humble though of "good stock," his father being a respectable villager of small **Shakspeare's Schooling** property living over a hundred miles west of London. In the village school Shakspeare had almost certainly as much as three years of such schooling as it afforded. This would consist chiefly of Latin, penmanship, and simple figuring. We have at the start, then, an explanation for his having acquired some Latin.

His interest in things theatrical must have been stimulated from the first by his nearness to Warwick and Kenilworth, which lay only a few **Early Influences** miles away, within an easy walk. This would enable him

to see the great shows and pageants given at these places. Occasionally strolling players would sometimes make a stay at Stratford on their road to these places. Besides, the boy would see continually about the inns great lords and



WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

The portrait that most critics think genuine (see article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*). In spite of serious artistic defects, it gives a glimpse of the man himself.

Hall, we really do not know. Most of us have a hope that he did, because it makes him real. We do not know whether he earned money by holding horses at the doors of the theater. We feel sure that at about the age of twenty-three he set out for London, and we do know positively that in the year 1593 he published his poem, *Venus*

and their followers, traveling on horseback up to London or down to the West. All this was enough to expose him, country lad though he was, to the dramatic contagion of the times and to make him resolve to go to London at the first opportunity and attach himself to the groups of players and playwrights there.

Whether Shakspeare stole Shakspeare's Education deer or lampooned the master of the

and *Adonis*, and in the year following his *Lucrece*. And we can see from these two poems that their writer was not only a man of genius, but was a man of classical education and wide reading. And we can see no less clearly that he must already have written much practice work.

How had a young man of twenty-nine, born in a small village and without worldly means, attained this educa-



SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE, STRATFORD

From an old print. The half-timbered construction is seen clearly.

tion and training? Certain lawyers have shown great ingenuity in arguing that the plays were really written by some highly educated man of the time — Bacon, for instance. One might just as well try to show that Lincoln, because he began life as a rustic rail-splitter, was incapable of writing the Gettysburg speech. The education a man gets depends only partly upon how he is situated in life. It depends far more on WHAT HE IS. The man who wrote *Macbeth* and the *Tempest* was capable, if given a chance, of getting an education for himself.

Had Shakspeare been able to attend a university, his

task would have been easier and his genius might possibly have found perfect expression earlier. But he found his opportunity without the university. Let us see how this may have been done.

When Shakspeare first came to London, he had already presumably formed the ambition to be an actor and play-



BOAR'S HEAD INN

An old inn made famous by Shakspeare in Henry IV. (See Irving's *Sketch Book*.)

the very best course in playwriting possible, he was writing and acting real plays in the company of men gifted in that art.

As for classical learning, given a man with some knowledge of Latin (such as he had certainly brought from the grammar school), and all he would ask would be the opportunity to borrow copies of Virgil,

wright. He at once therefore **A Practical Training in His Art**

attached himself to some group of theatrical men, most of them young, some of them well educated. From such men he could learn much as he worked with them. *In fact, to be working with them was in itself a better course of preparation for his work than he could have found in any university of that time.* At Harvard of to-

day he would take a course in writing plays.

As it was, he was taking

Study of Classics

Horace, Ovid, and Seneca. A young man like Shakspeare, fired with the Elizabethan enthusiasm for the classics, needed no teacher. He needed only a book and a candle and evenings to himself. If a sentence puzzled him, there were men about him to whom he could turn for help. It is not a wonder that Shakspeare learned Latin. It would have been a greater wonder if he had not. Every teacher knows that the boy who has unusual genius for the words of his own language has a gift for other tongues.

Ben Jonson said that Shakspeare had "small Latin and less Greek." But Jonson was a thorough scholar who could write and speak the Latin of Cicero. Such "picked up" Latin as Shakspeare's would seem to him slipshod. Jonson had learned Latin to master it. Shakspeare took up Latin and Greek *to get what he could out of them*, caring nothing for the languages themselves. He learned them to *read*, not to speak or to write.

The man who studied in this way would study whatever writers of his own tongue were worth reading, and he would as certainly pick up a working knowledge of French, and possibly of Italian and Spanish. He would acquire an education less accurate than that of the bookish men of his day but far wider and far more thoroughly his own. In one sense, then, Shakspeare *had* a university education. His education came very near the ideal of universities of our own day, an education more *practical*, more colored with *interest*, than any sixteenth-century university could have given him.

In addition to this book-learning Shakspeare, being plunged into the rough underworld of that early London, and having glimpses (in visits to patrons and plays before the nobility) of the court

Other
Tongues

View of Life

life and elegance of the time, had a wider view of life than most men of his day. He knew country, slum, and court, and was at home in all. He was a citizen of all England and of all life.

Close students of Shaksperian biography and history have been able to decide quite definitely at what time in Shakspeare's life each of his plays was written. As a rule Shakspeare inclined to write one kind of play at a time; at one time tragedy, at another comedy. (For a complete list of plays, see pages 252-254.)

His first plays seem to have been written in collaboration with others. Some see traces of his hand in plays in which he can have had only a slight part.

Early Plays

In *Henry VI* we probably find the first work of his in any large quantity. As his work goes on we find his individuality becoming more pronounced. He was developing his powers, experimenting in imitation, learning to find himself.

Two plays typical of this period of experiment are *Love's Labour Lost* and *Titus Andronicus*, — both, compared with his later plays, failures. In the former the young author varies from blank verse to sonnets and to pentameter couplets. He even uses a rude tumbling measure taken from the old Interludes. The plot has little value, and the characters little reality.

Titus Andronicus is an experiment after the manner of Marlowe. The young Shakspeare was learning what Marlowe could teach him. What Marlowe could do best, he could not do so well. When Shakspeare abandoned this type of play, he kept whatever suited his own genius. The more declamatory passages of his later plays owe their power to this apprenticeship.

The first plays of Shakspeare that really revealed his unusual powers were *Romeo and Juliet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The first combines beauty of verse and ingenuity of language with a moving theme and with beauty of thought. The characters are convincing. The whole work moves with sureness. The artist has come into his own.



A COMIC SCENE FROM SHAKSPERE
(Henry IV, Part I)

Falstaff's two friends (disguised) attacked him and his companion, who were too frightened to resist. Falstaff (ignorant of the trick) is bragging of his brave fight against a band of ruffians.

The playwright had mastered the mechanics of his art.

After these initial plays, experiments crowned with

success, we find Shakspeare, now well over thirty years old, writing, in rapid succession, the group of **His Best Comedies** his best comedies, composing them with masterly certainty. To this period belong the *Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and



FROM SHAKSPERE'S "MACBETH"

Macbeth meets the witches. The prophecies of the three weird sisters kindle the murderous ambitions that have been smoldering in his heart.

Twelfth Night. In this period, too, Shakspeare had found the art of turning the old chronicle play into real drama. In the two parts of *Henry IV* and in his *Henry V*, he reached the height of success in that type. In the group of plays written in this period we find most of his greatest humorous creations. It is here we find, for example, Falstaff, Sir Toby, Malvolio, Dogberry, Touchstone. To

this period, too, belong his romantic heroines, Portia, Rosalind, and Viola.

After writing these plays, Shakspeare turned to tragedy. Immediately upon them follows the great group, *Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Macbeth, Lear, His Tragedies Hamlet, and Othello*, — plays that mark the summit of his genius. Some have thought, from the fact that these all deal with failure and defeat, that Shakspeare's life must at this time have been embittered by misfortune or disillusion. This does not of necessity follow. Possibly he had merely wished to attempt a new form of art. Possibly tragedy was in public favor. It is, of course, probable that his advance in years made him look more thoughtfully and seriously upon the spectacle of life. Carlyle tells us that at a certain age a man passes from youth to manhood, and learns that man must submit to necessity. Perhaps Shakspeare was learning this lesson. In all these plays, at least, he shows clearly a perception not only of human passions and ambitions, but of human limitations. There is a new recognition of reality.

We feel that the man who wrote these plays knew men, that he had studied the face of life about him and had seen beneath the surface. The man who drew the politicians Antony and Cassius, saw through the self-deceiving disloyalty of Banquo, and showed us the resolute villainy of the King in *Hamlet*, knew what life meant and what men are. He no longer saw the world under a mist of illusion. But being a great poet he knew that the world, seen as it is, stripped of all youthful illusion, even when filled with crime and injustice, is none the less a spectacle profoundly inspiring.

Shakspeare's last group returns to comedy, but comedy

of a new type, in some respects like *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but with a greater depth and sense of mature experience.



FROM SHAKSPERE'S "TEMPEST"

Miranda, the magician's daughter, falls in love with the youth who has been shipwrecked upon her father's island.

"Alas! now, pray you

Work not so hard; I would the lightning
had

Burnt up those logs that you are en-
joined to pile."

spere's noblest poetry. Probably its height is reached in the lines,

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

Return to
Comedy

right to speak of it as the poetry of a "contented old age," for a man of fifty is not in his old age. It is rather the rounded vision of full manhood, that has left the flowering thickets of the mountain foot, has passed through the clouds and storms, and has emerged into the "regions calm of mild and serene air."

The plays of this group are the *Winter's Tale* and the *Tempest*, the last, slight in plot, containing much of Shak-

And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspeare's genius owes much, we have seen, to its time. His age gave him an effective form of play, a form on one side native and English, on the other developed from classic art. It inspired him by its interest, by its intense emotion, by its delight in imagination, by its joy in the artistic use of words. It gave into his hands a verse already stately and beautiful, ready to be transformed by genius into something greater yet. It gave him, besides, all the wealth of tales and traditions and ideas that literary men of that day used as common property. Shakspeare in another age would have been no less able. But another age might not have offered him so fitting an opening for his genius. A military genius is wasted in times of peace. In an undramatic age Shakspeare's greatest talent would have lain idle. He came just at the moment when the world had a place for his powers.

Many of the elements of his work are characteristic of his time. The use of *pastoral* stories (like those in *As You Like It* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) is common in his day. So too is the liking for *violence* and suggestions of the *supernatural*. The Elizabethans lived in days of murders and witchcraft, when gibbets lined the roads, when ghastly shriveled heads of traitors grinned from over city gates, and when witches were burned at the stake. His language, his style, his subject; even many of his thoughts, take their color from his age. But through all these, the thing that makes him *great*,

Shakspeare
 and His
 Time

burns the personal magnetic power of the man himself. Let us see in what this lay.

We have seen something of Shakspeare's power over words. His age loved such power, and he excelled in it. It was not merely that in an age of brilliant expectedness he could be brilliantly unexpected. His unexpectedness justified itself. One was first surprised, then saw that he was right. He was not merely amazing and bewildering, he was sincerely and soundly so.

He seldom, in a serious scene, adorns his plain meaning. Where he gives the chat of courtiers we find euphuisms and affectation. But the speeches of an Othello or a Macbeth, when roused by deep passion, blaze straight to the point. His *Julius Cæsar* is remarkable in its simplicity. Most writers of tragedy in blank verse use images and other adornment to give their speeches dignity. Shakspeare makes his characters speak simply. The majesty of his meaning needs no toga. "This was the noblest Roman of them all!" "He was my friend, faithful and just to me." The language is as common as the speech of every day, and as miraculous as Mount Blanc or Niagara. No man save Shakspeare had ever such an art of putting wonder into common words.

He creates human beings. No novelist, no other dramatist, has ever drawn so many imagined men and women that the world has accepted as real. We disagree about them. We question their motives, just as we do those of people about us. But we never question their reality. We may not know whether Banquo was guilty, but we never doubt that he

was Banquo. Shakspeare's characters are individual. They do not repeat types. Rosalind, Portia, Perdita, Juliet,—these are all different women, just as Mark Antony and Cassius, Shylock and Iago, Brutus and Coriolanus, are different men. Shakspeare does not merely create one side of a character. His people are not paintings, but statues; we see them from all sides and feel a new wonder with each point of vision.

He *creates convincing action*. His plots may not stand analysis. They were meant for the stage. But on the stage every scene of his greater plays carries conviction. Nothing, we feel, could happen otherwise. The dramatist did not invent the action, he merely, by some higher vision, *saw* what must have been said and done.

Shakspeare has the faults of his time. But his merits are not merely of his time. They are gifts suited to a dramatic age like his. But they are inspired gifts, that place him at the top of the world's literature. And there is, involved with them, one greater gift still. Shakspeare is above all a *poet*. We shall find other poets that are great. We shall, down to the present, find hardly one as great, and none greater. Only in the noblest passages of the English Bible can his best be equalled. If one would learn the secret of perfect poetry, one must turn to Shakspeare. Out of common words, words that we use in our speech of every day, he shapes a mystery and a glory—a music that echoes with eternity.

(So many of Shakspeare's plays are read in the school course that comment upon individual plays is here

unnecessary. The student should at this point review rapidly all the plays of Shakspeare he has read. He should determine in which group each falls and should observe in what respects it is typical of that group. He should consider, too, in what respects it illustrates the characteristics of Shakspeare and of his age. Abundant interpretative criticism and explanation will be found in the ordinary school editions. For more advanced works of criticism, see the Reading List.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What influences that surrounded Shakspeare's boyhood account for his interest in plays?

What opportunities had he to pick up a knowledge of Latin and possibly Greek?

Show that his early life was such as would fit him for his profession, familiarizing him both with the technique of the stage and with the literary influences of the day.

Review pages 173-177, arranging the plays there mentioned in groups according to their kind and date, noting the characteristics of each group. Compare this list with the general list of plays on pages 252-254. Observe additional plays and see where they belong and what their character is.

Point out the respects in which Shakspeare is characteristic of his age.

Point out, in plays that you have studied, specific instances of the qualities noted on pages 179-180.

CHAPTER VI

SHAKSPERE'S THEATER

IN reading plays of the time of Shakspeare, one must realize that the theater of that time differed from ours. The Elizabethan theater owed little if anything to the

theater of the Greeks. That had been a stately edifice of stone, an ornate wall before which actors and chorus declaimed and chanted their lines upon a floor of marble before an audience seated under the open sky, in a vast stone stadium (see page 158). With the decline of learning, the ancient theater had vanished. The theater of the Elizabethans was directly descended from the platforms and moving "floats" upon which Miracle Plays and Moralities had been performed in the market place.

The stage itself was derived from Miracle Play and Morality. The theater as a whole seems to have evolved from the place in which plays were first produced, the inn yard. Inns were built about a hollow square, a courtyard surrounded by balconies. Until regular theaters were built, a yard of this kind was the place best fitted for a play. The common crowd would throng the yard. The better sort would occupy places in the balconies.

For years plays were acted in yards of this kind. When theaters were first erected, they were made after this pattern. There was the open space in the middle, the "pit," where the lower classes, those that paid least, stood without shelter. Around the sides were the balconies, with comfortable seats, the lower being, of course, the more desirable. Some of the earlier theaters were probably square. Others seem to have been oval, circular, or polygonal, influenced perhaps by the neighboring "bear-pit."

The plays were given by daylight, the lighting being from the sky. If torches were introduced, it was probably not to illumine the scene, but to show that the time was supposed to be night. Darkness had to be imagined.

The stage itself was entirely different from the stage

we know. Our modern stage is set back as if in a frame. The action goes on, not in the midst of the audience, but set apart in a brilliantly lighted space, — a picture enclosed by the proscenium arch and its

The Stage

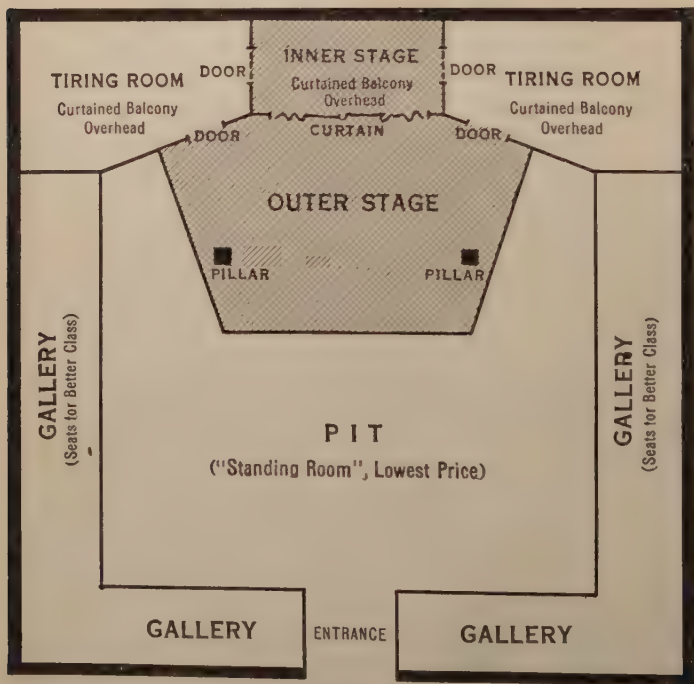


A PLAY IN AN INN YARD

Compare with the picture of the Elizabethan theater and see how the latter grew naturally out of such conditions as are shown here.

hangings. In contrast to this, the Elizabethan stage was literally a *stage*, a platform, thrust forward into the audience, so that the actor was actually among the crowded groundlings of the pit.

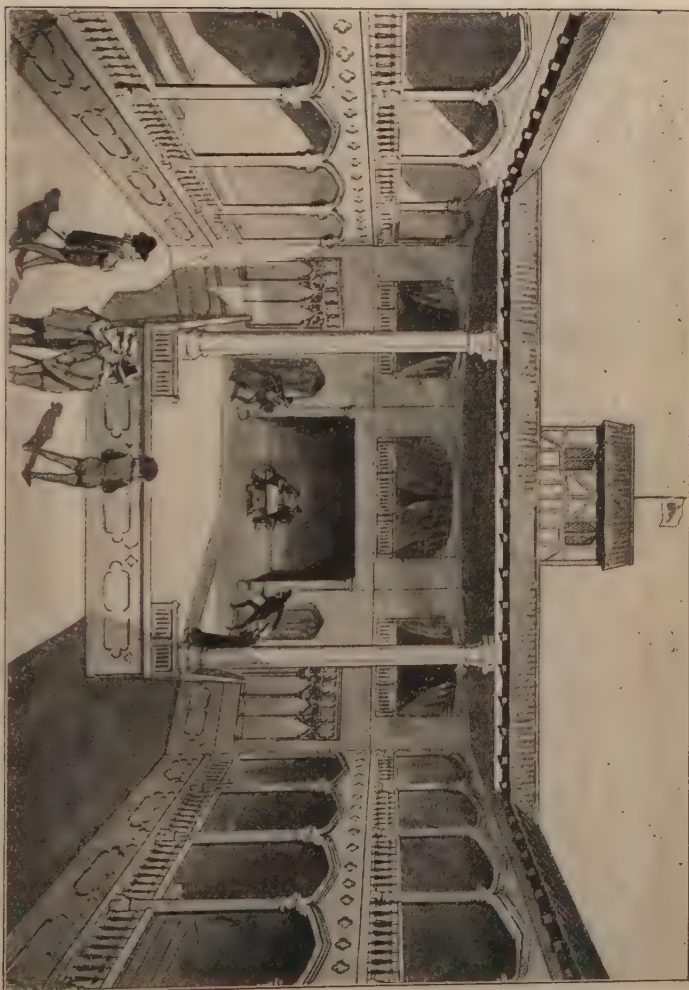
Over the whole stage, or at least over the greater part of it, was a roof, supported sometimes upon pillars, sometimes from the sides of the theater. This would protect



GROUND PLAN OF AN ELIZABETHAN THEATER

This shows not one particular theater, but features common to many. Each had its own peculiarities. There was always one upper gallery; sometimes there were two. (See the picture on the opposite page.)

the actors and their costumes and scenery from sun and rain, and must have been needed in showery England. On the roof of this there was usually a small “hut” or “hutch” from which objects or persons, angels, fairies,



INTERIOR OF AN ELIZABETHAN THEATER

A view of the theater the ground plan of which is given opposite. A rehearsal is in progress. (The flag indicates that the doors will soon open)

and gods, for example, might be lowered to the stage. From the top of this a flag would be shown on days when a play was to be given. (See picture on page 166.)

We now come to the most important part, the back of the stage itself. Students of this subject do not agree as to just how this was arranged. The following is the view most generally accepted. Be sure, while reading it, to examine the illustrations carefully.

Across the back of the whole stage, continuing the line of balconies that held the audience, there ran a balcony, broken into sections that might be shut off by curtains. In the middle of this, just over the middle of the stage, there was one section of balcony that was clearly set off by itself, making a distinct *upper stage* with curtains drawn across it. This might serve for any higher place needed in the action. It might be a balcony, an upper room, a hill, a tower, or even Heaven itself! (Sometimes the spaces at each side were used for similar purposes, sometimes merely for orchestra, or for spectators.)

Directly under the curtained section in the middle there was upon the stage itself a curtained recess. Upon

The Inner Stage	each side of this were dressing-rooms ("tiring-rooms") for the actors. This curtained recess made an <i>inner stage</i> , very important in the staging of the plays of that day.
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It might be used in a number of ways. In a military scene, it might serve as a tent, the front being open when the audience was supposed to see within. (See the Ghost scene, or the Quarrel scene, in *Julius Cæsar*.) It might supply the stage for such plays within plays as we find in *Hamlet* or in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It might contain a canopied throne, a curtained bed, a table set

for a banquet. It would afford too a partly darkened space where the appearance of ghosts and similar illusions might be carried out with less exposure to the common light of day. There must, of course, have been some way of entering it from the back or sides.

A scene on this inner stage might be made ready while another scene was being carried on in front. On the modern stage we sometimes find all but the front of the stage cut off by a drop representing a street or wall. One scene goes on in front while behind this the scenery and properties for the next scene are made ready. Then the drop is lifted and the next scene flashes upon us complete. Shakspeare's inner stage was used in a similar way. In the *Merchant of Venice*, for example in Act II, scene vi, Gratiano and Salarino meet upon the street, — that is, upon the front of the stage, the wide space that stood for anywhere. Gratiano, approaching the curtained space, says:

This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Jessica enters "above," that is upon the balcony over the lower curtain, and later descends to emerge upon the street, the stage below. In the next scene we are supposed to be in "a room in Portia's house." At Portia's words, "Draw the curtain," the interior of the curtained room must have been exposed, showing the table with the three caskets, which might have been in place there throughout the previous scene.

We should bear in mind, then, three im- Chief
Features
portant features of the early theater:

1. The wide stage proper, projecting, like an apron, into the midst of the audience.

2. A curtained recess at the back, an inner stage.
3. An upper curtained space, or balcony.

Now as the theater slowly developed after Shakspeare's day, the inner stage (the curtained part at the back) increased in size and importance, till, in the theater of to-day, it has absorbed all the rest. *The inner stage of the Elizabethans is the whole stage to-day.* The outer front stage declined in importance and in size until to-day it has practically vanished. All that remains of it is the part that lies in front of the curtain, the narrow strip close to the footlights.

The old outer stage was in a sense neutral ground. It was, of course, the foreground to any scene that might be shown at the back. But in the absence of any specific scene at the back, it might, without change, be anything or anywhere, — the deck of a ship, the coast of Bohemia, a street in Venice, a room in a castle. It might change with the exit of one set of characters to any other place that the action called for. It does not seem likely that signs were generally used to indicate place. If the exact location was important, the words of the actors indicated it. Most stage directions in early plays are of later insertion. The audience puzzled out the setting for themselves, or, in most cases, paid no attention to the matter. They cared little about the place, much about the action.

A scene began when characters entered, and ended when every one left the stage. No curtain was used to

**No Front
Curtain**

hide the stage as a whole. Whatever must be "discovered" by the raising of a curtain had to be placed in readiness behind the curtain of the inner stage. In consequence of this, every scene had to begin with an entrance and to end with an exit.

No one could be upon the stage (unless concealed within the inner stage) when the scene began nor could he remain there after the scene closed. An examination of any play of Shakspeare's will show this.

For this reason the bodies of the "dead" had to be actually carried from the scene or else to be placed in the inner stage and shut from sight by the curtain. Usually, at the end of a tragedy, the plot provides that men shall be at hand to "take up the bodies" and bear them off. In *Hamlet* the army of young Fortinbras is provided for just this purpose. So too Antony and Octavius are at hand at the end of *Julius Cæsar*. In *Othello*, where the bodies lie upon the bed, in the curtained recess, Lodovico says:

The object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.

The curtains are drawn before the speaker and his companions leave the stage.

It is then, from necessity Shakspeare ends his scenes with the exit of all the characters. Were he writing for the curtained stage of to-day, we should no doubt find him, like dramatists of to-day, often preferring to end a scene with a tableau,—a stage picture cut off from the audience by the descending curtain.

In the ordinary public theaters there was probably little scenery except of the sort that actors call "practicable." Trees and rocks were not shown unless they were to be used in the action, unless people were to climb them, or sit upon them, or hide behind them or pin verses upon them. The object of scenery was to help out the action, not to compose a picture. If the poet wanted his audience to see a picture, he must paint it

with words. And what scene painter could ever bring before the eye such scenes as Shakspeare can conjure before the imagination. Think, for example, of the reality of Dover Cliff in *Lear*, or of the moonlight scene in the *Merchant of Venice*.

The Elizabethan felt no need of painted scenery. He had never learned to expect it. He had learned to use his imagination. Even with the elaborate scenery of to-day, we must use imagination if we wish to yield to the illusion. We must forget that we see an actor's shadow moving upon the blue sky, that solid stone walls are shaking in the wind, and that the breaking waves of the sea are motionless. If one has to "make believe" at all, it is not so much harder to do what the Elizabethan did and imagine the whole picture.

The simple setting of those early days had one good result. There were no delays between scenes. The actors in one scene went off, and at once those in the next came on. Some say that Shakspeare's plays are too long. Acted as they were in his day, they could not have taken more time than our ordinary modern plays require, with their long intermissions.

The costuming of the actors must have been brilliant. Slight attention was paid to historical accuracy; that was hardly thought of. Actors wore, as a rule —
Costuming no matter what might be the time and nation represented — the dress of their own day. But that dress, the dress of the most extravagant age in English history, was gorgeous in color, graceful in line, and artistic in taste. It harmonized with poetry and romance.

A good deal of money was spent upon costumes. Besides, it seems likely that in many cases a player fell

heir to the clothing of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. An Elizabethan courtier wore finery but a few times, perhaps only once, after which it might pass on to a hero of

tragedy. In a play produced by Shakspeare himself, the costumes would be less historically accurate than in a production by Tree or Irving. They might be less harmoniously designed. It is doubtful whether they would be less brilliant.

Upon the Elizabethan stage there were no women. All female parts were acted by boys or young men. This must Women on
the Stage

not be taken to mean that the acting of such parts was poor. It must, on the contrary, have been excellent. For had it been poor, had Shakspeare not felt certain that the rôles of the women would be effectively acted, he would never, with his practical dramatic training, have created

such female characters as Rosalind, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, or Portia. When Shakspeare wrote a part, he had in mind the actor who would act it. He would never write such parts as these if they were to be made ridiculous by inadequate actors.

Often some of the audience sat upon the stage. These must have been the more "forward" of the courtiers, those least unwilling to be seen and to be admired, — of the type of those who to-day come to the opera late, look bored, and talk loudly during the



A COMIC ACTOR

Tarleton, a favorite actor in Shakspeare's day. The costume is that of a "Morris-dancer."

Other
Differences

best numbers. They sat, apparently well to the side, on stools hired for the purpose.

Attention has been called to the character and spirit of the audience that heard Shakspeare's plays. It differed

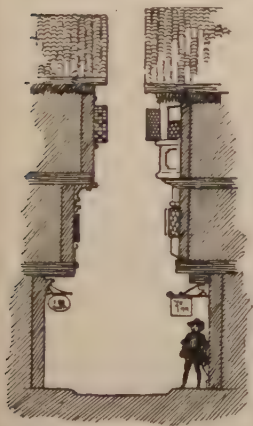


IN OLD LONDON

amazingly from an audience of to-day. It went to plays because it wanted to enjoy them. It knew little, even the educated part of it, of history, or science, or of rules of art. It had, however, a phenomenal instinct for what was good, and a wonderful power of "making believe." In some ways it did not have to make believe so much as modern audiences. We pretend that we believe in ghosts and witches. Shakspeare's audience believed

without pretending. We have our doubts about murder and poison in high life. Shakspeare's audience had merely to recall recent happenings near home. We have to imagine how it would feel to carry swords and to use them. Most of Shakspeare's audience wore swords by their sides as they listened, and had used them, and expected to use them again. This made them keen critics of stage fighting. *Macbeth* and *Macduff* would not dare to make their fight half-hearted. On the benches and thronging the pit before them, watching every thrust and guard with the eyes of experts, were men whose lives had more than once depended upon their skill in fence.

What has been said above regarding the construction of the stage and the theater itself applies particularly to the large "public" theaters. There were ^{Private} many "private" theaters, smaller and more ^{Theaters} "select," and naturally different in many respects. They



CROSS-SECTION OF AN
OLD-TIME STREET

The gables nearly met overhead. "Keeping the wall" gave shelter and dry footing.

were roofed over, lighted by candles, and their pits had seats for the gentry. They were probably quicker than the public theaters to take up new ideas. Naturally it was from these, rather than from the public theaters that the drama after the Restoration (Charles II) took its construction and its spirit. (See page 273.)

It is a question whether the acting of the present is better than that of Shakspeare's time. It seems certain that the actors for whom such parts as Hamlet and Othello were written must have been worthy of the responsibility laid upon them.

It is probable, in that age, so impetuous and fiery and imaginative, that the men who, upon a bare stage, could thrill and carry out of themselves a restless and crude audience, had powers beyond anything that our stage knows to-day. It is impossible to believe that they could have been inferior.

Many of the theaters stood outside the city proper. Theaters were, indeed, regarded with disfavor, ^{Site of} not only on moral grounds, but as places ^{Theaters} likely to spread the plague. Look at the map on page 195

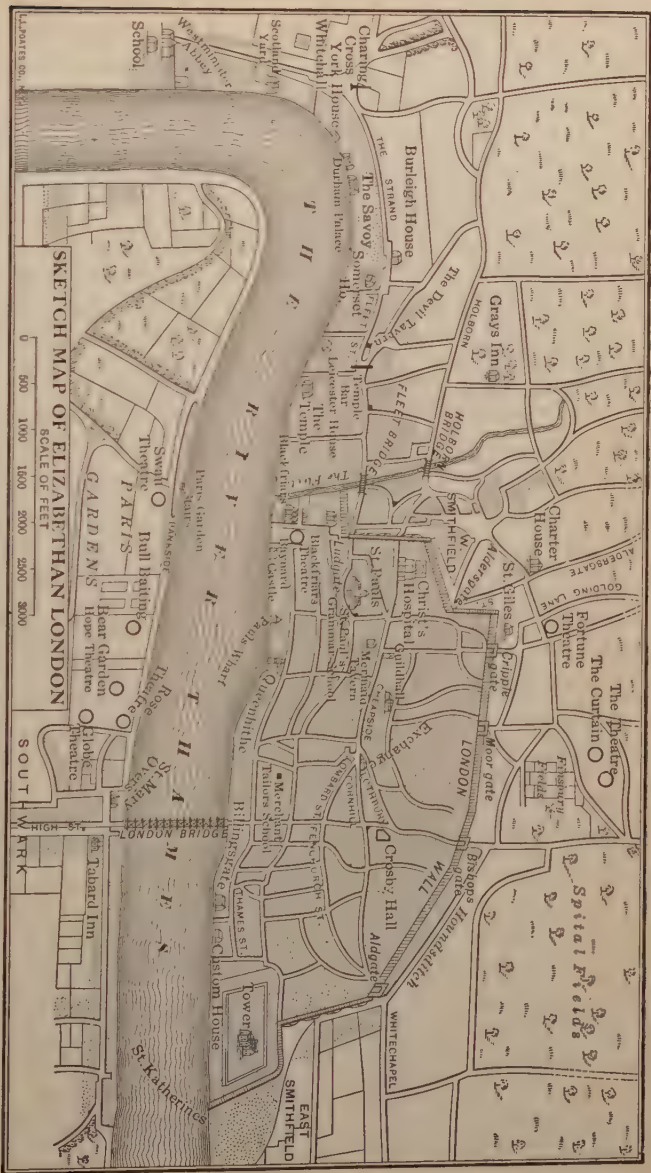
and see the different theaters (indicated by circles). Some are across the river, in Southwark, south of London, others are in the fields to the north of the city, outside the old "city walls." In spite of opposition, the theater flourished till the growing bitterness of the Puritans brought all plays to an abrupt close. The Elizabethan drama originated, reached its height and came to its end within a half century.

One must remember that Shakspeare's London was not at all like London of to-day! Only the river was the same.

Shakspeare's London It was spanned by a remarkable structure, London Bridge, lined with tall houses, so that one saw nothing of the water on either side. Shakspeare's London was not large, of only a few hundred thousand inhabitants, closely packed into a small space. The citizen might readily on Sundays, or on pleasant evenings, stroll from his home into open fields. In the city itself the streets were narrow, ill-paved, and crooked, overhung by houses that projected at each story till they nearly met overhead. The man of lower rank must yield the wall to his superior and take whatever downpour the heavens or the windows might bestow! A traveller after dark must provide a light and have his sword ready to his hand. The slums, bad as slums are to-day, were worse in crime and license. Actual poverty was perhaps less. It was a time of prosperity, a time of spending and of pleasure, a time of progress and excitement and extravagance.

Dress showed a man's class. One could tell the courtier from afar off. He walked bright as a butterfly. The "sober citizen," in contrast, dressed in browns or grays, especially if Puritanically inclined. The craftsmen (like those in *Julius Cæsar*) carried the "mark of their profes-

A compact little city, close to the open fields. The theaters, indicated by circles, were usually outside city bounds. Observe St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Mermaid Tavern. Compare this with a map of modern London. (Adapted by permission from drawing by H. S. Pancoast.)



sion." Shops were small and made up for lack of window-display by the loud cries of the apprentices, whom one could identify by their flat caps and their cudgels.

London lay, for the most part, between the Tower to the east and Westminster to the west, keeping close, as a rule, to the river. Its center was St. Paul's, not the modern cathedral, but the old Gothic church, abandoned in Shakspeare's day as a place of worship and used as a "walk," a place where men might meet to confer over business, might read proclamations and hire servants. Here, if anywhere, lay the heart of London.

Little of old London survives. Much was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1665. Old houses have given place to new, streets have been widened and straightened, new avenues have been made. The student should compare a modern map of the city with that on page 195. Try to reconstruct the London that Shakspeare knew, the streets he walked, the houses he visited, the theater in which he played. Yet wonderful as the Elizabethan age was, one is hardly tempted to wish to live in it. It is far pleasanter, surrounded by modern comforts, to visit it in imagination.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

How did the theater of the ancients differ from that of England? Show how the physical form of the English theater evolved from the inn yard.

Describe the construction of the theater itself and explain the circumstances under which plays were given. Look up additional matter if possible. (See Reading List.)

Describe the stage proper, drawing a rough diagram, and explaining the nature and use of the "inner stage."

Explain how the inner stage gradually came to be the whole stage of to-day.

What effect had the absence of a curtain upon beginnings and endings of scenes? How were the "dead" removed? Refer to instances in Shakspeare.

What changes have taken place upon the stage itself? in the auditorium?

What were "private theaters"? In what were they in advance of the others?

What use did the Elizabethans make of scenery? How were the actors costumed?

Who acted the parts of women? What reason to think these parts were acted well?

What reason to think that the acting of Shakspeare's day was generally upon a high level?

SPECIAL TOPICS

The arrangement and character of the Greek theater.

Report upon a Greek play.

A performance of a play in Shakspeare's theater compared with a modern performance.

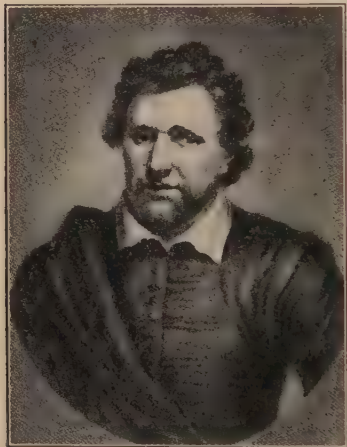
CHAPTER VII

OTHER DRAMATIC WRITERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S TIME AND IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

No dramatic writers of his time equalled Shakspeare. A number of dramatists, however, while inferior to him, yet show genius, like those foothills that would be mountains were the greater mountains removed.

Of this group the most eminent is Ben Jonson, who was closely associated with Shakspeare. (For convenience, all writers of the time of Shakspeare, even Ben Jonson though their work continued into the days of James, or even Charles, will be referred to here as

Elizabethan. The word denotes, not a reign, but a period, which did not reach its close till long after Elizabeth's reign had ended.) Jonson was a man of aggressive character,



BEN JONSON

His face shows a strong and domineering nature. He was an associate of Shakspeare's and one of the ablest writers of his day.

His characters are too much like caricatures. Each has certain peculiarities that he exhibits whenever he appears. In Shakspeare a man's characteristics seem part of his soul, not merely of his outward conduct. In this respect Jonson is sometimes compared with Dickens.

Jonson's plays have interest and power. His tragedy *Sejanus* gives a more accurate, but less living picture of

His Plays Roman life than Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*. His comedies picture satirically the London of his own day. He shows all levels of society. In his *Cynthia's Revels* we have the "contests in manners" of the court gallants. In *Bartholomew's Fair* we go down

to the streets, of strong likes and dislikes, and of thorough scholarship. He knew Greek and Latin more accurately than did Shakspeare. It is a question, however, if he caught their spirit so well. Certainly (perhaps because in his classical study he lost touch with his own literature) he was less able to put what he got from the classics into living English.

Jonson had not Shakspeare's power of creating characters from within. His characters are too much like caricatures. Each has cer-

among men of the roughest sort. Such scenes of his own day Shakspeare seldom depicts. He preferred to study the life about him and to present it in scenes of another day. In Jonson we see an approach to that critical *observation* of men and manners that was to develop in the following century.

Jonson was a remarkably graceful writer of lyric poems. One of them, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," is sung even to-day. His masques were full of words written for music. Do not get the idea that he was a *heavy* writer. He could write tragic plays, but he had a gift for delicate workmanship.

His Songs

Jonson is relatively free from a great fault of Shakspeare's contemporaries, the lack of moral standards. A play need not aim "to teach." It aims to rouse sympathies and passions, to give a picture of life and character. But, if the play be written by a man who feels a conviction that justice will prevail, that "God is in his heaven," that high ideals and a pure life are better than brute abandon to sensuality, his ideals will inevitably shine through his words. In Shakspeare we find a high seriousness. He might question the meaning of life, but all that he wrote shows that his nature was filled with a conviction that life has a *meaning*, that character stands above the pleasure of the moment.

Moral Defects of the Age

This is not the case with most of Shakspeare's contemporaries. The Renaissance, in reviving pagan culture, lost sight of Christian ideals. The early Church had discouraged the study of Greek and Roman writings, lest they lead to a return to idolatry. This peril had passed. By the sixteenth century an Englishman did not feel tempted to erect altars to Zeus or to Athene,—not

even to Bacchus or to Venus. He was, however, tempted, often beyond his strength, to return to pagan ideas and to pagan conduct.

Had he followed the *higher* pagan ideals (as often Shakspeare did), he might have learned noble lessons from Plato and Epictetus. Unfortunately their **Its Philosophy** was not the philosophy that appealed to the Elizabethan. To him there appealed far more the motto of the pleasure-loving Roman, the motto that ultimately brought Rome to its fall, "*Carpe diem*," snatch pleasure while you can! Enjoy life while you live and in haste, for Death is coming, when all pleasure ceases.

Expressions of this idea are found in two extracts of the seventeenth century, the first from Campion (imitating Catullus), the second from Herrick. It is interesting (as showing the spirit of the time) that the writer of the second (see page 220) was a clergyman.

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into the west, and straight again revive;
But soon as once is set our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever during night.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as doth the sun; —
And as a vapor or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,

So when you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then when time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying.

(See Herrick's whole poem, *Golden Treasury*, No. 118.)

The growing feeling was that life here was without meaning or purpose. And feeling this, men turned for consolation to pleasure, often of a low type. We shall see later (Chapter X) how in contrast to this spirit there rose the opposite type, the Puritans, who scorned things of this life and felt that this world was but a "place of preparation."

The low moral tone of the age is reflected in its plays. The subjects of comedies were low intrigues, with admiration for the clever rascal. In tragedies there was an increasing tendency to Plays of the Age plays of depraving passion, love stripped of all ideality, man verging to the beast. Even in plays that pretended a moral, one feels the presence of hypocrisy; the evil is dwelt upon, not to teach the lesson, but morbidly, for its own sake. It is such faults that bar the reader from much of the drama of Shakspeare's time. As a rule the plays of this period should be read only in volumes of selections.

The writers most strikingly original in imagination and expression are Beaumont and Fletcher, Dekker, Middleton, Webster, and Ford. (See the list of plays, page 254.) Each wrote lines worthy of Shakspeare at his lower levels, and occasionally rose almost to equal him at his best. The following extracts will give some idea of their power:

Are we gods
 Allied to no infirmities? Are our natures
 More than men's natures? When we slip a little
 Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
 Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?
 Thou hollow relic, thou rich diamond
 Cut with thine own dust; thou for whose wide fame
 The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
 Had they all tongues, too silent, thus I bow
 To thy most honored ashes, though an enemy.
 Yet friend to all thy worths; Sleep peaceably;
 Happiness crown thy soul and in the earth
 Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
 And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
 Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
 And honest arms adieu! all noble battles
 Maintained in feats of honor, not of blood,
 Farewell forever!

—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Bonduca*.

Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness
 That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
 But in fair lightsome lodgings and is girt
 With the wild noise of prattling visitants
 Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.

—WEBSTER, *Duchess of Malfi*.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

How does Jonson compare with Shakspeare in scholarship?
 In what are his plays inferior? In what are they at their best?
 For what works besides his dramas is he to be remembered?
 What evil effect came from the pagan element in the Renaissance,
 — the return to the standards of the ancients?
 What is said of the other playwrights of the age? What makes their
 works worth reading? In what do they fall short of Shakspeare?
 Read Webster, Ford, Dekker, and others in volumes of selections.
 Compare them with Shakspeare with regard to the points listed
 at the end of Chapter V.

CHAPTER VIII

ELIZABETHAN PROSE

IN prose as well as in poetry the Elizabethan period was a time of enthusiastic creation. The results in prose, however, are far less valuable. In prose the age of Elizabeth merely prepared the way.

By the beginning of this period Ascham and others had developed in English prose something of Greek grace and clearness. Yet even by the time of Slight Progress Shakspeare no English prose writers had attained *ease*. A writer of to-day does not realize that in writing what he thinks to be a natural sentence, he is influenced by all the sentences he has read since childhood. A modern schoolboy can write simple English prose with less labor than could the cultured Elizabethan. The hardest thing to attain was a simple style that dealt naturally with everyday themes.

One difficulty lay in the handling of the sentence. The sentences of that day were long and loosely joined. Early English sentences had been long and rambling. No Mastery of Sentence Latin sentences are, as any student of Latin knows, long, complicated, and periodic. Now modern English, though it occasionally uses long sentences, uses chiefly a short clean-cut sentence, a sentence that did not develop for over a century after Shakspeare.

Another fault in Elizabethan prose is a love of ornament and elaboration. In dress the age had flowered into a gorgeousness that outdid even the medieval Lack of Simplicity courts. For wealth had increased, materials were more varied and abundant, and taste ran riot as

never before. A courtier under Elizabeth was a walking rainbow. A man, and not an effeminate man, but a soldier of reputation like Raleigh, would wear silks and satins of the showiest sort, bright cloth touched up with inserted slashes still brighter, and to this would add jewels and chains of gold, and even ribbons and laces! Men aimed less at keeping rules than at inventing or

In Dress importing new fashions more startling than those of the day before. It was an age that aimed at originality, at novelty, even at eccentricity.

The same was true of conduct. Men of fashion aimed at brilliant and graceful oddity. Raleigh, when he spread his cloak in the mud at the feet

In Conduct of Elizabeth, won applause not because his act was thoughtful, but because of its graceful audacity. A modern French play pictures a similar period in France. The hero throws a bag of gold to the actors, all that he has! "Madness!" remonstrates his friend. "Ah," returns the courtier hero, "but what a gesture!"

One manifestation of this spirit has been seen in the cultivation of "*humors*." A man would adopt an odd

"Humors" mode of behavior and would keep to it till the world took notice. He might use fantastic oaths, he might be sensitive over some absurd point of honor. In Shakspeare's *As You Like It* we find Melancholy Jaques proud of his peculiar variety of melancholy, a variety which, he explains proudly, is of his own invention. Casca in *Julius Cæsar* affects a surly manner of speaking—until the thunderstorm frightens him out of it. In Ben Jonson's plays we find more instances of this peculiar fashion.

If we find the Elizabethan age "artificial," we must

remember that it is an artificiality of enthusiasm, the imitativeness of the child's "make-believe," not his elder's weary compliance with some Artificiality fashion. It was the very age of "play-acting." Men pretended, they expressed emotions they did not naturally feel; but they reveled in the imagination that they did really feel them. The prevalent adulation of Elizabeth, the exaggerated admiration of her beauty, her wit, her nobility of character, — this was not purely flattery. The patriotic imagination of her courtiers carried them beyond themselves: she was the English Diana, the Faerie Queene, "Great Mistress of a Glorious Isle." The lover, "perishing" from hopeless passion for his Rosalynd, really suffered in his imagined passion, though he delighted in his sufferings. It was an age drunk with imaginative indulgence.

In literature the most striking effect of this tendency was a work by John Lyly called *Euphues*. So popular did this book become that it gave a name Euphues to a style of writing, and we find men speaking of *euphuism* and *euphuists*. No courtier could keep his reputation unless he could learn to "parley euphuism." Lyly had created a "golden language," or what he might have termed an "aureate eloquence," just the language to be spoken by the rainbow-clad courtier who paid gilded compliments to glittering ladies.

Euphuism does not consist merely in the use of big words. It may be said to consist of all of the following, blended in a style that can be caught only by imitation.

1. Use of unusual words of Latin origin.
2. Balanced form, clause answering clause and phrase answering phrase, the balance made clearer by alliteration.

3. Elaborate figures of speech, drawn from zoölogy, etc., *without the slightest regard to fact.*

The following passage from *Euphues* illustrates all these. Read it aloud, observing the parallel form in successive sentences.

For as the finest ruby staineth the color of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon that she cannot be discovered, so this gallant girl, more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all [i.e. the other girls] and changed their colors.

May he justly condemn me of treachery who hath the testimony as trial of my good will? Doth he not remember that the broken bone once set together is stronger than ever it was? That the greatest blot is taken off with the pumice? That though the spider poison the fly, she cannot infect the bee? That although I have been light to Philautus, yet I may be lovely to Euphues?

The filthy sow when she is sick, eateth the sea-crab and is immediately recured, the tortoise having tasted the viper, sucketh Origanum and is quickly revived; the bear ready to pine, licketh up the ants and is recovered. . . . And can men by no herb, by no art, by no way procure a remedy for the impatient disease of love?

Lyly's work is important for two things. In the first place these affectations of euphuism did much to get English prose out of a rut and to set it upon the way to better things. In the second place, euphuism concerns us because it influenced Shakespeare. One finds in his plays, especially in the talk of courtiers, speeches intentionally and seriously euphuistic, and on the other hand speeches that parody euphuism.

In *Hamlet*, Osric is ridiculed by Hamlet for his "golden words." In *Henry IV* Falstaff, addressing Prince Hal, parodies a passage of *Euphues*, and in *Love's Labour Lost*, the extravagant letter of Signor

Its Influence

Ridiculed

Armado carries the euphuistic tricks into absurdities that even an Elizabethan could see! A particularly elaborate attack, not only upon euphuism, but upon all the "precious" absurdities of the court is found in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*.

Yet, ridicule it as he might, the playwright could not keep out of his plays a style so prevalent. A dramatist must not merely echo the fashion of his time; Imitated he must excel in it; he must teach the aspiring young courtiers in his audience the tricks of their elders. For, just as some ladies go to the theater to-day to see how the actresses dress, the young men of Elizabethan days flocked to the Globe or Swan to learn how courtiers should talk.

Another affected form that developed to its height in Elizabethan days was the *pastoral*. We find it in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, and in Milton's *Comus* and *Lycidas*. The Pastoral And it fills a good deal of the space between. The *pastoral* reached London by a long and roundabout road. It began, in Alexandria, centuries before Christ, when Theocritus sang the loves and joys and sorrows of Sicilian goatherds and shepherds. Origin Greek poets imitated Theocritus, and Latin poets, among them Virgil, in his *Eclogues*, imitated Greek poets. With the Renaissance, Italian and French poets imitated the Latin poets, and each imitation found itself one step further from the country life Theocritus had originally pictured. Some writers, like Spenser (see page 150), tried to bring the pastoral back to picture rustic life as it really was. Most, however, found it pleasanter to build up a dream world, an Arcadia of graceful shepherds and beautiful shepherdesses, a

place where shepherds' crooks were gay with ribbons and the young people strolled in pairs and courted each other with euphuisms.

It is such a world that Lyly gives us in his *Euphues*, with a fringe of impossible and half-classical chivalry, a country of love-making and compliment and superficial discussion of philosophy, carried on for the sake of clever phrases. It is a golden garden where language runs riot.



UNDER THE OAK

An English pastoral scene from real life. In olden days a shepherd would have been watching the sheep.

The one thing that redeems it from deadly artificiality is the *sense of joy* that runs through it all. The same world, in a trifle simpler language, we find in Sidney's *Arcadia*, and in a number of other pastoral romances that only the special student will care to read.

These pastorals are important to the reader of Shakspeare. *As You Like It* is based upon a pastoral romance.

Effect upon
Shakspeare

In it shepherds of a "pastoral" tradition are mingled with such real shepherds, Corin and William, as Shakspeare had known as a boy. His Forest of Arden is akin to Arcady, a forest full of shepherds and lions, of lovers who fasten verses to trees, and of wandering dukes. Shakspeare, like Spenser, has brought the pastoral to ground, and to English ground, but he has kept the Arcadian enchantment.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, too, we find the pas-

toral. The magic of this play lies in Shakspeare's use of pastoral-classical atmosphere, a forest filled with lovers wandering by moonlight. He adds to it, however, his own touches that make it English,—Puck, a spirit of English folk-lore, and the lubberly Bottom and his rout. There is a charming use of the pastoral, too, in the *Winter's Tale*, where Perdita and Florizel dance at the village festival.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What made it hard for an Elizabethan to write easy prose?

What were the two chief faults of the prose of that day?

Make clear that the "artificiality" of that age differed from mere conformity to fashion.

What were the marks of the "Euphuism" brought into fashion by Lyly's *Euphues*?

What traces of this in Shakspeare's plays? In Jonson's?

What was the origin of the pastoral? Who was Theocritus?

Through what foreign literature did the pastoral reach England?

What was Sidney's *Arcadia*?

How does the influence of the Elizabethan pastoral appear in Shakspeare's comedies?

Distinguish between pictures of actual rustic life and "conventional" pastoral pictures. What instances of both in plays you have read?

CHAPTER IX

I. LATER PROSE

LYLY and other refiners of the language represent passing stages of the Elizabethan age. Even in the latter years of Elizabeth's own reign there began prose of a better type, more staid and sober and surer of itself.

Two great writers of this age were Bacon and Hooker. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, is typical of the scholarship of his time. Of about the same time as Shakspeare, distinguished in law and in philosophy, he stands out as one of the chief men of his



LORD BACON

Compare his face with Shakspeare's. It is the face of a jurist and a student of men's motives.

His is a cold intellect as compared with Shakspeare's, not an intellect that blazed up over its splendid imaginings, not an intellect that rioted in embroidery of words or in musical lines. Those who can imagine that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays are blind to differences of style and character. Bacon's was cold white light, not dazzling radiance. His was the intellect that meditated and speculated, that shaped philosophies and weighed policies.

The blot on his career, that he could not defend himself from the charge of taking bribes, may have resulted from mere carelessness about appearances. It may have come from yielding to the custom of the time. It may have been an evil rooted still deeper. Intellect is not always accompanied by moral instincts. We must, however, respect the greatness of the mind that stood at the summit of its age.

Bacon's greatest work, his *Instauratio Magna* (in Latin),

aimed to bring under one coherent philosophic system all science and all learning. He aimed to *think the universe together* into an ordered whole. He carried this out incompletely. The facts gathered by science of his day were too fragmentary and inaccurate to be so shaped into a whole. One cannot put together a dissected map in which some pieces are missing and others of the wrong shape. His Philosophy

What Bacon did was to indicate a line for philosophy to follow in years to come. His great work is not studied now. Others have carried his ideas further, and have altered them in accordance with new light. One of his most important ideas lay in the importance he gave to observation. Medieval learning had sought to prove its ideas not by *experiment*, but by *authority*. The medieval doctor "looked up" the problem in ancient authorities. The new scientist *tried it himself*.

The one work by which Bacon lives for the reader of the present day is his volume of *Essays*, the lighter expressions of his thought, his random jottings upon life as he saw it. For the reader who can appreciate thought and style these will always live. In them one sees the shrewd observer of human nature, the student of Machiavelli, the politician who studied his superiors, his equals, his subordinates, and himself with observant thought. There is high morality, and yet, when one lays the book by, what impresses one most is a wisdom that is more of the royal cabinet and of the bench than of the spirit. His Essays

Bacon's style has two striking qualities. One is compressed force. In part this comes from the Latinized taste. In part it comes from the cold, keen intellect that cuts to the heart of an idea. Compressed Force

The Essays are full of sentences to quote, ideas compressed to epigrams. Bacon's thoughts are like the riches of Marlowe's Jew, "infinite riches in a little room."

The second quality of Bacon's style is a certain resonance in the language itself. The structure is Latinized, the cadence of the language has altered, yet one feels the improvement in prose style over Lyly, even over Shakspeare.

The following sentences, the sort called "epigrams,"
 Selected give the character of the Essays and of
 Epigrams their writer:

Since princes will have such things (i.e., masques and pageants), it is better they should be *graced with elegancy than daubed with cost*.

Defer not charities till death, for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doeth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

Suspitions amongst thoughts are like bats among birds, they ever fly by twilight.

It is a strange thing that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.

Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except when both may be had. Leave the goodly fabrics of houses for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who build them with small cost.

Costly followers are not to be liked, lest while a man make his train longer, he make his wings shorter.

We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons.

Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks.

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. . . .
Who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

Sir Walter Raleigh has already been mentioned. The interest in Raleigh lies in his personality. Explorer, adventurer, poet, prose writer, politician, courtier, he is active everywhere. What endeared Raleigh him as much as anything to the great body of the English people was the "good end" he made at his execution, the manly speech, with which he made his graceful exit.

Raleigh's style, for an associate of Lyly and Sydney, is remarkably simple. He shows hardly a trace of their affectations.

Sir Thomas Browne developed a "literary" style, one that could never serve for saying plain things plainly. Sir Thomas wanted to say unusual things unusually. But his departure from the usual Browne is thoroughly his own. One reads his prose as one reads poetry, for the sound and the rich suggestion. The following is from the *Urn Burial*. Read it aloud, bringing out its music.

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methusaleh and in a yard under ground and their walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three conquests, what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics. . . . Time which antiquates antiquities and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

One of the most important prose works of this time, or of any time, is the Authorized or King James translation of the Bible, the *English Bible* The Bible that we know to-day. There had been previous transla-

tions, some, like Tyndale's, of literary merit. The best of these had played their part in laying foundations for the new. But the completed translation remains an eternal monument of art.

The English Bible does not excel in any one peculiar style or manner, though a general unity of style runs through it all. In it one finds the primitive force of the early Hebrew tales, the simply presented stories of Christ and his disciples, the mystical philosophy of the epistles, the lyric uplift of the psalms, and the glorious poetry, some of the noblest in the language, of Job and of Isaiah. It is the perfection of each of these, and the fusion of them all, that makes the English Bible the most inspiring work in any tongue.

The translation owes its greatness to the fact that it was made at the right time. In its making there joined, in just the right degree, just the elements that were needed. English written prose had still about it a tradition of stateliness. Latin richness and Saxon directness, contending for the mastery, were poised in perfect balance. The earnestness, the profound religious seriousness of the translators, their sense of performing a divinely approved, perhaps even a divinely *inspired*, task, removed any temptation to extravagance. A man whose soul is uplifted with the true vision of God has no patience with trivial literary fashions. The earnest passion of these men swept them to the heart of things.

It is a remarkable fact, the glory of a glorious age, that the two books that stand at the pinnacle of the English language, the English Bible and Shakspeare's plays, should have been the work of one generation. With the world, as with a man, there are times when the genius

that *does* things is at its white heat. Such was the Elizabethan age. It was an age, as we shall see, that had to pass, that had in its greatness the seeds of its decline, but what did not and cannot pass is the heritage it has left us. Were all English books but two to be destroyed, the two that men would choose to preserve would be the two created by that age, the English Bible and the plays of Shakspeare.

We hear much to-day of *vers libre*, the new fashion of irregular, unrhymed verse. Some do not even remember that, however the lines are printed, the great poetic books of the English Bible are in such verse. Turn, for instance to the *Book of Job*.

Its Poetry

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said,
 "Who is this that darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge?
 Gird up now thy loins like a man;
 For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me,
 Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.
 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
 Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
 Or who laid the corner stone thereof;
 When the morning stars sang together,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

A type of production that became very common from the time of James I was the MASQUE. It differed from the play in several respects:

The Masque

It was usually given privately, as an entertainment to guests or in celebration of some event. It was not given, that is, for the purpose of *making* money, but was a way of spending a great deal of it ostentatiously.

It was as a rule given in a private house or grounds, usually, in those days, in a castle or palace.

In sharp contrast to a play, it made use of scenic devices of every sort, including painted scenery.

It usually introduced a great deal of music. Some masques consisted largely of songs and choruses.

It introduced, as prominent actors, figures of *supernatural beings*, often from Greek mythology, sometimes allegorical representations of moral or other qualities. It almost always introduced, in contrast, a so-called anti-masque, a group of *grotesque figures*.

Dances, picturesque groupings of the actors, etc., were important parts of such an entertainment.

The words written for such a performance were usually light and graceful in character, and usually suited for singing.

Such a performance had something in common with musical comedy — lightness of spirit, lyric character, showy costumes and scenery, and dancing. It differed from musical comedy in its use of figures from mythology or allegory and in artistic purpose. It is a typical product of an age that reveled in splendor.

The origin of the masque was Italian. At least it came to England from Italy, imitated from expensive pageants given there on important occasions. Such displays appealed to the Elizabethan love of pageantry. The mythological element also struck the fancy of an age for which the mythological creations of Greece and Rome had come again to life.

In some of the plays of Shakspeare one finds evidences of the influence of masques, of which he must have seen many. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, a masque is introduced. In *Mid-*

summer Night's Dream we see an element of masque or pageant in the play itself.

The greatest writer who gave his powers to the writing of masques was Ben Jonson. Aided by Inigo Jones, the architect, he produced a great number of such pageants.

A typical masque by Jonson is the *Masque of Lethe*. It was "presented in the house of Lord Hay by divers of noble quality his friends, for the entertainment of Monsieur le Baron de Tour, extraordinary ambassador for the French King."

A Masque by
Jonson

"The scene discovered is on one side the head of a boat and in it Charon putting off from shore, having landed certain imagined ghosts, whom Mercury there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the river Lethe, who appears lying in the person of an old man. The Fates sitting by him on his bank; a grove of myrtles behind them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer side of the scene. Mercury perceiving them to faint, calls them on and shows them his golden rod."

The point of the masque is that these whom Mercury leads are only *imagined* ghosts. They are not really dead, as the Fates, who know all about such matters, assure them. Drinking of Lethe they forget their woes and rise happy, partake in the Revels together, and go out dancing.

A few lines will show the style:

MERCURY: I 'gin to doubt that Love with charms hath put
This phant'sie in them; and they only think
That they are ghosts.

Fate 1: If so, then let them drink
Of Lethe's stream.

2 FATE: 'Twill make them to forget
Love's name.

3 FATE: And so, they may recover yet.

Masques, as will be seen by this, are not very interesting to read. They must, however, have been delightful to hear and see. The best architects and musicians of the day contributed and no expense was spared. An important feature of these masques was the elaboration of scenery. Inigo Jones even invented sliding scenes, such as are used to-day. Mechanical devices, designed for masques, gradually made their way, especially after the Restoration, into the regular theater.

Milton's *Comus* is far more serious and moral than most masques. It contains long speeches in blank verse and may have bored courtiers who came to be amused. Possibly it is a poor masque, but it is a great poem.

II. LATER POETRY, UNDER CHARLES

THE literature of the court of Charles is the literature of
The Court of men without
 Charles I moral conviction.

The few who had these lacked that sympathy with the world about them that is necessary to creative work. As in the court of Louis XVI, just before the French Revo-



CHARLES THE FIRST

A "Cavalier" King. Observe the long hair, the rich clothing, the general air of aristocratic refinement.

lution, there was an idle dismissing of serious questions. The man who took things too seriously was in danger of being suspected of Puritanism.

A few poets won fame, — John Donne, George Herbert, and Henry Vaughan. Herbert and Vaughan wrote religious poems of great beauty, marred, however, by "conceits" and fantastic similes. ^{Donne, Herbert, Vaughan} Donne's verse has striking originality, but goes too far in pursuit of the unusual. The following passage shows this:

Be thou thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
 Inn anywhere; continuance maketh Hell.
 And seeing the snail, who everywhere doth roam,
 Carrying his own house still, is still at home;
 Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail.
 Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.

The type of ingenious "conceit" that disfigures the work of this period is well illustrated by one "Conceits" extract from a minor poet.

I saw fair Cloris walk alone
 Where feathered rain came softly down,
 And Jove descended from his tower
 To court her in a silver shower;
 The wanton snow flew to her breast
 Like little birds into their nest,
 And overcome with whiteness there
 For grief it thawed into a tear,
 Thence falling on her garment's hem
 For grief it freezed into a gem.

Another group is of poets of a lighter sort, typical Cavaliers, of whom we cannot approve, yet whom we cannot help liking. We feel towards them as we do towards

Falstaff, towards Rip Van Winkle, or towards Tam o'Shanter. We like them because of their *joy*.

The chief of this group is Robert Herrick, worldly, idle, clever, gay, and a clergyman of the church of England. He had a country parish in the West. In the pulpit he preached (at least let us hope so) Christian virtues, and in his verse he pleasantly encouraged young and old to get along happily



"THE ROYAL OAK"

An old inn in the west of England.
A bit of the England Herrick knew.

without them, at least while life and health lasted! At its worst his work sinks into vulgar nastiness. At its best it expresses with wonderful beauty the innocent joys of life, the freshness of English Maytime, the lightness of youth, the sense of being young and gay in the open sunshine. Some of the best of his poems are included in the *Golden Treasury* and similar collections. See the quotation from one poem on page 200 of this book.

His highest charm lies in such stanzas as those quoted. He spent most of his life in country surroundings and mixes almost childish simplicity with a disgusting vulgarity and a pagan view of life.

Lovelace, Suckling, and Carew, however, were courtly poets in fact as well as in spirit. They wrote as they lived, gracefully. What could better give the spirit of the perfect Cavalier than the following by Lovelace:

Other Cava-
lier Poets

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breaste and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too should adore;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honor more.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. Compare Bacon's personality to Shakspeare's, reading selections from each. Try to see the difference between the two.
 What did Bacon accomplish in science and philosophy?
 What is the merit of his essays in thought and substance? Who was Machiavelli, and why does one think of him in connection with these essays?
 Mention several facts about Raleigh that make him one of the most broadly representative men of his age.
 In what is Browne's prose style unusual? Read aloud the selection quoted, look up others if possible. Observe the rhythm and use of poetically suggestive words.
 Explain the statement that the King James translation was made "at just the right time." What advantage over earlier times over later?
 What effect had this translation
 - (a) in inspiring thought and style?
 - (b) in fixing the language in permanent form?
- II. In what respects did a *masque* differ from a play?
 What was the origin of the masque? What effect had it upon Shakspeare's plays?
 Who was a distinguished writer of masques?
 Explain how the masque developed the scenery for the modern stage.
 What is meant by "conceits"? Illustrate by reference to the poetry of Donne.

For what qualities is Herrick still read? What serious faults in his work?

In what respects are Lovelace, Suckling, etc., characteristic of the Cavalier court?

What connection between the faults of this age and the beginnings of Puritanism?

CHAPTER X

PURITANISM

THE Elizabethan age carried within it seeds of decay. By the time of Charles the downfall had begun. As the inspiration of the great Elizabethans passes, one sees the "conceits," the "humors," the euphuistic decorations that charmed us in Shakspeare, revealed in all their emptiness. Besides this decline in artistic taste, the *pagan* element, the low moral standard (page 200) only too clearly shown in Shakspeare's contemporaries, now, in his successors, came openly to the front. No wonder that the Puritans, in disgust with the excesses of the followers of art and culture, forsook art and culture for simple life and godly aims.

Puritanism is associated in history with certain leaders and organizations. Here it is enough to see Puritanism as a *tendency*, a Christian reaction against paganism, and a moral reaction against license. Incidentally it was a rebellion of informal religion against formal, a rebellion of popular government against the Divine Right of Kings. Without it, England would have sunk into artistic immorality and sensual pleasure. It need not, on its moral side, have been against the Church of England or against Catholicism. Had all been of one

church, there would have been within that church just as stern an awakening of men who took life seriously. Puritanism began in Shakspeare's youth in the lower middle class, which was just becoming conscious of itself, was ceasing to be patronized by royalty and nobility, and was beginning to feel that it was the really important part of the *people*.

The whole secret of Puritanism was in its concentrated earnestness. Man, the Puritan felt, was put in this world in preparation for another life. If, Puritan Ideals through every moment of this worldly struggle, he kept his mind upon his salvation, he might be saved. The world was to man only a *place of probation*. Man was put here *not to enjoy but to battle against the enjoyments by which Satan strove to lead him away from God*.

In religion there are two extreme types, resulting from two types of mind. To-day the world makes room for both. One type worships best with aid from Two Extremes in Religion without. One man's heart finds God best in dim religious light, with the deep music of the organ, the glow of colored windows, the painting and sculpture of inspired art, and the words of poets and liturgists. The other type would seek God in absolute simplicity, in a room white-walled and bare of any beauty that might distract the mind from the one all-sufficient sense of His presence. The fault of the Puritan was that having found God by following *his own way*, he insisted that all men must follow the same road. All other worship was "*idolatry*." He would tolerate no organ, no colored glass, no images. These were "*abominations*," compared by his preachers to the idols that misled Israel.

This leads to another Puritan trait. The Puritan's mind was saturated with the Bible, especially with the Puritans and Old Testament. The Bible had but recently come into the hands of the people and they had received it with enthusiasm. The stately



A CARICATURE OF PURITANISM

Showing Cavalier and Puritan, and bringing out their spirit by exaggeration. The Puritan is

"Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

Observe the sanctimonious Puritan executioner, the rather dissipated-looking Cavalier (seated), the solemn maid bringing the tankard, the couple talking in the doorway.

prose, the poetic visions, swept the Puritan off his feet. Other poetry he despised. The poetry of the Bible, the

Word of God, came to him with divine sanction and was all the more overwhelming from the fact that he knew no other. To judge by his revilers, the Puritan tried to make up his speech, especially upon religious and political topics, out of the words of the Old Testament. He based all his conduct upon its texts. He hurled its curses at the "ungodly" and applied its glorious visions to his own future.

With a nation divided by so great a difference of spirit, conflict was bound to follow. The political situation only added to the dissension. The people that A Divided Nation had been slowly discovering itself, had, by the time of Charles, found out to some extent what it wanted. It began to feel that the man whose work made the land's wealth, must have a part in saying how that wealth should be spent. Under Charles, who believed that God had given the land into his hands to rule upon his own responsibility, such a spirit could only lead to war.

Puritanism as such directly inspired little literature. From its very nature, it regarded writing for artistic pleasure as a sin. Milton's work, therefore, Puritanism and Literature though tinged with Puritanism, is not thoroughly Puritan in character. The one Puritan prominent in literature is JOHN BUNYAN.

It is strange that so unqualified a Puritan, a man who even gave up ringing church bells because he took worldly pleasure in it, should have written Pilgrim's Progress what might be called the first English novel.

Pilgrim's Progress, allegorical as it is, is the first book to set before us a connected plotted narrative that presents people like those about us. Bunyan, of course, had

no idea of writing to give people entertainment. He put his teaching in story form, in order to get people to attend to it. He would have been grieved to learn that his book would be studied to-day for literary merit. Bunyan's



JOHN BUNYAN

The smiling face, the upturned mustache, and the flowing hair are in contrast with the solemn pose and severe dress. One feels that through the Puritan there looks out a kindly fellow man.

ideas, low moral standards, will kill even a work of genius, but high moral teachings will not save a work that lacks literary art. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of books as "improving" as *Pilgrim's Progress* have passed into oblivion. *Pilgrim's Progress* lives, not because it is moral, but because, being moral, it is a work of literary genius.

Bunyan, for his purpose, had good literary training. He knew little about the literary affectations of his time.

object was entirely religious. He had no notion that he had "literary art." Had he suspected it, he might have refused to write. It is interesting to reflect how his eminence in literature would have astonished the courtly wits and corrupt playwrights of his day who would hardly have descended to name him, who would have regarded him only as a preaching tinker, a canting evangelist, a fellow whose place was the jail and the stocks.

It is not merely the moral qualities of Bunyan's work that make it great. Immoral

These would only have stood between him and his readers. Shakspeare's splendor of phrase would have been out of place with his homely subject. His teachers were two. First come the old Moralities, which he probably saw, as a boy and which familiarized him with the idea of allegory. Secondly there was the One Book of all Puritans, the English Bible. From the Moralities he drew his idea, from the Bible his style and language, modified by and mixed with the plain English that he heard about him in daily life.

One reason why Bunyan's prose style is in advance of his day lies in the fact that he went so simply and sincerely about the work of writing it. He did not aim at showy sentences, at periods, at balance, at artistic structure. He thought *how a thing should be said*, simply and effectively, and he wrote down what he had to say *as he would say it*. To give this plain prose distinction, Bun-

Bunyan's
Teachers



FROM PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Faithful's Martyrdom. "They burned him to ashes at the stake. . . . His soul was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet."

and effectively, and he wrote down what he had to say *as he would say it*. To give this plain prose distinction, Bun-

yan had learned from the English Bible the secret of high simplicity. And added to these things he had, unlearned as he was, that literary instinct, that intuition of the artist, that comes by birth.

Had Bunyan been brought up differently he might have been a dramatist. Like Chaucer and Shakspeare, he has a power of creating characters that live. He has the art of the story teller. He knows where to hurry, where to linger, on what detail to lay stress, what to leave to imagination.

Bunyan's other works are not important except *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*. That in some respects comes nearer than *Pilgrim's Progress* to our idea of a novel. The story is not clearly told, however. We get it by glimpses through the crevices of a moral dialogue.

Every student should reread *Pilgrim's Progress* at least in part. To remind one clearly, however, of its character, a passage is given below:

Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the Porter's Lodge, and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two Lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust, and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then was he afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but Death was before him. But the Porter at the Lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried out unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the Lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith, when it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep on in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the Lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the Porter: he heard them roar, but they did him no harm.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What elements in the Renaissance became more marked in its decline? Why?

What religious tendencies in Puritanism? What political tendencies? How did the Puritan regard painting, music, and the drama?

Explain why Puritans have left so little literature. (Why did early New England produce so few men of letters?)

In what respects does *Pilgrim's Progress* resemble a novel?

Why do we read it rather than the *Arcadia* and *Euphues*, which were no less popular? What merit makes it live?

Compare extracts from Bunyan with extracts from other writers of his day. Compare them in vocabulary, in sentence-structure, in naturalness of tone.

CHAPTER XI

JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIME AND OTHERS

MILTON stands by himself. In a sense he is the last of the Elizabethans. For he is the last great poet who wrote directly under the inspiration of the Renaissance and with its creative enthusiasm. Milton By the time that Milton was old enough to write, ten years or so after Shakspeare's death, Elizabethan taste was, we have seen, tending in opposite directions. On the one hand the extravagance of the Elizabethan age was trying to hide by ornament the loss of inspiration. On the other hand, writers who perceived the best qualities of Latin tried to imitate these in English.

The great quality of Latin verse is its polished and inspired simplicity, a simplicity really artificial. Latin
Simplicity Its ideal is the compact phrase, a little group of words that imply a volume. Cæsar's famous, *Veni, vidi,*

vici (I came, I saw, I conquered), compresses a victory into three words. The whole pagan philosophy of taking one's pleasure in this short day of life, because death will end it, is summed up in the two brief words, *Carpe diem* (Snatch the day, *i.e.*, pluck it while it blossoms).

Such simplicity is attained by deliberate art. A vase, though without a single decoration, may achieve perfect beauty. Its art will lie in the harmony of necessary lines. Such art, restrained and dignified, is called "classic." The Roman was over-anxious to attain this restraint. His simplicity, consequently, was almost pompous. And it was his deliberate simplicity that the late Elizabethans imitated.

Milton stands apart from all other writers of his age for one reason. In his close and loving study of the poetry of Greece and of Rome (and especially of Rome) he had caught not only the outward *form* of Roman poetry, but had caught its *spirit*. He had made himself a Roman. Had he been magically transferred to the Rome of Virgil, he might have been out of place there in political ideas and out of place in religion. In literary taste, however, he would have found himself far more at home than in England.

So thoroughly did Milton absorb the soul and essence of the best Latin poetry that if a man unfamiliar with Latin verse wishes to feel something of its spirit, he can find this better in the English verse of Milton than in translations from the Latin poets. We must never, then, in studying the verse of Milton, forget that he had not merely studied Latin as a modern man studied it, but that he talked Latin, wrote Latin (including Latin poetry of real genius), and that above all he *thought* Latin, that he wrote less as an Englishman than as a Roman.

Milton was saved from Elizabethan extravagances partly by his spirit of Roman restraint, partly by ^{His Personality} his Puritan leanings, and partly by his own personal austerity, his repressed severity of character. His whole nature is marked by a fiery restraint.



CROMWELL'S FIRST VISIT TO MILTON

A typical "interior" of the time. Milton is seated at his favorite instrument, the organ. All the details of this picture will repay study.

This element of his greatness caused unhappiness in his home. He was a "hard" man, who expected of others, including his wife and daughters, no less than he expected of himself. His conscience was filled with the

spiritual sternness of those Puritan fathers who made life noble and grim in old New England. One feels that, no matter how upright himself, a man should show a certain tenderness to human failings.

Milton's fault comes from inability to let sympathy for others modify his high ideals. And in noble ideals lies Milton's greatness. His inability to abandon them in trifles made him a "hard" father and husband. His refusal to forsake them in great issues made him heroic. Milton in public life stands as a rigid and uncompromising upholder of principles, a man of the old Roman stuff, a Brutus of a later day. He stood for religious earnestness and religious honesty. He stood for government by the people, even if the triumph of the people involved the death of the king. And he stood, even in that early day, for freedom of speech.

One must admire, too, the readiness with which Milton, for the sake of his principles, forsook much he must have held precious. The young Milton loved, as we know from his verse, the religious atmosphere of the established Church. It is no mere "literary" devotion that makes him write:

. . . Storied windows richly dight
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced choir below
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

All these he must abandon to cast in his lot with the Puritans, with the iconoclasts, who smashed the images of saints and shattered the "richly dight" windows,

who forbade organ music in churches. Imagine the college-educated man, the poet of refined taste, the lover of letters, associating with Obadiah Rejoice-in-the-Lord Jenks and listening, with suppressed disgust, to the canting tones and dreary rantings of his associates.

What was it that made Milton able to do this? It was the earnestness of his religious and political convictions, his feeling that only with these men and beside them could he work for England's welfare. In this as well as in his writings Milton triumphed. He had the strength to sink his personal desires in his country's good.

Is it any wonder that, after the struggle, Milton emerged, though in blindness and defeat, infinitely a greater man than when he left the shelter of the University? The young man who had written graceful poems had become the man who was to write some of the grandest poetry in the English language.

The young Milton had been a bookish, unworldly student. Like young men of this kind, he found in poetry of earlier days so much to arouse his imagination that the present seemed uninteresting.

The real world appealed to him only when illuminated by some reflection from books. The shepherd in the field was glorified by a gleam from Virgil or Theocritus. The wood of aged oaks recalled the ancient worship of



MILTON AT THE AGE OF
TWELVE

One can see why his comrades called him "the lady." In spite of its dreamy beauty, the face shows no weakness.

The Young
Milton

Sylvanus. The world was merely an illustration to his reading.

Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* show this bookish limitation. They have little first-hand observation. Yet there is some. We see the hawthorn in the dale, the evening gossiping of the country-folk in the great farm kitchen, the rustic



KING'S COLLEGE GATEWAY,
CAMBRIDGE

A typical entrance to a college quadrangle; a spot that Milton must often have passed.

enthusiasms and moods a key to his later life.

We observe, however, in these poems of a young man, the absence of any interest outside of self. Even *Il Penseroso* is to seek in his old age rather the vision of the hermit than the inspiration of the preacher. Duty to others is a plant that will flower later.

In *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, we observe, by the way, in the first place an absence of the affectations and

festival under the trees; these are from an England that Virgil and Theocritus have never painted. On the other hand the poems are decidedly overloaded with "literary" material, with allusions, allegorical "machinery," references to books. Yet, we get in the two poems a vivid picture of what life meant to one scholarly young man in the early seventeenth century at the decline of the Renaissance. We learn how he liked to live, what he cared for, and we find in his

excesses of Milton's contemporaries, and in the second place a repression and condensation in the highest tone of Latin poetry.

The ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From between two aged oaks.

There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

We feel, besides, a new quality of music, a new dignity in the verse, the first signs of a new power.

In *Lycidas* we find again the youthful bookishness. The poetical form is richer. We realize what Milton had been gaining while he had withdrawn from writing to perfect his art. The poem *Lycidas* echoes Virgil and Theocritus. The music is varied and sweet, the allusion graceful.

Yet one passage is different. It is that in which St. Peter breaks out in denunciation of the unworthy shepherds, the idle clergy who neglected their flocks. Here we see that young Milton was not blind to what was going on about him. He could see into the life of his time, and he could turn what he saw into living poetry. Virgil, in his *Eclogues*, had spoken of the politics of his day. But Milton did not write the passage upon the corrupt clergy in order to imitate Virgil. Virgil's example gave him an opportunity. Milton grasped this opportunity because of a noble indignation.

Comus as a masque is not strikingly successful. In a masque (see page 215) moralizations so weighty as Milton's must have seemed out of place. There is little action and slight dramatic interest.

The moral is more important than the feelings. The elder brother, when he learns of his sister's peril, does not rush to her defense, but remains to defend his philosophy!

The excellence of *Comus* lies in its poetry. Its philosophy is noble, its pictures beautiful. Its verse is not only musical in itself, but shows us the early blank verse of the creator of *Paradise Lost*. *Comus* owes something to the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher. Yet a comparison brings out Milton's moral and artistic superiority. *Comus* excels in purity of motive, in compact force of language, in richness of music.

Milton's sonnets have massive force, *weight* of impression. They lack, for this very reason, lyric flow. They *stand* rather than *move*. But they remain austere monuments of Milton's reflective spirit. Comparing them with Shakspeare's we feel the difference in the two men. The sonnets of each are true to his nature.

Milton's prose shows, more than his verse, his Latin training. In verse, the cadence of the meter to some extent modified his tendency to Latin form.

In prose he aims at qualities that are hard to transplant into English. The following extract shows him at his best, where earnestness drives him to short and *native* sentences. The subject upon which he writes is typical of the man and of the time. Fifty years before Milton spoke, men had not publicly defended free speech. Even when he did speak, it took a bold man to speak up boldly in such cause.

To keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in scholarship, is but weakness and cowardice in wars of Truth. For who knows not Truth is strong, next to the Almighty. She needs no policies nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious. These are the shifts and defences of Error against her power.

— *Defense of Free Speech.*

It is typical of Milton's devotion both to classical standards and to Puritanism that his *Samson Agonistes* imitates in form the tragedies of Athens, while *Samson Agonistes* it takes its theme from the one authority admitted by Puritanism, the Bible. *Samson Agonistes* will give the reader who does not know Greek, a better idea of the form and spirit of Greek drama than he can get from most translations of the plays themselves. Its lack is in lightness and lyric intensity. None can give better than Milton the calm sublimity of Sophocles. But of course *Samson*, even Milton's *Samson*, cannot fit into settings made for *Cedipus* and *Heracles*. And Milton made no attempt to follow the swinging rhythms of the Greek chorus. By comparing *Samson Agonistes* with Shakspeare's *Macbeth* or *Othello* one will see how far Shakspeare and his age had departed from principles of Sophocles. Milton's strict following of the classical rules, like his use of blank verse and his strict adherence to Biblical themes, is typical of his austere conscience. The theme of the poem, the tragedy of the bound and blinded *Samson*, echo the tragedies of Milton's own life — his blindness and his feeling that England was bound and helpless in the hands of the Philistines of the Restoration.

Milton's greatest work, *Paradise Lost*, was the result of a lifelong intention. His *Minor Poems* were deliberately

and intentionally minor, preparation for his long epic, his Paradise Lost life work. The subject of this poem he was long in deciding upon. The Puritan contest soon led him to his theme. Never a thorough Puritan, Milton so far became one that he laid aside all "profane" interests. The Bible alone was a worthy subject for the earnest Christian. It is true that he uses the art he had learned from the pagans, but he has laid aside classical imagery and allusion.

The meter was one to which English readers were accustomed in drama.

Blank Verse For narrative purposes, however, blank verse was a novelty. As we shall see in a later chapter (page

262), the rhymed couplet was the form used for narrative. Even in the drama it was beginning to put blank verse upon the defensive. Milton's adoption of blank verse was then in defiance of his age, a deliberate adoption of the form of the ancients. He imitated, though not in the same meter, the unrhymed verse of Homer and Virgil. And he



MILTON THE MAN

Compare this with the picture on page 233. The delicate beauty has vanished. The lines of character have deepened. But the grown man keeps the dreams and ideals of youth and transforms them into action.

was able, more than any other poet, to give to English lines the rolling richness of Latin verse.

Paradise Lost has diminished in favor. As Poe pointed out, no very long poem can be of sustained excellence. Parts of *Paradise Lost* reach the sublimest heights attained by English verse. Parts are relatively uninspired. One should limit one's study of the poem to those portions which rise highest.

Another reason that the poem is out of favor is that its theology, its ideas about God and the angels and Satan, are not those of most of its readers. Many Theology have ceased to believe as Milton did. (Indeed, it is not quite certain that Milton himself really believed in so solid and concrete a heaven.) His story is only in part from the Bible. Most of it is from medieval tradition. The Bible tells us only that Adam and Eve were tempted by the serpent. It remained for the medieval legend maker and poet to identify this serpent with Satan and to devise the story of his having been cast out of heaven because he had rebelled against God. Long before the time of Milton, even in the time of Cædmon (page 31), the story of his pride, his rivalry of God, his rebellion and downfall, his plot to get revenge upon God through mankind, had been the subject of poetry, and many poets in many languages had told the story. Milton, then, was not retelling the Bible story, nor was he making up a story of his own. He was doing what many poets have done in different ages — taking a human tradition, one already rich with poetic associations, and dealing with it in a new way.

(Every one who cares to know the best in English poetry should read some portion of *Paradise Lost*. For those

who do not care to read through the whole twelve books, and most do not, the first three, or even the first two, books give much of the best poetry. Any who cannot find opportunity to read even these should



FROM "PARADISE LOST"

Satan is discovered by the angel warders of the earth and is driven out of Eden. He returns later by stealth, taking the form of the serpent. The drawing is by Doré.

best he had seen; and turned no less readily to great imaginings, to waking dreams of grand spaces and glorious presences.

When most writers give us pictures of the superhuman, they fail to impress us. Nothing can rise higher than its source, and their devils and angels are as human as the men that invented them. But Milton was above the

read in Book I the first 191 lines and in Book II the first 467.)

Paradise Lost is, more than any poem we study, the one great work of the man that made it. Other poets are famous for single poems. But no other English poet has given us one poem into which he has put the full earnestness and meaning of his life. Undoubtedly Milton's blindness helped. Unable to see the world about him, his inner vision turned to the past, recalling, in heightened colors, the

ordinary, an intellect and a personality "that dwelt apart." So the angels and evil powers of his imagination are not mere men. They have in them the elevation and spiritual greatness of their maker. No common man could express or imagine the high pride of Milton's Satan. It is the perfect attainment of the sublime. Only Æschylus and Sophocles can equal it.

The following passages should be read aloud slowly and impressively, giving full value to the long roll of each line, lifting in the middle and subsiding at the end. Try to realize the evil pride of Satan and to catch the gloomy grandeur of his spirit.

Yet not for those,

Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit
That with the mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne.

But see, the angry victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling, and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep. . . .
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light.

Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest if any rest may harbor there,
 And reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
 If not, what resolution from despair.

A peculiar charm in Milton is his use of names. He has an instant sense of the possibilities that lie in sound and suggestion. We find such passages as,

Him the Ammonite
 Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon.

When with fierce winds Orion armed
 Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, whom God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.

The development of blank verse through Marlowe, Shakspeare, and Milton moves in one direction. With Milton's Use of Blank Verse Marlowe we have a light rapid line, usually end-stopped, i.e., with the chief pause coming at the end, the sentence not running over the end of the line. The chief weight falls as a rule upon two points in each line, one near the beginning and one near the end, giving the effect of speed. Try this with the quotation from Marlowe on page 165.

Shakspeare, at the outset, used a line not unlike Marlowe's, though never so light and rapid. Shakspeare's lines are thicker in texture, more stuffed with substance. He departs, however, as he goes on, further and further from the ~~end-stopped line~~, running the sense from line to line and putting important pauses in the middle of the line itself. In his later work, therefore, while the line is a count or measure that underlies the meter, it does not show out strongly in the effect. It is lost in the bigger rhythmic sweep, just as, in complicated music of to-day, the individual foot and even the phrase are lost in a larger free structure.

In Milton this writing by large masses is carried still further. One almost forgets there is an individual line. A more striking difference still, and one of very great importance to students of verse, is that the chief weight of Milton's line is in a different place. The weight comes not as with Marlowe at beginning and end, but swells majestically in the middle, like the roll of a great wave. Compare the extracts from Marlowe with those from Milton on pages 241 and 242. Most passages of Marlowe's strike sharply on the first part of the line, and again sharply at the end. Most lines of Milton's roll up in the middle and down at the end. Try to read Milton as you do Marlowe, or vice versa, and you will see the difference. The Miltonic lines brought a new character into English verse. Later writers could not catch either the swing of Marlowe and Shakspeare or the roll of Milton, but trying to get both at once, got nothing. It is this that accounts for the characterless "pedestrian" verse of the eighteenth century. It remained for Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne to teach blank verse its old rapidity.

It is the mark of Milton's individual genius to be neither light nor rapid. His verse moves slowly, or if swiftly, with so stately a speed — like a league-long ocean roller — that the sense of rapidity is lost in majesty. Many have compared Milton's verse to the music he loved best, the music of his organ, slow rolling chords that stir the depths of the soul and "bring all heaven before our eyes."

A well known writer of this time, is Samuel Pepys, writer of the most famous of diaries. He wrote only for his own

Pepys eye, and consequently without any regard for what other people would think of him. He shows us consequently what no other man of that age shows us, a clear picture of what went on in the mind of *one* person. Some speak of Pepys as "foolish" and "gossiping" and "old" and "garrulous." He certainly, as an author, was not "old," for he wrote when a young man. He could not have been very "foolish," for he filled a high and important position very efficiently. He seems to have been a hard-headed practical man. He does gossip, and he talks more freely than any wise man should, but we must remember that if any man honestly writes down his every thought, the result may be even less dignified than the chat of Pepys! Pepys *Diary* was not translated from the cipher (in which he thought it safely hidden) till early in the nineteenth century. It instantly took its place as one of the few great works of Unconscious art.

A writer allied to Pepys, because his charm is largely of personality, is Izaak Walton, who wrote the *Complete*
Walton *Angler*. He represents, like Pepys, the simpler side of Restoration Prose. He was of too direct a nature to write affectedly. There is an out-of-door freshness about his work.

Other less important writings of the time are listed in the List of Authors at the end of Book II, page 255. Others will be found in the earlier part of the list following Book III. This is one of the points where it is very difficult to know where to list a given writer. Many, like Milton and Pepys and Walton, are neither wholly of the old nor wholly of the new.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Explain the difference between plain natural simplicity and classical "brevity."

In what respects was Milton a belated Elizabethan? In what respects is he more "classical" in taste than his contemporaries? Show how his strict adherence to principle affected his home life, his public life.

In what respect is his early work "bookish"? What evidences of observation of the real world?

In what lies his unusual genius, as shown in his earlier work? as shown in *Paradise Lost*?

Explain just how his blank verse differs from that of Marlowe and of Shakspeare. Try, with passages of each, the test suggested on page 243.

What is the subject of *Paradise Lost*? Why does success with such a subject demand unusual powers?

How does Milton's Satan differ from a mere "devil"? In what can we admire him?

Select a passage that shows what has been called "organ music in verse."

"ELIZABETHAN" PERIOD

[illegible]

RECOMMENDED READING

The general works, listed on pages xi to xiv, contain much of value upon this period, enough to meet the needs of the average students. Teachers and the more advanced students will find in the following additional light upon the spirit and customs of the time.

Works starred are especially recommended.

ELIZABETH AND JAMES

HISTORY:

Creighton, *The Age of Elizabeth*.

Goadby, *The England of Shakspeare*.

Hall, *Society in the Elizabethan Age*.

Harrison, *Elizabethan England* (interesting contemporary description).

* Jenks, *In the Days of Shakspeare*.

* Stephenson, *Shakespeare's London*

* Stephenson, *The Elizabethan People*.

* Thornbury, *Shakspeare's England*.

} Interesting works, fully
illustrated.

* *Shakspeare's England*. (Clarendon Press, Tercentenary Publication. 2 large vols., copiously illustrated.)

Stebbing, *Life of Raleigh* (for light upon the age in general).

LITERATURE:

Mackail (in *The Springs of Helicon*), *Spenser*.

Grierson, *The First Half of the Seventeenth Century*.

Erskine, *The Elizabethan Lyrics*.

Erskine, *The Seventeenth Century Lyric*.

Saintsbury, *History of Elizabethan Literature*.

Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakspeare*.

SHAKSPEARE:

Baker, *Development of Shakspeare as a Dramatist*.

* Brandes, *William Shakspeare*.

Brown, *Shakspeare's Versification*.

Coleridge, *Lectures on Shakspeare*.

- Dowden, *Shakespeare Primer*.
 Dowden, *Introduction to Shakspeare*.
 Dowden, *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*.
 Hudson, *Shakespeare, Life, Art, and Character*.
 * Lee, S., *Life of Shakspeare*.
 Lounsbury, *Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist*.
 Mabie, *William Shakspeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man*.
 * Moulton, *Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist*.
 Moulton, *Shakspeare as a Dramatic Thinker*.
 * Nielson and Thorndike, *The Facts about Shakspeare*.
 * Rolfe, *Shakspeare the Boy*.
 Phillips, H., *Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare*.
 Smith, *Shakspeare the Man*.
 Stephenson, *The Study of Shakspeare*.
 Tatlock and Martin, *Representative English Plays*.
 * Wendell, *William Shakspeare*.

THE THEATER:

- * Bates, K. L., *Early Religious Drama*.
 Chambers, E. K., *The Medieval Stage* (very full).
 Gayley, *Plays of our Forefathers* (illustrated).
 Symonds, *Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama*.
 Ward, *English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*.
 Bradley, *Shakspearean Tragedy*.
 Creiznach, *English Drama in the Age of Shakspeare* (from the German).
 Hazlitt, *The Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*.
 Lanier, *Shakspeare and His Forerunners*.
 Lowell, *The Old English Dramatists*.
 Allbright, *The Shakspearean Stage*.
 Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies*.
 ** Thorndike, *Shakspeare's Theater* (the most satisfactory of references, summing up all views).
 Winter, *Shakspeare on the Stage*.
 Mantzius, *History of Theatrical Art* (4 vols.), all ages.

THEORY OF DRAMA:

- Archer, W., *Play-making* (very valuable for teachers).
 Freytag, *Technique of the Drama* (advanced, but very valuable).

Hamilton, *The Theory of the Theater*.

- * Matthews, *Study of the Drama* (to be read if possible).

Price, *The Technique of the Drama*.

Burton, R., *How to see a Play*.

LANGUAGE OF SHAKSPERE'S DAY:

Abbott's *Shaksperean Grammar*.

(The *Variorum Edition* of Shakspere's Plays (Furness) contains valuable information and criticism. It quotes and sums up all important discussion regarding text, and considers questions of interpretation.)

FICTION:

Manning, *Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London* (a delightful picture of Elizabethan London).

- * Scott, *Kenilworth* (1575). (This brings us into the England the young Shakspere knew.)

Scott, *The Abbot* (Mary, Queen of Scots).

Parker, *A Ladder of Swords* (1574).

- * Kingsley, *Westward Ho!* (1575)

- * Bennett, *Master Skylark*.

Clark, *Will Shakspere's Little Lad*.

Neilson, *A Gentleman Player*.

Burchell, *In the Days of King James* (three stories).

- * Scott, *The Fortunes of Nigel* (showing the worse side of London under James).

Burchell, H. S., *The Duke's Servants* (introducing Chester). (Juvenile.)

- * Black, W., *Judith Shakspere*. (Introducing Shakspere as a father)

- * Noyes, *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* (a series of tales in verse introducing Marlowe, Jonson, Greene and others). *Drake* (a poem).

Peabody, *Marlowe* (a play).

• LATER SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THROUGH THE COMMONWEALTH

HISTORY:

Dowden, *Puritan and Anglican*.

Gardiner, *The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy*.

Masson, *Life of Milton* (too solid a work for reading, useful to consult).

Tulloch, *English Puritanism and its Leaders*.

Wakeling, *King and Parliament*.

(Cromwell's biographies, by Roosevelt and by Morley give, besides their treatment of the man himself, a general idea of the age.)

LITERATURE:

- * Wendell, *The Temper of the Seventeenth Century* (very valuable).
- Masterman, *The Age of Milton*.
- Mackail (in *The Springs of Helicon*), *Milton*.
- Hyde, *George Herbert and His Times*.
- Wheatley, *Samuel Pepys and the World He Lived In*.
- Schelling, *Ben Jonson and the Classical School*.
- Sullivan, *Court Masques of James I* (their influence on Shakspeare).
- Evans, *English Masques*.
- * Jusserand, *The English Novel in the Time of Shakspeare*.

FICTION: (In chronological order)

- * Manning, *The Masque at Ludlow* (account of Milton's *Comus*).
- Church, *With the King at Oxford*.
- Hall, *Andrew Marvel and his Friends* (a careful study).
- Shorthouse, *John Inglesant* (1622).
- * Couch, Q., *The Splendid Spur* (1642).
- * Melville, *Holmby House* (introducing Cromwell).
- Keightly, *The Cavaliers*.
- Rodenberg, J., *King by the Grace of God*.
- Manning, *Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell* (Milton's wife). (Juvenile.)
- James, G. P. R., *Henry Masterton (Cavalier)*.
- Dumas, *Twenty Years After*.
- * Scott, *Woodstock*.
- Barr, A. E., *Friend Olivia*, Puritan side.
- Ainsworth, *Old St. Paul's*.
- Robinson, E., *Whitefriars* (the Court of Charles II, dealing with the early Restoration).
- Scott, *Peveril of the Peak*.
- Hope, A., *Simon Dale*.
- McChesney, *Yesterday's Tomorrow*.

BOOK II. LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

The relative importance of each author (or work) indicated by face of type.

Works starred are recommended for reading. Double asterisks indicate that the book is specially recommended for student's reading.

The sign (Col.) means that the work indicated (or selections from the author indicated) should be read in *standard selections*. See the list on page xiv.

Page numbers indicate the page of this book where the author or work is discussed.

(The list of works under an author's name is not, as a rule, complete. The aim is merely to indicate *representative works*.)

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Henry VII 1485-1509	(Sir) Thomas More prose 1478-1535	More's English writings are unimportant. He did much to develop learning in England. His Latin work <i>Utopia</i> (Land of Nowhere), by describing an ideal government, attacked the government of his day.
Diaz rounds Good Hope 1486		
Columbus discovers America 1492		
Vasco da Gama discovers route to India 1498	John Fisher prose 1465-1553	A religious writer, whose style is in advance of his age.
Lutheran movement begins 1517	Roger Ascham, p. 142 prose 1515-1568	<i>Toxophilus</i> <i>The Schoolmaster</i> (Col.)*
Henry VIII 1509-47 (England becomes Protestant)	SIR THOMAS WYATT poems 1503-1542	Chiefly songs and SONNETS* (Col.) p. 141
Strong influence of Italy and Spain upon English writers	HENRY HOWARD (EARL OF) SURREY poems 1517-1547	Miscellaneous poems Translation in BLANK VERSE of two books of <i>Æneid</i> (Col.)* p. 141
Mary 1553-1558 Return to Catholicism Religious division	George Gascoigne poems 1525-1577	<i>The Steel Glass</i> . A satiric picture of the world of his day. In <i>blank verse</i> .
ELIZABETH 1558-1603 Protestant religion	Thomas Campion poems 1540-1623	Songs and short poems (Col.)* One of the best of the song writers of the day, pp. 153-4
Peace and prosperity	EDMUND SPENSER poems 1552-1599 pp. 143-151	SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR (Col.)* (1579) <i>Mother Hubbard's Tale</i> (Col.) (1591) <i>Epithalamium</i> * (1595) PROTHALAMIIUM* (1596) <i>State of Ireland</i> (prose) FAERIE QUEENE** (Col.) (1590-1596) pp. 145-150

* See explanation top of page.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
First plays (see end of Book I p. 125)	(Sir) WALTER RALEIGH (Col.) poems 1552-1618 prose pp. 204, 213 (Sir) PHILIP SIDNEY (Col.) poems 1554-1586 prose <i>Richard Hooker</i> (Col.) prose 1553-1600	Miscellaneous poems <i>The Fight about the Azores</i> * (prose) (Col.) (1591) <i>History of the World</i> <i>Astrophel and Stella</i> (poems)* (Col.) pp. 140, 155 ARCADIA (prose) (Col.)* p. 208
Theaters built 1566-1577		Religious writings in effective prose
Drake sails around the world 1577	JOHN LYLY (Col.) prose	EUPHUES (Col.)* p. 205 Plays
Spanish Armada defeated 1588	plays 1553-1606 poems	
James I 1603-1625	<i>Thomas Kyd</i> plays 1558-1594 <i>George Chapman</i> plays 1559-1634 poems <i>Robert Greene</i> plays 1560-1592	<i>The Spanish Tragedy</i> (1588) Plays (none of special importance) Translation of Homer's <i>Iliad</i> , remarkably spirited, (Col.)* p. 153 <i>Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay</i> * (Col.)
England and Scotland under one King		
Virginia settled 1607		
ENGLISH BIBLE, Authorized translation, 1611, p. 213		
"Pilgrim Fathers" land in New England 1620	FRANCIS VERULAM (LORD) BACON 1561-1626 essays p. 210 philosophy <i>Samuel Daniel</i> poems 1562-1619 <i>Michael Drayton</i> (Col.) poems 1563-1631	ESSAYS: (1597-1625)** p. 211 <i>Novum Organum</i> (1620)
Montaigne (French essayist)		
Bacon impeached 1620	WILLIAM SHAKSPERE plays poems 1564-1616 p. 168	<i>Polyolbion</i> , a long poem upon England AGINCOURT (Col.)* A spirited account of the battle <i>Henry VI, parts I and II</i> (1590-91) RICHARD III* (1592). Uneven, immature work, but full of interest <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (about 1591) COMEDY OF ERRORS* (1593). Better in plot than in character. Amusing <i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (1592) <i>Titus Andronicus</i> (1593) MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1594)**
Cervantes (Spanish novelist) <i>Don Quixote</i>		
Tasso (Italian poet)		RICHARD II* (1594). } Shows a great gain over earlier historical plays. Worth study

* See explanation, page 251.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
<p>Michael Angelo, Titian (Italian Painters)</p> <p>Throughout this period education was spreading among the people and they were becoming familiar with ideas of popular government.</p>	<p>(For discussion of these plays in the mass and of important single plays, see pp. 173 to 181)</p>	<p>KING JOHN* (1594)</p> <p>ROMEO AND JULIET* (1594). All students should read it. Tragic ro- mance</p> <p>TAMING OF THE SHREW*. Comedy of character</p> <p>MERCHANT OF VENICE** (1596)</p> <p>HENRY IV, PARTS I AND II** (1598-1600) The most human of the historical plays, introducing Falstaff, Prince Hal, and Hotspur</p> <p>HENRY V* (1599) <i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i>. Lively comedy, but inferior to Shakspeare's best</p> <p>AS YOU LIKE IT** (1599)</p> <p>MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING* (1599) Comedy with a serious plot. It in- troduces amusing minor characters</p> <p>TWELFTH NIGHT** (1601) One of the best light comedies</p> <p>JULIUS CÆSAR* (1601)</p> <p>{ HAMLET (1602)** MACBETH (1603)** LEAR (1603)* OTHELLO (1604)* ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA (1607)*</p> <p>Shakspeare's greatest tragedies, the height of his genius, age 38-43:</p> <p>{ <i>Troilus and Cressida</i> (1601?) { <i>Measure for Measure</i> (1603) { <i>All's Well that Ends Well</i> (1601)</p> <p>Plays less pleasing and less suited for study:</p> <p><i>Timon of Athens</i> (1608). With a de- pressing view of human nature</p> <p>CORIOLANUS* (1607-8). A play that should be read, the tragedy of a proud soldier</p> <p><i>Henry VIII</i> (1604?). Written in com- bination with Fletcher</p> <p><i>Pericles</i> (1608). An inferior play</p>

* See explanation, page 251.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Harvard College founded 1636		<p>TEMPEST** (1609). A play that all should read</p> <p>CYMBELINE* (1610). Relatively ineffective but with matured art</p> <p>WINTER'S TALE** (1611). Romance just on the verge of tragedy. Very desirable reading</p> <p>SONNETS (Col.)* (See page 155)</p> <p>Poems</p>
	CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (Col.) p. 162 plays 1564-1593 poems	<p>TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT* (Col.) (1587) pp. 164, 165</p> <p>DR. FAUSTUS (Col.)* p. 164</p> <p>THE JEW OF MALTA (Col.)* p. 164 (or abridged edition.)</p> <p><i>Hero and Leander</i> (poem)</p>
	THOMAS MIDDLETON plays 1570-1627	<i>The Witch</i>
	BEN JONSON (Col.) plays poems 1573-1637 p. 197	<p><i>Every Man in His Humor</i></p> <p><i>Volpone</i></p> <p><i>Cynthia's Revels</i></p> <p><i>The Alchemist</i></p> <p><i>Sejanus</i>, p. 198</p> <p><i>Masques</i>, p. 199</p> <p>Poems, p. 199</p>
	William Drummond poems 1585-1649	
Charles I 1625-1649	<p>FRANCIS BEAUMONT poems 1586-1613 plays</p> <p>AND</p> <p>JOHN FLETCHER poems 1579-1625 plays</p>	<p><i>The Faithful Shepherdess</i></p> <p><i>Philaster</i></p> <p><i>Bonduca</i></p> <p>Poems</p>
	Richard Hakluyt prose 1553-1616	<p><i>Voyages and Discoveries</i>* (1589) (Col.)</p> <p><i>Shoemaker's Holiday</i>* (1600) (Col.)</p>
	Thomas Dekker (Col.) plays 1570-1637	<i>Old Fortunatus</i> * (1600) (Col.)
	John Donne (Col.) poems 1573-1631 prose	Poems* (Col.)

* See explanation, page 251.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
		The following plays* should be read in volumes of selections:
	<i>Philip Massinger</i> (Col.) plays 1584-1640	<i>The Virgin Martyr</i> (1622) <i>A New Way to Pay Old Debts</i> (1633)
Outbreak of Civil War 1642	<i>John Marston</i> (Col.) poems 1575-1633	<i>The Malcontent</i> (1604)
Theatres closed 1642	<i>John Webster</i> (Col.) plays 1582-1638	<i>The White Devil</i> (1612) <i>The Duchess of Malfi</i> (1616)
	<i>John Ford</i> plays 1586-1640	<i>The Broken Heart</i> Plays sensational in tone but with strong character and powerful situations. They contain real poetry.
	<i>Robert Burton</i> prose 1577-1640	<i>The Anatomy of Melancholy</i> (1621) (Col.) A huge rambling work containing much interesting material
Execution of Charles I 1640	<i>William Brown</i> poems 1588-1643	<i>Britannia's Pastorals</i> (1613) (Col.)
Cromwell's govern- ment, 1653-58	<i>Phineas Fletcher</i> poems 1582-1650 <i>George Wither</i> poems 1588-1667 <i>Thomas Carew</i> poems 1589-1639 ISAAC WALTON prose 1593-1683 ROBERT HERRICK (Col.) poems 1594-1674 (SIR) THOMAS BROWNE	<i>The Purple Island</i> (1633) A cavalier poet, pp. 200, 220 <i>The Complete Angler</i> (1653) (Col.)* p. 244 (See collections, etc.)* p. 220
Molière, see p. 273 (French writer of comedy)		<i>Religio Medici</i> URN BURIAL* (Col.) p. 213
Corneille, Racine (French dramatists).	prose 1605-1682 (SIR) <i>John Suckling</i> poems 1608-1642 <i>Thomas Fuller</i> prose 1608-1661 <i>Richard Lovelace</i> poems 1618-1658 <i>Jeremy Taylor</i> prose 1613-1667	(Col.)* A cavalier poet of the type of Herrick and Lovelace Church history
Death of Cromwell 1658	<i>Lord Herbert of Cherbury</i> poems 1581-1648	<i>Holy Living</i> (1650) } (Col.) <i>Holy Dying</i> (1651) } See books of prose selections* <i>Poems</i> <i>Journal</i> (Col.)* A man of most interesting personality. His truthfulness is questioned

* See explanation, page 251.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
RESTORATION: CHARLES II 1660-85	GEORGE HERBERT p. 219 (Col.) poems 1592-1634 (brother of the above)	<i>Religious Poems</i> (Col.)*
Plague in London 1665	HENRY VAUGHAN p. 219 •(Col.)	Religious poems, including THE RE- TREAT* and BEYOND THE VEIL*
Great Fire of London 1665	poems 1621-1695 <i>Abraham Cowley</i> poems 1618-1667	A formal poet, famous in his day for "Pindaric Odes"
JAMES II 1685-88	<i>Edmund Waller</i> poems 1602-1687 p. 268	One of the most distinguished poets of his day, anticipating Dryden in the heroic couplet. Now almost forgotten
DECLARATION OF RIGHTS, 1689.	JOHN MILTON poems 1608-1674 prose pp.229-244	L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO** (1632) p. 234 COMUS (<i>masque</i>)** (1634), p. 236 LYCIDAS (1637)** p. 235 PARADISE LOST (Col.)** (1667), p. 237 <i>Paradise Regained</i> (1671) SAMSON AGONISTES (play)* (1671)
WILLIAM and MARY called to throne.	<i>Andrew Marvell</i> poems 1621-1678 <i>Samuel Butler</i> poem 1612-1680 JOHN BUNYAN prose 1628-1688	Sonnets and other poems (Col.) A writer of perhaps <i>over-sweet</i> verse <i>Hudibras</i> (Col.)*(1663). A long satire in amusingly rhymed verse, attacking Puritans. Clever, but hard reading. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS** (1678) p. 225 <i>Life and Death of Mr. Badman</i> (1680)

* See explanation, page 251.

BOOK III

AGE OF COMMON SENSE

CHAPTER I

THE "CLASSICAL" SPIRIT

WHEN Milton, in his blindness, withdrew from active life to compose *Paradise Lost*, he left a world that had changed utterly. Puritanism had fallen. The "unco' guid," the grimly virtuous, who had shut out joy and beauty as things of the devil, had been cast out of power. Beauty and joy had returned, but had brought the devil in their train. The world had made the mistake of believing those who preached that the one must be attended by the other. The courtiers of the Restoration felt a delight almost conscientious in breaking every Puritan restraint and shocking every Puritan virtue. The general tone of the court of Charles II was one of licentiousness and profligacy, and the life of the "merry monarch" himself was no exception.

But the moral standards of the Restoration were not to last. The Restoration was as transient as the Commonwealth, both being steps in one great event. From the accession of Charles I (1625) to the flight of James II (1688), through over half a century, the story of England is the story of Revolution. At the death of Shakspeare, England was ruled by a monarch who was advised, and sometimes restrained, by Parliament. With

the coming of William, England became in theory almost a republic with a monarch subject to the people. Charles I could dismiss a Parliament. The Parliament of modern England can, if it see fit, dismiss a king.

The Revolution came by stages. Under the Commonwealth, the people cast out the king but kept the idea of monarchy. With Charles II the "divine right" was restored. But the course of Revolution never turns backward. The idle extravagance of Charles II, his shameless life, and his open intrigue with France, weakened the last bonds of loyalty. When James II, his successor, began openly to subject Parliament to his will and to compel the country to his creed, the storm broke. James fled over sea and Parliament called in a king of its own making. England had put government into the hands of her Parliament.

Yet to put government into the hands of Parliament is not necessarily to put it into the hands of the people. From **From Shadow to Substance** the calling of William down to the great War with Germany we shall see the English people learning to take in fact what they had won in theory. The Parliament that ruled under William and under Anne only remotely represented the common people. The Parliament of the eighteenth century represented the "respectable element." England, nominally governed by the people, was actually governed by a small group of its "best." The machinery for popular government was established, but the lever that operated it was in the hand of one class. The people must lay hold of the ballot. With that they could control the Commons, the Lords, the Cabinet, even the king.

Under William and Anne and the Georges, government was not in fact what it seemed in theory. This condi-

tion favored political corruption. The history of this age is a history of petty rivalries, of contending cliques and of mean intrigue. The one redeeming fact is that one can see, shaping itself through petty dissensions, the beginning of later progress. The habit of party government was working down from class to class. The people were learning politics. Yet, seen closely, the picture is depressing. The "old families" had things comfortably in their hands. They had denied the "divine right" of a king to rule them, but they felt no doubt that heaven had entrusted to them the right to rule the nation. Their philosophy and that of the land was consequently one of "keeping things as they were."

The ruling oligarchy had never cleared itself of the moral laxity of the Restoration. The eighteenth century suffers from a mocking disbelief in moral principles. **False**
In the defiant reaction of the Restoration and **Content**
in the cynical indifference of the years following, there developed the spirit of the eighteenth century, the spirit of the "classical" writers, the "Augustans." The age had lost the creative spirit of the Elizabethans. Literature settled to conformity and contentment. The delight in doing new things gave way to a desire to conform to rule, to march in the ranks, to keep step with one's neighbors. Literature, like dress, became subject to the dictates of "fashion."

This new style originated in France. At least it developed there first. Possibly the young Charles the Second and his courtiers during their stay in France acquired French ideas which they brought to England. Probably, however, the same conditions were at work in both countries.

By the latter days of Jonson the creative impulse had

shown signs of weakening. We have observed an increasing tendency to follow, not the spirit of the great classics but their letter, to derive from them *laws* to be rigidly observed. This tendency is the key to the new age.

Critics (influenced by Boileau, the great French critic of that day) had begun to believe that the natural way of writing, the way to "follow nature" was to *obey the rules of art laid down by critics*. This was the way they reached this conclusion:

If you studied closely the great masterpieces of ancient literature (Homer, Virgil, etc.) you would find that they had followed certain artistic principles, which could be laid down as *rules*. Any new work that followed these rules must likewise be a masterpiece. On the contrary, a work that broke these rules, no matter how good it might *seem* to an untrained taste, could not be good. Criticism lost sight of the fact that each great work surprises the world with some new merit.

This change in literature corresponded with a change in the spirit of life. The Elizabethan age was over. A new age had begun, one that cared less that a thing should be right than that it should be "correct." Men wanted to show that they knew what "the best people" were doing and that they could do the same. One must not be original. One must not give way to emotion. One must cultivate "restraint." One must mask one's real feelings. The ideal of conduct was no longer the enthusiastic grace of a Raleigh, but the correctness that Dickens shows in Monseigneur in the *Tale of Two Cities*, or in Mr. Chester in *Barnaby Rudge*. It was an age not of ardent feelings, but of polished manners.

Literature was for a time abandoned to the world of fashion, to that small, idle, and wealthy group that spells Society with a capital. And this group, at the time following the Restoration, was more idle, more insincere, more amiably superficial, more unwilling to entertain deep and disturbing ideas, than at any time since. The world was slowly moving towards new standards. But the group that surrounded the throne and that gossiped in coffee-houses did not trouble itself with new standards. It wanted to live elegantly and lightly among things as they were. It was willing to "let well enough alone."

Upper Class
Insincerity



ARRESTED FOR DEBT

A scene in eighteenth-century London. The young man in the "sedan chair" has been extravagant and is paying the penalty . . . the only thing he can pay! Observe the humorous details inserted by the artist.

A result of this attitude was the demand for "common sense." Now "common sense" is admirable, but it seldom inspires great things. And by "common sense" a man at the entrance to the eighteenth century meant worldly wisdom. The doctrine that "honesty is the best policy" is typical of the century. Honesty paid. Why look for a higher reason? One must "think of what people would say, and be sensible."

Common
Sense

Changes in taste resulted from this "sensible" attitude. Wild mountain scenes were "horrid" "ugly," "barren."

There was a general fear of the "low" and inelegant.

Nature

Poets avoided words used in daily speech.

Unfashionable

One must "heighten words," must speak of the green grass as "verdant herbage," of the birds as "feathered songsters," and of the trees as "umbrageous foliage."

In an age so sensible, the supernatural was under a ban.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Compare this with the medieval cathedrals, pages 59 and 60, and observe the "classical" features, — columns, dome, etc. — brought in by the Renaissance. The change in architecture is parallel to the change in literary taste.

Ghosts, fairies, witches, all the old legendary lore, were banished as "childish." And with this went chivalry and romance. Even the art and architecture associated with the older days was disapproved of. Old abbeys and minsters and beautiful parish churches were neglected or "improved" beyond recognition. Beautiful interiors were whitewashed. Old castles were allowed to fall into decay. The land had lost reverence for its stately monuments.

An important mark of the new taste is the rise of the **HEROIC COUPLET**. This form of verse is typical of the new age. It is one mark of the "classical" French verse, adopted by the English in their attempts at French "correctness." (Five feet in English were felt to be equivalent

The Heroic Couplet

to six in French.) For nearly a hundred years it filled practically the whole field of English verse. Blank verse was felt to be, except in the drama, barbarous. Even in drama the couplet was taking its place. Milton's *Paradise Lost* was not merely neglected, it was despised. Dryden even attempted to "improve" it into couplets. Like formal evening dress of to-day, the heroic couplet was the uniform in which serious verse of the eighteenth century must make its appearance.

The heroic couplet consists of a pair of rhymed lines of five iambic feet. But not every rhymed pair of five-foot iambic lines would be a heroic couplet. Chaucer and other early writers had written in five-foot iambic lines rhymed in couplets, yet the eighteenth-century-critics would have called their work barbarous. The true heroic couplet must obey certain strict rules:

1. The two lines must be *cut off in sense* from what came before and from what followed. There must be, at the end of every couplet, a marked pause (preferably a period, at least a semicolon).

Rules of
Couplet

2. The pause between the rhymed lines should be distinct, usually more important than any pauses within the lines themselves.

3. The rhyme syllables should be important in the sense, deserving emphasis.

4. Pauses within a line must come only at certain fixed places, for example at the end of the third foot, at the end of the second, or at the end of the fourth. There should always be some middle pause ("caesura.")

5. Each line must be *strictly iambic*. (One irregularity, a trochaic foot in place of the first iambic foot, was allowed.)

With these five rules in mind, study the following extract from Dryden's "translation" of the passage of Chaucer given on page 88. Note where Dryden has made changes in order to make the couplets conform to the rules. See, too, how what seemed "improvements" to him do not seem so to us.

In this remembrance, Emily ere day
Arose and dressed herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair;
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose and wantoned in the wind;
Aurora had but newly chased the night
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day
And offer maiden vows in honor of the May.

From the time of Chaucer, the rhymed couplet had been tending toward greater regularity. In the hands of Ben Jonson it was nearing the new restrictions. Yet, if we compare a passage of Jonson with one from Dryden, we cannot fail to see that what one has done unconsciously the other was developing deliberately. The heroic couplet would never have suited the purposes of Shakspeare or of Milton. Either would have used it had he felt the need of it. Even Jonson did not use it in his plays. It was the perfect instrument for an age that wished to write keen ridicule of follies, clever discussion of men and customs, argument upon doctrines of a formal sort, and superficial comments upon life. *For expressing such things no better form could be invented.* When they have similar ideas to express, writers of to-day return to it. It is clean-cut, compressed, and perfectly

Development
of Couplet

suitied to a series of clever sentences of two lines each, sentences neatly rhymed and ready to memorize and quote. Study the extracts upon pages 269 and 270 and make a similar picture of some person you would ridicule or of some custom you would attack, and see how well the form suits your purpose.

The Heroic Couplet was often referred to, we have seen, in days when men wrote it, as "classical." Yet the really "classic" poets of Greece and Rome ^{Why} had not used rhyme. They let the sense "Classical" run from line to line, even from stanza to stanza. They allowed a greater variety of feet than is allowable in English verse, and they allowed their feelings to carry them far beyond bounds of "common sense."

The explanation is, as we have seen, that the new rules had come through the French. Critics failed to distinguish between rules that came from the ancients and rules that the French had made for themselves. French allows little variety in verse. But English, like German, inherits from the old alliterative meters (see page 19) a freedom that it would be foolish to surrender. The eighteenth-century critics wanted to apply these "classical" rules, which the ancients never observed, to English, which they did not suit.

One benefit was derived through this temporary submission to rule. English literature had suffered in Milton's time from the violent "conceits" and ^{Good} far-fetched fancies of the Restoration. (See ^{Results} page 219.) For such wild excess, "common sense" was a good medicine. English literature took half a century or more of lessons in sobriety, in clearness, compactness, directness. It emerged the better for the discipline. The

short sentences of its verse had trained it to restraint in prose.

The chief power of the age, however, so far as poetry is concerned, lies in three forms:

18th Century Verse 1. *Satire*, attacks upon men and measures, usually personal in tone, often bitter.

2. *Argumentative* or *expository writing* (called often "didactic") upon political or doctrinal subjects, sometimes upon literary criticism.

3. *Long epistles*, rather rambling, coming, in general character, under the type of the preceding.

An odd feature of the time is the self-confidence with which its leaders spoke of themselves as "Augustans." Not only was their age "classical," (i.e., to be compared with the days of Rome), but it must be compared to the best days of Rome, the days of Ovid and Horace and Virgil.

One may see an interesting manifestation of the classical tendency in the art and architecture of the late Elizabethans and their successors. The ornate "perpendicular" Gothic (see illustration on page 60) was giving place to classic forms, to arch and pillar. Compare the late rebuilt St. Paul (page 262) with Westminster Abbey (page 60), or other cathedrals (page 59) and note the abandonment of the pointed for the rounded arch, the tower for the dome. So far did the change go that for over a century men seemed blind to the beauties of the great English cathedrals. It is only with the Romantic Revival that appreciation of them returned.

At the gateway to the eighteenth century we are entering a world that cares little for emotional heights. Its interest lies in "practical things," in daily life, in criticism of follies, in discussion of politics

The New Age

and of differences between churches. It is a world that may interest, but will never inspire. It is the world not of poetic elevation, but of everyday chat at a club window. Drama, except in comedies of manners, is practically dead. Narrative poems are no longer written. But new forms are to develop. The novel is to take shape and begin its growth. The essay is to become a force in real life. The newspaper is to come into its own. English prose, in general, is to become fitted for its new task. It is to lay off its stately romantic armor, the panoply of Latin words that clashed as it strode, and to put on plain working garb and fit itself to the daily tasks of men.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What immediate effect had the Restoration upon English ideals and conduct? What effect continued into subsequent reigns? What did Boileau and other critics of his time mean by "following nature?"

Explain the eighteenth-century idea of "common-sense." What bad results?

What was the new attitude toward nature, toward the supernatural, toward medieval antiquity?

What was the "heroic couplet?" State the meter, rhyme-system, system of pauses.

Make clear the difference between heroic couplet and ordinary couplet verse in the same meter. Illustrate by comparing Dryden and Chaucer.

Write a few lines in heroic couplet.

Show that the meter was well suited to the purpose for which it was used.

In what kinds of composition did the eighteenth century excel?

What is satire? What takes its place to-day?

Explain the ideas that led eighteenth century writers to call themselves "classical" and "Augustans."

CHAPTER II

DRYDEN

Two writers are conspicuous in developing the new poetry and the new form, Edmund Waller (1605-1687) and John Dryden (1631-1700). Waller was, in his time, no less important than Dryden.

A few of his songs survive (see *Golden Treasury*, Nos. 115 and 122), but his couplets are seldom read. It is enough to remember that he developed the form of verse which Dryden and Pope were to make supreme, the heroic couplet.

John Dryden is of the generation

Dryden immediately

following Milton, born in 1631 when Milton was 23, enough later to have been his son. Beginning his life in the last phases of the Elizabethan age, he lived through the



JOHN DRYDEN

We can see why he was "literary dictator" of his time. His face shows "masterful" qualities.

Commonwealth, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1688.

His life is a transition, a link between the old and the new.

Dryden had genius, and in spite of all the limitations that his age and he himself laid upon it, we can still feel it. His work best illustrates, therefore, the new period. Observe the effectiveness of the couplet when used for satire.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <p>Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst;
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
 (a) A fiery soul which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
 (b) He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.</p> | <p>Satire in
Couplet</p> |
|--|-------------------------------------|

The rules for the couplet are not consistently followed. At (a) we find three rhymes of a kind. (This license, however, even Pope sometimes allowed himself.) At (b) we find the sense *running past the second rhyme* and completing itself in the first half of the new couplet: "He sought the storms." This is contrary to the rules. Observe how the clean-cut couplet form lends itself to a series of sharp comments upon the victim, one couplet to each thrust.

This is still more marked in the next extract. It is from *MacFlecknoe*, a satire directed against a poet laureate of very moderate gifts. Dryden describes this man, Shadwell, as a worthy successor to Flecknoe.

[Flecknoe, about to resign his duties,]
 Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years;
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

Here the couplet form is adhered to absolutely. Each second rhyme is followed by a break in the sense, in four cases by a period, in two by a semicolon. The lesser pauses, too, fall quite regularly after the second, third, or fourth feet.

A third extract will confirm the impression of these two. More than either it shows the intensity of Dryden's scorn.

A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

(In the day of Dryden, one might indulge in political attack, if one drew the *names* of the characters from the Bible. Every one could see that Achitophel stood for Shaftesbury and Zimri for Buckingham. The press was winning freedom.)

In these three extracts we have a kind of writing that was to hold the chief place in English poetry for many years. In the next chapter we shall see what it became in the hands of Pope and his followers.

The spirit of cold correctness was not confined to the heroic couplet. It affected lyric forms as well. As an example of Dryden's lyric verse, look at the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. Many admire it. While Dryden called it a *song*, it is just as distinctly an *ode* as the so-called *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, which it somewhat resembles.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human art can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

This leaves us cold. Something is missing. Take the lines about the trumpet. They contain exciting words, yet they fail to excite. They have not a trace of the thrill of Swinburne's line,

Like fire are the notes of the trumpets that flash through the darkness
 of sound.

Or compare Shakspeare:

Let all your trumpets sound. Give them all breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death!

Dryden's lines are metrical, the words are full of "force," the ideas are striking. But they have not the *magic* that lifts us out of ourselves. They fail to make us feel the passions they tell about.

His Limita-
 tions

To see this still more clearly compare these finely expressed lines upon the organ (those beginning "But oh! what art") with Milton's lines in *Il Penseroso*:

There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

This has the *soul* of poetry, Dryden's but the outward form.

French classical drama was, about this time, at its height. French writers of plays, like writers of other verse, followed rules which they attributed to the ancients. Their plays (in a set couplet of Drama counted syllables) must keep certain *unities*. A play

must deal with one place, and one time, and one set of people. The French made more of such rules than did the ancients themselves, and added so many restrictions that they took most of the life out of their art. The rules of the Greeks did not fit the French stage, and the rules that the French stage tried to follow would have amazed the Greeks. Leading French dramatists of this time are Corneille and Racine. To-day they seem, to English-speaking



ON THE RESTORATION STAGE

The "inner stage" has already (as in modern times) become the chief stage. It seems very deep and narrow. The elaborate decorations are typical of the times.

people, unreal and frigid. Only one dramatic writer of this age is widely read outside France. That is Molière. A writer of comedies, he enjoyed more freedom, and could go more realistically into depiction of human nature. His

plays belong with those of Goldsmith and Sheridan. They are, however, higher in creative art. Molière, though far from Shakspeare, is one of the few that can be named in the same breath.

The English drama of the period is not great. When tragic, it has no faith in itself. And it suffers from an attempt to follow the French rules. Addison's *Cato* is icily correct. Otway's plays, the best of their time, do not rise to poetic height. Dryden's are unreal in feeling and labored in form. In comedy, the age did better; it at least produced writers of comedy capable of drawing an amusing picture of life and of creating human character. Most of them drew, rather unintelligently, from Molière, using his material, but missing his spirit. But their comedy is morally at the bottom of the scale. Not merely is it incredibly indecent; it is almost consistently on the side of vice. Wycherly, Farquhar, Congreve, and their contemporaries sought the applause of their own corrupt age. They won it, but lost the audience that still applaud Goldsmith and Sheridan.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Why is Dryden remembered rather than Waller?

Test the couplets in the extracts from Dryden by the rules on page 263.

Why are satires of past times seldom read with interest?

What does the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* lack, according to modern poetic standards?

Who was the great French comic dramatist of Dryden's day?

What is the chief fault of Restoration dramatists? Why are their plays no longer acted?

CHAPTER III

POPE

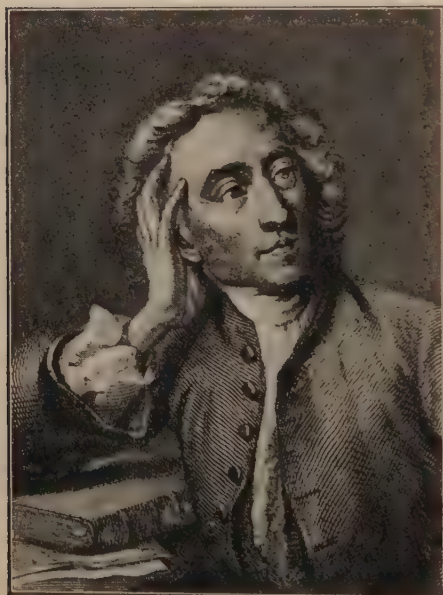
THE weakness of the eighteenth century lay in its unwillingness to face important facts. Instead of going to work to remedy troubles, men ignored their existence. They suffered from shallow optimism, which means that they tried to believe that all is right with the world as it is. Pope's line "Whatever is, is right" is true, provided that one *takes it in its bigger sense*. Whatever is, as part of the Living Will, is right. But poverty and injustice and disease have no part in God's plan. God's will is to better the world and man's discontent is His way of bettering it. The socially respectable classes of England, the court and upper middle classes, disregarded the problems of the classes below them. Politics of the day dealt, not with national issues but with the welfare of selfish little cliques striving for "spoils" and office. It was an age of polite incredulity. It was "bad form" to take religion seriously.

It was an age when great respect was *shown* to women, and little was *felt*; when the tradition of a deceased chivalry hung respectably over a land that regarded the betrayal of innocence as proper sport for a gentleman. It was an age that was contented that "heaven had given us the poor as objects of charity" and that felt that to reduce poverty would be "flying in the face of Providence." It was an age, in short, that was bound to be satisfied with itself and to find philosophic excuses for not doing all the things it ought to have done.

It was on the way to better things, but this was only

slightly to its credit. The real reason that the better things came, that society did not go on idling, as in France, till a deluge of bloody revolution broke out, was that in England class lines

Lower Class
Morality



ALEXANDER POPE

This shows his shrunken, deformed figure and his sensitive face — keenly intellectual, but not “spiritual.”

dark room, for the first signs of the coming image, the hints of the Second Renaissance, the *Romantic Revival*.

The representative poet of the early eighteenth century (1688–1744) is Alexander Pope. In his work we find no signs of a new dawn. It is marked by energy, brilliant intellectual activity, and

were not drawn as sharply as in France. The vitality and earnestness of the lower class were always working to the top. What one should watch, through the eighteenth century, is the gradual breaking down of a narrow oligarchical society by the steady pressure of the mass of the English people.

We might study the uninspired years for their own sake. It is far better to watch them, as one watches a photographic film in a

absolute mastery of the form used, the heroic couplet. His energy is not, like Dryden's, a force that gives the impression of solid strength. It seems rather the result of nervous excitement. His intellectual power is brilliant, but not deep. He is satisfied to make an easy idea plain. He does not make his task difficult by digging deep. Nor does he rise to heights of imagination. He expresses what are practically *prose* ideas in skillful verse. He does a thing not greatly worth doing, and does it amazingly. And, having done this one thing all his life, he made it so easy that anybody could do it. So what he has done no longer seems wonderful.

What Pope did with the heroic couplet was this: We have seen that the strict rules, under which English poets from the time of Dryden chose to bind themselves, allowed little variety. The clauses and sentences must end at certain points. The sense must not run over from couplet to couplet. There must be a pause at the end of the first line. Pauses within the line must fall at given points. It was hard indeed for a writer of such verse to keep out of monotony without breaking rules. *Pope managed both to keep the rules and to attain variety.* Occasionally one sees an athlete who goes through acrobatic feats in evening dress. The audience applauds him for overcoming the restraint of his formal garments. So, realizing how hard it was to write freely in the heroic couplet, we may admire Pope's skill and ingenuity, though we may wonder whether the task is worth the effort.

Pope was a literary juggler. He exhausted every possibility of the couplet. In the passage on page 278 observe how, while each couplet follows the rules, Pope attains variety, first by slight shiftings of the place of the pauses

His Use of
the Couplet

within the lines, secondly by a different swing to the lines regarded as a pair. It would be a good plan for the student to imitate this himself in original verse and see if he too can "catch the trick" that made the writing of heroic couplets the fashion.

Alexander Pope was born and educated in London. Being a Catholic, he could not go to the schools open to

Character young Protestants, and he seems to have been largely self-educated. From childhood he showed a nervous irritability increased by disease and actual suffering. By manhood he had become dwarfed and sickly, morbidly sensitive about his deformity, mastered by violent emotions, especially by hatred, jealousy, and desire for revenge upon those who had (or who he thought had) injured or insulted him. Unable to punish his enemies by other means, he assailed them with his one weapon, and a deadly one, his merciless satire.

Pope had Dryden's power of making his victim ridiculous, but his attacks as compared with Dryden's are keener, more malicious, less weighty in their blow but sharper in their sting. Take, for instance, his celebrated attack upon Atticus, an attack clearly aimed at Addison, with whom he had quarreled. (See page 291.)

**His
Satire**

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and true fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease.
Should such a man, too fond to live alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause,
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

This is not merely clever and memorably expressed. Its sting lies in the fact that it is true. It is only a half-truth. It says nothing of all Addison's noble qualities, but the faults that it alleges were really his, and in reading the lines he may well have writhed with self-reproach.

Fifty years ago Pope's translation of the *Iliad* held a high place, but a closer understanding of Homer makes modern readers dissatisfied with the pretentiousness in which Pope attired him. Homer *Iliad* was simple and definite. Pope's translation is vague and high-sounding. Homer wrote in a free unfettered style. Pope stiffens him into heroic couplets.

Compare the following (1) literal translation from the *Iliad* with (2) Pope's heroic couplets:

(1) Which of the gods was it that thus set these two contending in anger? Latona's son it was and Jove's. For he, in wrath at the king, sent through the army a deadly pestilence, and the people were perishing. For Atrides had dishonored Chryses the priest. For he had come to the swift ships of the Achaians to redeem his daughter, bearing gifts beyond measure, and in his hands were the wreaths of the far-shooting Apollo, upon a scepter of gold; and he made supplication to all the Achaians.

- (2) Declare, O muse, in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
 Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
 And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead;
 The king of men his reverend priest defied,
 And for the king's offence the people died.
 For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands;
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
 By these he begs, and lowly bending down
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.

Observe how Pope has endeavored to "improve" Homer with "mountains of the dead," "Apollo's awful ensigns," "grace his hands," and with the artificial balance of the line, "And for the king's offense the people died," a line that brings in an idea of which Homer gives not a hint. Note, besides, the altered spirit of the whole. Homer's meaning might have been put into verse, even into rhyme, without any such departure from the meaning and spirit of the original. The departure shows the spirit of the "Augustan age."

Pope's satires, such as his *Dunciad*, fail to interest and are more likely to disgust. The interest of such attacks died with their victims. The poor "Grub street" toilers, the hand-to-mouth "free-lance" writers of that day, were a pitiful target for a man of Pope's genius, and a whole "poem" devoted to heaping vulgar and indecent abuse upon them cannot deserve immortality. Most of Pope's other poems, his *Epistles*, etc., have likewise failed to interest. The topics he wrote of have passed. We do not care to "look them up" in order to understand a poem that, when we *do* understand it, cannot inspire.

Pope's
 Satires

A poem does not necessarily fail to interest because the person or event that has inspired it is forgotten. Nobody knows who Annie Laurie was, but the poem her lover wrote about her lives because it expresses nobly the feelings of all lovers about the women they love. The poem is not about Annie Laurie, but about human love, which did not die with her. But petty satire arouses no eternal emotions. Of noble inspiration these poems contain nothing.

The three works of Pope best worth reading to-day are the *Essay on Man*, the *Essay on Criticism*, and the *Rape of the Lock*. Of these the *Essay on Man* ^{Essay on Man} is the least desirable. It is an essay verse, partly true, largely untrue, and, where it is true, containing things generally known but amazingly well said. Pope excelled, owing to the compressed form of the couplet, in writing *quotable lines*. The following give some idea of these:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

One truth is clear, "whatever is, is right."

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

These are the utterance of a clever age, that studied not God but Man. (For contrast, read *Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, *Golden Treasury*, No. 359.)

The *Essay on Criticism* is valuable because of its even

greater wealth of compressed practical wisdom. It lays down the eighteenth-century doctrine of obedience to laws. It cannot discern the secret of poetic power — Pope does not even seem to realize that there is any secret—but it does contain much excellent practical advice to writers. The following are some of the best couplets.

Essay on
Criticism

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquered, and uncivilized.

The *Rape of the Lock* is of slight poetic value and neither pleasing nor inspiring. The subject is a trifling quarrel in fashionable society. A gentleman clipped a lock of hair from the neck of a young lady without permission. This act, with its preliminaries and consequences, gives the theme of the poem. Pope treats it in a mock-heroic manner. He applies to society life the *pompous* manner in which he translated the *Iliad*. He gets, therefore, a doubly comic result, for he brings out the pettiness of the life he ridicules and at the same time he ridicules "Homeric" stateliness by parody. He surrounds the trifling lives of his lady and her lovers with supernatural attendants, sprites and other

Rape of the
Lock

creatures drawn from the "Rosicrucian" talk of the day, and makes a clever mock both of folly and seriousness.

The following lines show his method:

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
 "Restore the lock" the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.



FROM "RAPE OF THE LOCK"

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—
 was his last.

But see how oft ambition's
 aims are crossed,
 And chiefs contend till all
 the prize is lost:
 The lock obtained with guilt
 and kept with pain,
 In every place is sought,
 and sought in' vain. . . .
 Some thought it mounted
 to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on
 earth are treasured there.
 There heroes' wits are kept
 in ponderous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes
 and tweezer-cases.

The impression created is of amused contempt. We feel the justice of this contempt, but we do not feel that the author has anything better to offer. Goldsmith, in lashing the

follies of the rich, points to the simple pleasures of the village. Pope makes a mock of a society in which he plays a part, and implies, more or less clearly, that life is absurd

at best. If this poem is studied it should be with the consciousness that one is in bad company, studying a view of life that cannot be adopted.

Pope was a man of unusual gifts. He had a nimble intellect and a keen insight into character. He had undeveloped capabilities for ideality and nobility, ideals that in occasional passages rise to the surface of his work. He did not originate either the form of verse that he used or the theory of criticism that he preached and followed. But he so perfectly developed that form of verse, so memorably expressed the theory of criticism, and so undeviatingly complied with it, that both the form and the theory are inseparably associated with his name. The name of Pope stands for the heroic couplet and the critical theory of the "Classicists."

In prose Pope wrote ably, rather above the general level of his time. He did a good deal in criticising the plays of Shakspeare and in revising and restoring the text. Many of his emendations are clever, and his comments show his acute intellect. He is always hampered, however, by his failure to grasp Shakspeare's spirit and artistic aim. The significant thing is that he, like Addison, in the very center and axis, one might say, of the "classical" age, felt inclined to turn to Shakspeare and try to catch his message. Interest in Shakspeare still lived. As soon as the temporary devotion to "law" and to "correctness" should pass, the world would turn to him again.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Develop with detail the statement that the eighteenth century was "unwilling to face important facts."

In what class of society was this idle superficiality most apparent? Where could one look for more wholesome ideals?

In what did Pope excel previous writers of the couplet?

Compare Pope's translation of the *Iliad* with the literal translation and explain why his changes are significant?

What survives of the *Essay of Man* and the *Essay on Criticism*? Why?

What does the *Rape of the Lock* show us about the times?

In what did Pope excel?

Explain why so brilliant a writer is so little read to-day?

CHAPTER IV

THE SPECTATOR

THE early eighteenth century did little for poetry. Its greatest work for literature was the development of prose. Earlier prose had been poetic and stately. It remained for the eighteenth century to develop a prose that was practical, suited to the common things that men say in daily life.

Two leaders in adapting written prose to the tone of daily life are Richard Steele (1672-1729) and Joseph Addison (1672-1719). The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* mark the beginning of the newspaper, particularly of the "editorial." They were, in fact, practically all "editorial." The *Tatler* contained a little news, but the real hold of the paper upon the public lay in the views of the author upon subjects that the public would care about, expressed in natural language. The readers were not limited to society and the court. The "world" that read was increasing, and the desire for a wide circle of readers, as well as of paying subscribers, made those who issued such papers aim at the biggest possible public.

The *Tatler* was founded by Richard Steele, a man of

little dignity and, though tolerably educated, not "bookish." He was first of all a *human* man, of warm sympathies, a lively imagination and an active sense of humor. He was — perhaps the



RICHARD STEELE

A face suggestive of restless activity and lively humor.

Irish element in him had something to do with this — out of accord with the formality and classicism of his day. He might be called a "postponed Elizabethan," sobered by "classical" associates. Like Goldsmith, later, he was underestimated by an age that could not understand him, and too many modern readers accept the verdict of his contemporaries. To get the spirit of the man, with all his faults and fascinations, one must read his biography and letters.

Steele began the *Tatler* by himself. It was a little paper, issued every few days. Its main interest lay in its one long article. This did not as a rule deal with partisan issues of politics, but was more likely to deal with matters of literary taste, general principles in politics or conduct, problems of etiquette, fine points of love-making, lighter questions that might interest a world that would not excite itself by taking things seriously.

The London of that day was a little London, a London of a few hundred thousand inhabitants, where, in "society," everybody knew everybody else. There were no newspapers, in the modern sense. Import-

London, 1710

ant news — what news the government saw fit to give out, regarding battles, movement of troops, foreign policy, etc. — was issued in an *Official Gazette*, a dry and reticent little bulletin. Political disputes, accusations, denials, etc., came out in the form of pamphlets, sometimes rising to the

dignity of satire in heroic couplet. But the lighter news, the gossip of society, circulated by word of mouth.

The great places for the spreading of news and gos- Coffee-houses

sip were the *coffee-houses*. After late rising and elaborate toilet the man of fashion strolled to his chosen coffee-house, where, seated comfortably, with papers at his side, a dish of coffee within reach, and a lighted pipe in his hand, he took his part in polished



STEELE AND A YOUNG FRIEND

(From Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*). This novel introduces a lively picture of Steele in his younger days.

ished conversation that wrecked characters, male and female, from one end of upper-class London to the other.

A coffee-house was like a club to the extent that people of similar tastes, of one "set," usually went to one coffee-house. There was no fixed membership, but an outsider found himself unwelcome. The furnishings were simple

and the refreshments were chiefly confined to coffee and chocolate. The charm lay in the conversation, in informal meeting of men free from the etiquette required by the presence of ladies. One man might attend several coffee-



IN A COFFEE-HOUSE

Observe the candles upon the tables, the open fire, the boy serving. One man is throwing a cup of coffee in another's face. (A duel will probably result.)

discuss in an idle hour. And we must not forget that other audience, the fine lady, taking her morning chocolate in bed, reading her *Tatler* while she sipped, and commenting upon it to her "confidante" by the bedside.

houses, one for each of his interests and activities. A literary man interested in politics might, for instance, drop into one to talk over party affairs and into another to discuss the latest poem of Pope or the drama by Addison.

The supposed "Spectator" who wrote the essays in the paper of that name was a man of wide interests who "dropped in" at all the coffee-houses in town and wrote down the ideas which these visits gave him. The topics discussed were just such as two gentlemen, pipe in hand, might

Dress is characteristic of an age. The early eighteenth century was marked by *uniformity* of dress, at least for men. There was variety, but, as in the heroic couplet, it was variety within rule, Dress not the startling originality of Shakspeare's day. A man of society must not appear in public "in his own hair." He wore, no matter how abundant locks nature had given him, a *wig* of set shape and style, powdered white, so that a gathering of young men would at first sight look like a gathering of grandfathers. It was an age when the upper classes excelled in courtesy, when men bowed ceremoniously upon meeting and offered pinches of snuff. It was an age of French cere- Manners mony and etiquette, of knee-breeches for men and vast skirts for women, of decorative swords and figured waistcoats, of patches and powder.

It was to this age that the *Tatler* and *Spectator* were addressed, and Steele showed excellent judgment in hitting the tastes of his audience. His great merit is that he always or almost always aimed at their better part. His appeal, if not to their moral instincts, was to their refinement, their courtesy, to their intellectual interest, or to their sense of humor.

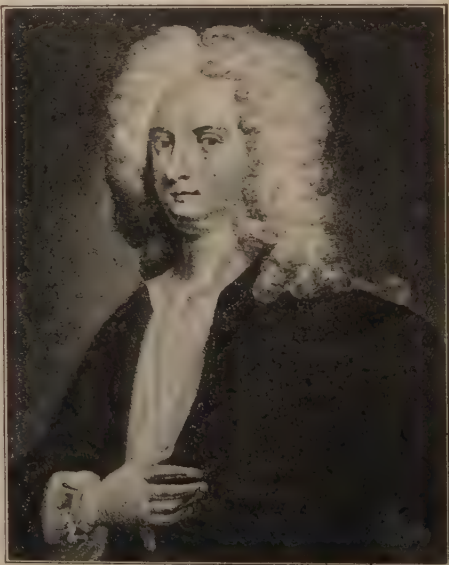
[In this he was aided, even more than aided, by Joseph Addison. Addison was quite early associated with Steele on the *Tatler* and the two later joined in Addison the *Spectator*. The talents of the two writers united perfectly. Their working together meant more than a mere *addition* of their abilities. It was not merely that each contributed the work that he could do best. Their close association and the fact that both assumed the part of one imaginary writer, the "Spectator,"

led them to aim at a common style and personality. So far as two men so different could do this, they fused their individualities in one.

This makes it hard to determine just how much the *Spectator* owes to each. Steele had the stronger humor,

The Share of and a
Each

greater gift of inventing stories and dramatic situations. The conversation of the Recruiting Sergeant and the Quaker in the coach is in his best manner, and so is the conversation, if one may call it that, between the Widow and Sir Roger. Steele, however, lacks fineness. His learning is limited. His style is no less interesting than Addison's but is of a sort that was passing out. He de-



JOSEPH ADDISON

This portrait shows his dignity and refinement — the Addison of *Cato* rather than of the *Spectator*.

lights in artificial balance, in obvious antithesis. His sentences show the art that Addison conceals. Addison's style has the ease of the well-bred gentleman, unconscious of "manners." Steele's reminds one of the man who has acquired his "polish" by an effort that he cannot quite conceal. Yet his gift of invention and a fresh joyous spirit

make his work live. One cannot tell how far Steele's native liveliness was restrained by the influence of Addison, or how far Addison's restrained manner and imaginative coldness were warmed into activity by his restless associate.

Addison's own power lies in his gift of *thinking interestingly* upon almost any theme. A man's "subject" is not the topic he selects, — fans or books or witches, but what he can find to say about **Addison's Personality** it. Addison's mind was particularly rich in such reflection. To this gift he added a style the best suited to light writing that the language had yet seen, and enlivened with a humor that, while never malicious like Pope's, treated, with quiet amusement, the ways of other men. He never attacked particular men. When he ridiculed a fault, he personified it in a form that should hurt no reader's sensibility. The tone of his work is his own, — a quiet, well-bred, superiority that is never offensively superior. He is the kindly, humorous adviser of an age that would have laughed at preaching and have resented ridicule. The gentleness of his approach disarmed opposition. Yet it was this very gentleness that was used so effectively against him by Pope. (See page 278.)

The combined charm of Addison and Steele laid hold upon the fancy of their age. They not only interested it, they did something to lead it unconsciously **What the Spectator did** into better things. Look over the *Spectator Papers* that deal with Sir Roger, and note the quiet influence in the direction of social reform. Kindness to servants, the folly of snobbishness, the absurdity of belief in ghosts and witches, the cowardice of bullying peaceful people, the real dignity of commercial life, + all these are

urged upon the reader so gently that he is convinced without having perceived that he has been argued with. No reform is preached; no moral principles are announced. Two polished gentlemen are merely coaxing their friends toward more wholesome ways.

The *Spectator* tries to bring back a liking for noble



SIR ROGER SAYS GOOD-BY
(From the *Spectator*)

poetry. It points out insistently the greatness of Milton and Shakspeare. Addison was too large a man to limit his love of poetry by the passing fashion.

The style of the *Spectator*, one critic says, is marked by "golden mediocrity." It is just this golden mediocrity, the fact that it suited people of its day, that enabled it to do good. To imitate the *Spec-*

tator's style to-day would be absurd. What we can imitate is its spirit, the warm human sympathy of Steele, the kindly amusement of Addison.

To appreciate just what the *Spectator* means in the development of English prose, turn back to the extract from Ascham on page 142. Then read the following passage from the *Spectator*. It is far closer to modern style. The sentences come nearer common speech. The words are

simple and in natural order. It is easy and direct, yet has distinction.

It is observed that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the playhouses, who, when he is pleased with anything that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or wainscot, which may be heard all over the theater. This person is commonly known by the name of the Trunk-maker in the upper gallery. Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of this day's work used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. . . . Others

have reported that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with anything he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the play-house thunderer, who exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery when he has nothing to do upon the roof.



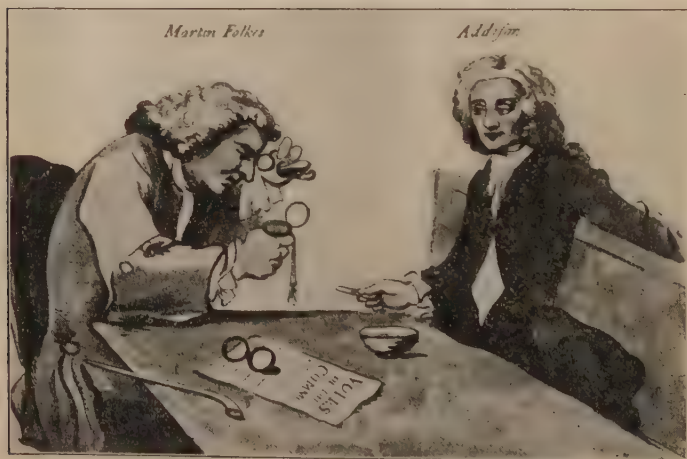
SIR ROGER AT THE VILLAGE CHURCH
(From the *Spectator*)

A scene in rural England. Observe the old yew tree by the church. The villagers are respectfully "lined up" as the squire passes.

An aspect of the *Spectator* of which too much can be made is its relation to fiction. It is true that the *Sir Roger de Coverley* papers have some features of a serial story. They were issued, we

The de
Coverly Papers
as Fiction

must bear in mind, at no regular intervals, and utterly lack plot. They do show one set of persons, but do not show them acting and reacting upon each other. The *Sir Roger de Coverley* papers hardly constitute even a beginning for fiction. They may, however, have roused a desire for such fiction, or they may be evidence that that English imagination was hesitatingly moving towards the novel.



ADDISON AND HIS FRIEND

Addison was reticent in large gatherings. With a few congenial friends, he laid aside his dignity and became "good company." The drawing (by Hogarth) shows him at a coffee-house.

The London of the day of the *Spectator* had changed a good deal from the London of Shakspeare. It was a bigger city, on the whole a cleaner city. **The London of Addison's Day** It was still small enough to circulate its gossip in coffee-houses. But it was on its way to London as we know it. Its streets were better. Coaches and sedan chairs were used, though the watermen upon the

river still plied for hire. The old St. Paul's, destroyed in its fire of 1665, had given place to a new cathedral of classic design, with a dome inspired by Roman models. A modern Londoner, abruptly transported to Addison's London would find landmarks he would recognize. So too would a man of Shakspeare's age. For it is a *half-way* London between the London of Shakspeare and of to-day. And it is a London that an American would not find absolutely strange, for he would see in its streets suggestions of old New York, of old Boston, of old Newport and Salem. There still stands in America many an old building that was erected while Addison lived.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Just what were the *Tatler* and *Spectator*? Why are they important in the history of journalism?

What were coffee-houses?

What connection between the life and manners of the time and its literature?

What qualities did Addison and Steele each contribute to the *Spectator*?

In what respects did the *Spectator* improve the standards of its age? By what means?

What merits had the *Spectator's* prose style?

Compare a *Spectator* paper written by Addison with one written by Steele. What are the relative merits and defects of each?

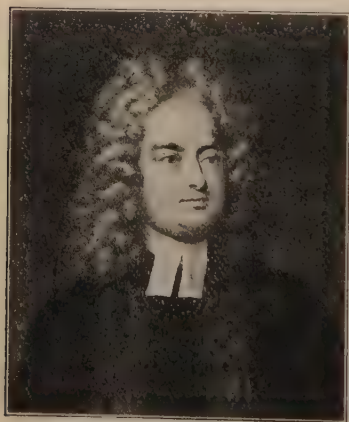
Compare both with a typical piece of modern prose and note striking differences in words and sentences. (Observe the *Spectator's* formal introduction.)

CHAPTER V

SWIFT

CONTEMPORARY with Addison and Steele is a writer of greater power, though of less charm, Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). Unlike Steele, who was an Irishman brought up in England, Swift was an Englishman educated in Ireland. His character is hard

Swift's View
of Life



JONATHAN SWIFT

A picture that shows the genial side of his nature. There is no hint of his severity.

to understand, yet in it lies the secret of his genius, for everything that he wrote is tinged with his personality. Some twist or flaw made him take an embittered view of life. Not that he hated others with personal malice, like Pope, or that he affected a picturesque "scorn of the world," like a "Melancholy Jaques." His scorn of life and man went deeper. It was the bitterness of a mighty soul and intellect that could not see life right.

A man wishes and struggles to think life noble and beautiful and ideal. Suppose that the facts of life as he sees them make this beauty and ideality seem mockery. He cannot bear to think that man, with the aspirations of a god, has a body no finer or nobler than that of the horse or ape, that a magnifying glass will destroy all the daintiness of a delicate skin,

His Disillusion

or that a stately general would appear to a giant as a pitiful dwarf. He comes to feel that all beauty, all fineness, all grandeur, is only *illusion*.

Many men feel this, pass through it, and come out into a ripened idealism that *knows the facts and sees the high truth behind them*. The physical facts of life are no ground for "disillusion." If the body of man be of the beast, the greater wonder that beauty can shine in it and that aspirations house themselves in it! A flower is not less beautiful because rooted in mud. The miracle is that it transforms mud into delight. The microscope that breaks away one beauty shows us more beneath, and no giant imaginable by man can reduce to pettiness the spaces between the stars. The vast and the beautiful are true. If the "facts" seem to deny this, a man must face them, must fight *through* them and come out into a bigger vision.

Swift could not do this. Failing to do it, he let his life and work be discolored by morbid brooding that may have had something to do with the insanity Gulliver's
Travels of his last years. His best known work, *Gulliver's Travels*, is an expression of this morbid view of life, a masterpiece of diseased vision.

Children read *Gulliver's Travels* with pleasure. To them it brings no disillusion. Their simple faith is blind to Swift's satire. It is merely an adventure tale of dwarfs and giants. Older people, who see that its ideas about life are false, can forget its evil side. But if one reads the book thinking of its real meaning, the feeling about life that the author *burned* into it, then the story will vanish. One hears only the bitter cry of a soul that has longed to believe and that doubt has driven to jeer at what it longs to worship!

The voyager in Lilliput sees, in the land of dwarfs, that greatness and dignity are but shams. To a giant our strength is weakness, our dignity comic, our stately towers doll's houses! The voyager in Brobdingnag finds on the



GULLIVER FIRES HIS PISTOL

(From *Gulliver's Travels*)

The whole army of Lilliput is present upon the occasion and conceals its alarm. (The horses show less self-control.)

Swift, a deeper nature, found the corruption below those sunlit waters. A later preacher, a Carlyle, might have tried to arouse the world to nobler standards. Swift saw no standards at which to point. His age offered him no help.

contrary that to an observer smaller than ourselves, our boasted refinement and delicacy is coarseness, our bodies are loathsome, and a dish of food is a horror! And lastly the traveler among the Houyhnhnms realizes that a horse is physically a far cleaner and finer creature than man, who is but a type of ape, a *Yahoo*, the foulest of animals!

It is not hard to see the relation between this book and the age in which it appeared. Addison and Steele were able, with their light geniality, to float buoyantly upon the sunlit surface of their age.

The Church (in which he held a high office as Dean) was stupefied by self-satisfaction. There was no strong uplifting faith in Man or in God.

Let us look at *Gulliver's Travels* as illustrating Swift's style. Study the following extract.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sidelong through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and backs of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain on the street; although the orders were very strict that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril.

— *Gulliver's Travels*, Chap. IV.

The style is cold, restrained, clear-cut, without an unnecessary word. The important points stand out by natural emphasis. Swift seems to be telling in a matter-of-fact way something that really happened. So definite is his imagination (what Carlyle would call "clear-
ness of sight") that one feels the story must Swift's Style be true. His style, though matter-of-fact, is never commonplace. It gives the impression of *power* behind it. It is a style at white heat.

Swift was, in his best days (1710-1740), the most dreaded writer in England. His merciless clearness of sight and compressed vigor of utterance were terrible weapons.

His enemies feared his attacks, and his friends feared lest he might turn against them. He showed none of the malice of Pope. He attacked wrong because it was wrong. He was a master of irony. One example is his "Modest Proposal" for relieving distress in Ireland. It is

His Irony an ironic proposition that the poorer Irish should raise their children as delicacies for the table of their English overlords. He makes this mad proposition without a smile. It says in effect: "Since you have no hearts, since you *will* treat these Irish as less than human, why not go the whole way!"

The same is true of his ironic argument that the "abolishing of Christianity would be attended by some inconveniences." You have, he tells the men of his age, no belief in Christianity. You care nothing for the soul. But do not *abolish* Christianity, for it has practical conveniences.

Swift is never a pleasing writer. One never forgets the grim scorn that burns under his work. Yet one finds pleasure in the compressed force of his style. The following extract from the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity* illustrates his irony.

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen, if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And, first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be choked at the sight of so many draggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but, at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and

improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; *especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.*

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius by continual practice has been wholly turned upon rail-lery and invectives against religion, and who would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject?

As we saw at the outset, Swift's was the bitterness of a fine nature capable of tenderness, the bitterness not of a sneering Iago, but of a broken-hearted Hamlet. Swift's tenderness is seen in his *Journal to Stella*. **His Tragic**
True, the blossoming was brief; yet no one **Life**
who has once seen this kindlier flowering can fail to see that Swift hated less than he suffered, that he never struck at a vice of mankind without feeling the lash. No one has read the heart of Swift's tragedy. No one can doubt that it was a tragedy and a pitiable one.

See his torn flesh through those rents; see the punctures round his hair,

As if the chaplet-flowers had driven deep roots in to nourish there —
Lord, who gav'st him robe and wreath, *what* was this Thou gav'st
for wear!

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What explanation can one find in Swift's character for his bitterness toward life and his fellow men?

What explanation in the age in which he lived?

Explain his purpose in *Gulliver's Travels*.

Give an example of his irony.

Compare his style with Addison's, with Steele's. Observe the different impression made by each personality.

Note instances of Swift's simplicity and clearness.

What would account for Swift being one of the most dreaded men of his age?

What impression of Swift's character do you get from his writings? Study his life and see whether this idea is borne out. What exception to his general sternness?

Make it clear that Addison, Steele, and Pope, with all their differences have a likeness, the result of the time in which they lived.

CHAPTER VI

BEGINNINGS OF THE NOVEL

It is hard, in the present day of fiction, to think that in the year 1711 we could not have bought a novel. We would have found it almost impossible to explain what kind of book we were looking for. *That kind of thing had not yet been thought of.*

By a "novel" one does not mean a story about an impossible knight who slaughtered dragons and giants and entire armies. A novel tells of things that never happened, but it tells of them *in such a way as to make them a part of the things that do happen.*

"Novel"
Defined

It pictures men as we know them, and life as men live it. If it deals with old far-away times or strange planets, it still bases its picture of the unfamiliar life upon the life of men as we know it now, upon such characters and passions as we see about us. A novel must also, according to modern ideas, contain a "plot," an orderly moving of events along some one line; and the character of the people in the story must have some relation to the things that happen, must make them happen, or must result from their happening.

Now, in a sense, Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*

is a novel, for it gives a picture of life. But it is made unreal by the way it is told, for it is hard to get through moral dialogue into the story itself. *Gulliver's Travels* comes far nearer, for while the

Gulliver

things told never could happen, yet we feel that they *did* happen. It lacks, however, plot and character. We feel convinced that the writer cared less about what happens to the people he tells of than for the meaning underneath.

A clearer instance is Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

It is a story of adventure, but it is adventure happening in a real world, colored with personal character. Crusoe is not *any* man. He is *'one* man, a man we know. Think of the reality of the passage where he dis-

Robinson
Crusoe



ROBINSON CRUSOE ON HIS ISLAND
(From an early illustration)

covers footprints upon the sand! Even Friday has a personality. Here at last, then, in 1719, we are in sight of what we have been looking for. *Robinson Crusoe* is not a novel. It has hardly any plot, and character has little effect upon the course of the story. But it is so nearly a novel that only a step remains.

The invention of the novel was a proper task for the eighteenth century. That century abandoned all else to study the surface of life, to see how men behaved in their dealings with men. This study gave just what the novel required. A later day could add soul and inspiration.

**The Time
Ripe for the
Novel**

Early medieval romances had little relation to a real world. In their interminable adventures one seldom finds a peasant or even a servant. It is a world wherein everybody is unreal and "superior." In ridiculing this type of romance, Cervantes (a Spanish writer) created *Don Quixote* (1605), a chivalrously absurd old knight, pathetically loyal to his dreams, trying to carry out, in the real world, the ideals of romance. He is always accompanied by his faithful Sancho Panza, a sturdy, sensible fellow to whom facts are facts. In the eighteenth century Sancho Panza was coming to his own. Chivalry was dead. The hero of the time was the man of common sense and acuteness, not overburdened with ideals or scruples.

Don Quixote

Don Quixote (1605), a chivalrously absurd old

On the continent the tendencies of thought were like those in England. We find in place of the old stories of knights and ladies and dragons, stories in which the clever rascal gets the better of other men. We find the "*picaresque*" tale, the story of a hero who lives by his wits. Sometimes there is a plot. Sometimes the story is held together merely by having one chief character. A notable work of this class is *Gil Blas* (1715), the work of Le Sage, a French story dealing with Spanish life and imitating Spanish tales. Its hero in the course of his adventures is everything from brigand to honest man, keeping his eyes firmly upon the "main chance" and incidentally upon the chances for pleasant

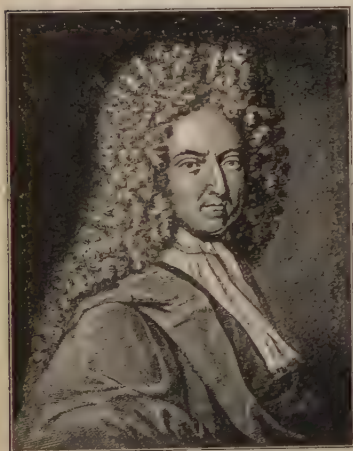
**Picaresque
Tales**

adventure. In England such tales were imitated by Defoe in his *Colonel Jack* and *Moll Flanders*. These works give a sharp picture of the "seamy side" of life. They lack nothing but "plot" to make them novels.

Defoe, like Swift, excels in telling a story in a matter-of-fact way, in giving detail so abundant and so precise as to

Defoe

overcome doubt. His *Journal of the Plague Year* (founded upon fact, but not an actual Journal) and his narrative of the appearance of the *Ghost of Mrs. Veal* show this. It is this quality that makes *Crusoe* so life-like. Few have rivaled Defoe in it. Among these rivals are the makers of the Icelandic "*sagas*," long prose tales which tell with just the same air of painstaking truth some fact from history and the hero's adventure with a ghost



DANIEL DEFOE

Observe the elaborate wig, curled and powdered. All men of the upper classes wore these in public.

which he killed by moonlight. (See extract from *Saga* on page 56.)

The first novel, in the modern sense, is *Pamela* (1740) by Samuel Richardson (1689-1754). Richardson was a printer, a quiet commonplace man of great diligence and of a slow but clear-sighted imagination. To assist young women who needed models for letters he began to compose a series of letters containing a story. It was the story of a servant girl

Pamela

whose wealthy master fell in love with her, learned to respect her uprightness of character, and at last made her his wife, and a "lady." ^{in fact} As Richardson wrote, the series of letters expanded into a volume, and the volume into several volumes. *Pamela* came out as a serial, the *first* serial (a serial that appeared all by itself, not in a periodical)



SAMUEL RICHARDSON

One sees the gentle industrious character of the man, a mild persistence with genius behind it.

standard of its day. Honesty was shown to be the best policy. The virtuous servant girl at last rode in her own coach and "had the gentry to dinner." The view of life is priggish and snobbish, that of an "evangelical butler;" yet it is significant that ideas of respectability and morality, even if smug and snobbish, were again asserting themselves. Aristocracy had come to its own in the Restoration, and the world was foul with its open sins. Perhaps Richardson preached morality from a meager culture and trivial standards. But he did preach morality, and

and is probably the longest serial novel ever read with interest. Perhaps because its kind was new, it took an immediate hold upon the public. Each number was awaited with feverish interest. To us its action seems slow and its manner far from exciting. But we must remember that it had no rival. It was, when it appeared, *the only novel that there was to read!*

Pamela pictures life conscientiously, according to the

he won the aristocracy to his teaching. The sober standards of the plain Englishman had held their own through an age of corruption and were at last emerging victorious. Just as the Saxon English of the peasant had conquered by plain persistence the French of the "Conqueror," so the



PAMELA STARTS ON A JOURNEY

From Richardson's novel. Observe the elaborate old-fashioned coach, the uniform of the coachman, the general character of the house.

moral earnestness of honest John Bull overcame fashionable license. Richardson, priggish as he may seem, spoke from moral conviction, the sincere deep-rooted moral instinct that has kept England sound.

The following extract will remove any impression (many who have *not* read the book get this idea) that *Pamela* is heavy and unlikable in style. It is true the plot moves slowly. But the language has life in it.

I have been scared out of my senses; for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! Good sirs! how was I frightened! I went to hide the letter in my bosom; and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, To whom have you been writing, Pamela? — I said, in my confusion, Pray your honour forgive me! — Only to my father and mother. He said, Well, then, let me see how you are come on in your writing! O how ashamed I was! He took it, without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again; — and I said, Pray your honour forgive me! — Yet I know not for what: for he was always dutiful to *his* parents; and why should he be angry that I was so to *mine*? And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the hand, and said, You are a good girl, Pamela, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these: though you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family. — Be faithful and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said, Why, Pamela, you write a very pretty hand, and spell tolerably too. I see my good mother's care in your learning has not been thrown away upon you. She used to say you loved reading; you may look into any of her books, to improve yourself, so you take care of them. To be sure I did nothing but courtesy and cry, and was all in confusion at his goodness. Indeed he is the best of gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long letter: So will only add to it, that I shall ever be

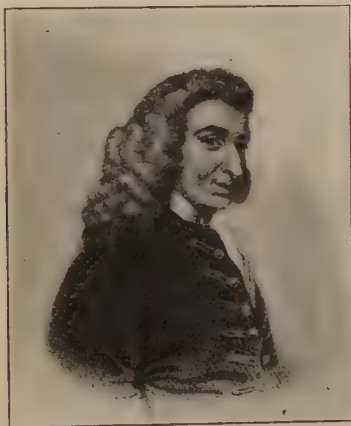
Your dutiful daughter,

Pamela Andrews.

Amused at the defects of *Pamela*, Henry Fielding (1707–1754) wrote a novel, *Joseph Andrews*, to parody it, — a novel with a virtuous hero who finally marries a wealthy lady! But the idea of parody lost importance as Fielding became interested in his story, and *Joseph Andrews* is a novel able to stand upon its own feet. Fielding was a more *human* man than Richardson. He was of good family and of small means; he inherited, that is, brilliant qualities, and had to use them to get a

Fielding

living. Before he got from Richardson the hint that set him to novel writing, he had written plays, not bad enough to fail. He was a man of energy and of executive ability, fond of outdoor activity, a marked contrast to the mild-mannered, portly Richardson who wrote love-let-



HENRY FIELDING

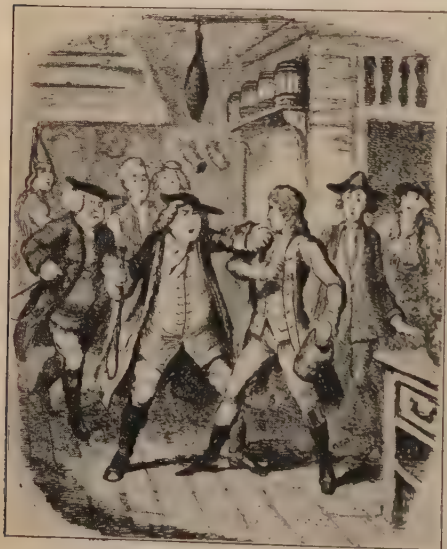
Author of *Tom Jones*. A quiet-looking portrait of a clever and "dashing" man.

ters for young Tom Jones women! Fielding's chief novel is *Tom Jones* (1749). The hero has plenty of faults. Indeed, he is at best an adventurous scamp. The story deals with coarse themes and is loosely put together. What makes it great is its energy, its contagious humor, and its wonderful *reality*. We feel that the author enjoyed writing it, that he slapped his knee and roared with laughter at the situations he created. The people in it live. One char-

acter that stands out is Squire Western, a country squire very different from Sir Roger de Coverley. The following extract will give some idea of him. With all his vulgarity and faults, and boisterous clownishness, he has a riotous honesty that makes us like him.

At this instant, Western, who had stood some time listening, burst into the room, and, with his hunting voice and phrase, cried out, "To her, boy, to her, go to her. — That's it, little Squire honeys, O that's it! Well! what, is it all over? Hath Western she appointed the day, boy? What, shall it be to-morrow or next

day? It shan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved." "Let me beseech you, sir," says Jones, "don't let me be the occasion —" "Beseech —" cries Western. "I thought thou hadst been a lad of higher mettle than to give way to a parcel of maidenish tricks. — I tell thee 'tis all flimflam. Zoodikers! she'd



SQUIRE WESTERN SEIZES TOM

(From *Tom Jones*)

The Squire's accusation is in fact unjust. Tom in this case is innocent.

replied he, "why hast not; only because thou dost love to be dishonest, and to plague and vex thy father." "Pray, sir," said Jones, interfering — "I tell thee thou art a puppy," cries he. "When I forbid her, then it was all nothing but sighing and whining, and languishing and writing; now I am vor thee, she is against thee. All the spirit of contrary, that's all. She is above being guided and governed by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It is only to disoblige and contradict me." "What would my papa have me do?" cries Sophia. "What would I ha thee do?" says he, "why, gi'

have the wedding to-night with all her heart. Would'st not, Sophy? Come, confess, and be an honest girl, for once. What, art dumb? Why dost not speak?" "Why should I confess, sir," says Sophia, "since it seems you are so well acquainted with my thoughts?" — "That's a good girl," cries he, "and dost consent then?" "No, indeed, sir," says Sophia, "I have given no such consent." — "And wunt not ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?" says Western. — "Indeed, sir," says she, "I have no such intention." "But I can tell thee,"

un thy hand this moment." — "Well, sir," says Sophia, "I will obey you. — There is my hand, Mr. Jones." "Well, and will you consent to ha un to-morrow morning?" says Western. — "I will be obedient to you, sir," cries she. — "Why then to-morrow morning be the day," cries he. "Why then to-morrow morning shall be the day, papa, since you will have it so," says Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kissed her hand in an agony of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room.



LAURENCE STERNE

It is characteristic of him that he takes an affected pose — and is too interesting to seem absurd.



THE OLD SQUIRE

A favorite character in English fiction. He hunted, drank hard, and was loyal to king and church.

Both Fielding and Richardson wrote other novels. Of these the best are Fielding's *Amelia* and Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. Neither is likely to interest the high-school reader.

Other Novels

Another novelist of this period is Tobias Smollett (1721-1771), for part of his life a surgeon in the navy, who utilized his varied experience as a basis for stories of life and adventure, often rather boisterous. His best work is *Humphrey Clinker* (1771). Laurence Sterne (1713-1768) is best known by *Tristram Shandy*, a fantastic novel that showed a groping (which

often took the form of overdone sentiment) after a more romantic view of life. His *Sentimental Journey*, an autobiographic book of travel, has this same quality. One might add to these Oliver Goldsmith (page 325), whose *Vicar of Wakefield* is a later member of the same family.



THE HUNT

A scene common in English fiction and poetry. Fox hunting was the favorite sport of the rustic squire.

Like Sterne, he was dissatisfied with the cold standards of his day, but, unlike Sterne, he can make his tenderness ring true, and his humor saves him from sentimentality. He is one of the first to color the novel of manners with sympathetic imagination.

This group of writers is the product of one time. One man wrote a novel. Others immediately took up the art. When this group had accomplished its task, the peculiar limited type of fiction they had originated seemed to die. Yet while this particular

The Founda-
tion laid

kind of novel passed out, the idea of the novel, the new art these men had created, would never be lost. They had made the novel a *picture of life*, and no later novel, no matter how unlikely a tale it might tell, could entirely abandon this standard. The novelist must see the world about him. He must understand men in their daily life, and out of what he sees he must shape his imagined world. What high aspirations, subtle emotions, and spiritual questionings might be built upon this basis, a later age was to discover.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Tell something about the romances of earlier centuries (review). In what were *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe* stories of a new sort?

What was *Don Quixote*? What change did it show from past ideals?

What were "picaresque" tales? In what were they typical of the new?

What led Richardson to write *Pamela*? What are its merits? How was it received?

What makes *Tom Jones*, with all its faults, a famous novel?

Point out the characteristics of the eighteenth century novel as distinguished from earlier romances, as compared with novels of the present day.

CHAPTER VII

NEW TENDENCIES

THE spirit of the early years of the eighteenth century could not last. It was a passing condition. Under the cold polish of the surface, human feeling was as warm as ever. Men loved and

Reaction
from "Com-
mon Sense"

worshipped, men looked with wondering delight at flower and at sunset, men laughed with honest joy and grieved with heartfelt sorrow. Life had not lost its poetry. And thus poetry was sure to find expression.

The change of spirit that went on through the latter part of the eighteenth century is called the **ROMANTIC MOVEMENT**. In Pope and in his immediate circle one sees no signs of it. Even in some writers of Pope's time we see signs that it is at hand.

The following are the chief marks of the new or **ROMANTIC** poetry. The student should take great pains to fix them in mind, for they will be referred to later.

I. THE RETURN OF EARNESTNESS AND ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm and earnestness came back into favor. The eighteenth century had disapproved of both. No **Earnestness** "pose" gives so cheaply an impression of superiority as that of finding nothing worth admiring. No poetry had been possible with such a spirit, for the secret of poetry lies in enthusiasm. Now the fashion was to change. People were no longer to be ashamed of their feelings.

This return to earnestness leads to a number of specific results.

1. *Men began to care about religion.* Men were to look at religion differently. Man's relation to God was to take a new hold upon man's heart. **Religion** was no longer a mere form. One mark of new religious earnestness appears in the rise of Methodism. The preaching and writing of the two Wesleys was

accompanied by a religious awakening among the "plain people." The Church of England needed the stimulus of dissent. Religion was too large for one church. It must "fulfil itself in many ways." Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, each in its own way revived the reality of worship. Even atheists no longer took it as a matter of course that they did not believe. Religion was a live thing, a feeling that mattered.

2. *Men began to care about the welfare of mankind.* The "Augustans" were aristocratic. Authors affected the attitude of the gentry. The English aristocracy had aimed at the polished indifference of the upper classes in France before the French Revolution. To sympathize with the common people, to attempt to remedy the inequalities of fortune, had been to show lack of respect to God and to the "established order." Now the kindlier spirit of the people worked its way into letters. Poets and novelists were to picture the lives of the poor as the lives of brothers. Literature was to turn to lowly life.

3. *Men were to take more interest in individuality.* A man was not merely a unit in a society that lived by rule. A man must be himself. He must have a will of his own, he must influence others, he must "make himself felt." He must, too, "work out his own solution in religion, his own relation to Deity."

4. *Men were to take government seriously.* In a cynical age men "expect to be misgoverned who ever is elected." Politics of the eighteenth century was played as a game, with offices and money as prizes. Yet, what is more important than the governing of a nation? The making of laws for millions

is, as Burke said, a task to approach with religious reverence. Gradually, as men realized that the happiness of their fellowmen was important, they saw that political action could advance this happiness. Ideas of liberty and self-government were to awake. Men were going to make the world better.

5. *Men began to care more about nature.* The city in the Augustan age had "turned up its nose" at what was natural and unadorned. It seemed childish or "unsophisticated" to be moved to enthusiasm over anything so inexpensive as a sunrise or a wildflower. Here, too, the return of feeling brings a change. This new admiration extended not merely to nature that is friendly to man, but to nature in sterner moods. The poet is to sing of storms, of inaccessible peaks, of lonely spaces of sea, of gloomy forests. The love of nature is to extend to the *wild* and the *picturesque*.

We shall see, too, man's feeling toward nature developing into a *mystical sense of a deeper kinship*. To the Augustan this feeling would have been impossible. He felt that a poet should say only what he could express clearly. We of to-day have come to feel that a poet should *suggest* things too subtle to express. Such a suggestion we find in Lowell's lines,

With our faint hearts the mountain strives.
With arms outstretched, the Druid wood,
Waits with its Benedicite,
And to our age's drowsy blood,
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

6. *Men sought novel and exciting subjects.* Men of the classic age had cared only for *facts*, and by facts they

meant such things as happened in the "respectable" world they knew. But many facts lay out-
 side that little world of theirs. All the earth
 over, wonderful things, splendid and pathetic and terrible, were happening every day and hour. *These too were facts.* There were all former ages,—Greece and Rome and the days of chivalry. These too were facts. And to this add *imagined* experience. There are no ghosts, goblins, and fairies; yet the *belief* in these is a fact and an important one. All sights that have taken shape in man's imagination are a part of man's life. A new world had opened to writer and reader. Men were to read about strange lands and heroic deeds. Men were to renew their love of the picturesque and the antique and to look with new interest at the ancient monuments of their own land. Men were to turn with the delight of children to tales of horror. The Augustans had been "too proud to play." The new romanticism was to plunge into Adventure and Romance.

7. *Writers used plain words.* Earnestness, in English-speaking people, brings out the Saxon. A
 new manner of writing, direct and unaffected,
 led to the use of more native words and of fewer "poly-syllabic derivatives" from Latin.

II. THE END OF OBEDIENCE TO RULES

The first mark of the Romantic Movement was its return to earnestness. A second mark is its abandonment of *strict rules*. One was no longer to ask whether
 a writer had "obeyed the rules of the an-
 cients." A good result was none the worse because attained in a new way. There were many roads to the right end. As Kipling has put it,

Thrilling
Subjects

Plain Words

Abandoning
Rules

There are five and twenty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right.

This new attitude towards rules led to definite changes:

1. *Verse broke away from the heroic couplet.* We shall find, from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present, constant *experiment* in forms of English **Abandoning Heroic Couplet** verse, constant increase in the variety of its music. Old forms were revived, new forms were invented. Each poet began to look for the verse that best fitted his subject.

2. *Poets felt free to use common words.* Augustans had felt that only a limited range of words might be used in **Use of Un-poetic Words** poetry. The modern poet does not consider whether a word has been used in poetry before. He considers only whether it produces the effect he desires, whether it calls up the right images. He is governed not by *rule*, but by artistic instinct.

3. *Poets felt free to use specific words and to picture details.* The classicists had insisted that *general terms* were **Specific Words** more poetic than *particular terms*. One "heightened the language," for instance, by calling a spade an "agricultural implement." Later poets came to see the value of *definite picturing words*. One can paint a scene imaginatively by treating it mistily; on the other hand, one can appeal to the imagination by depicting details carefully selected. The method must depend upon the end desired.

4. *With the couplet went other restrictions.* The *Ode* **Abandonment of Figures** was not abandoned, but was written in a different spirit. "Figures of Speech" were seen in a new light, not as "decorations" which a poet was

expected to use, but merely the means by which an excited imagination would naturally express itself, means to which Greek rhetoricians had given long names. Formal personifications, "Truth," and "Hope," and "Patience," went out of fashion.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What is meant by the term *Romantic Movement*?

Outline briefly the "marks" given. Make sure you can explain each in your own words. Has each of the changes pointed out been carried to-day to its extreme? Have any been carried too far? Which do you think should be carried farther?

Point out evidences of the Romantic Movement in American Literature, naming different writers whose works illustrate specific points.

CHAPTER VIII

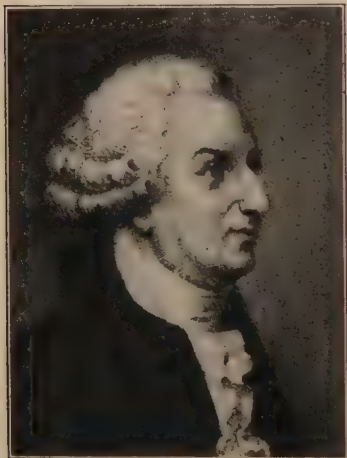
POETS WHO SHOW THE NEW TENDENCY

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748) rather stiffly begins the new order of things. In his *Seasons*, Thomson's 1730, he abandons the heroic couplet for "Seasons" blank verse and describes natural scenery. His poem is dull. Its descriptions still wear the shell of classicism, the adjectives are conventional, the language is stiff with Latinisms.

Just in the *dubious* point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in *undulating* flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the *delusive* fly.

But he does endeavor, with patience and with real love of nature, to picture the English scenes that he knew. It

is significant not only that he wrote such a poem, but "Castle of Indolence" that the public received it so well. The *Seasons* became popular and remained so for a good part of a century. His *Castle of Indolence* was



THOMAS GRAY

One sees the scholarly, reflective, refined nature of the man.

less popular, though it is no less typical. For it, too, abandons the heroic couplet, using the Spenserian stanza instead. It is full of description of nature and of a dreamy idleness.

The following lines give some idea of the *Seasons* at its best.

The rapid radiance instantaneous
strikes

The illumined mountain; through
the forest streams;

Shakes on the floods; and in a yellow
mist

Far smoking o'er the interminable
plain,

In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.

Moist, bright and green, the landscape lies around,

Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,

Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling brooks

Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills

And hollow lows respondent from the vales.

We must remember, however little Thomson may interest us as a poet, that he is, like the land birds seen by Columbus, a *sign* that we are drawing near to new things.

Another writer who shows differences from his age was Thomas Gray (1716-1771). His *Elegy* need not be

quoted or characterized at length. His work has the marks of his time. His composition is conscious and labored. His *Elegy*, while not in heroic couplet, is in a meter sanctioned by the rules. His formal odes are full of set personifications and conventional figures of speech. Yet there is much that belongs to a later day.

Gray



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THE CHURCHYARD OF GRAY'S ELEGY

The awakening love of melancholy and meditation was leading men to appreciate sad scenes.

Gray's poetry contains two elements of romanticism. There is, in the first place, a gentle melancholy, a seriousness very remote from classic indifference. This is seen, too, in other poets of the day, in Collins, under whose classic *Odes* one feels a human tenderness. Secondly, there is, especially in Gray's *Bard*, a new appreciation of wild scenery and of primitive, even barbarous, emotions.

In the *Elegy* the melancholy is of a stately and reflective type, akin to that of Milton's *Il Penseroso*,

With even step and musing gait
And looks commercing with the skies.

Yet there is, what Milton had not, a hint of real melancholy, a touch of personal depression, an anticipation of modern self-questioning and modern self-pity. The personal point of view, the expression of what a poet himself feels, is coming back. Poetry is returning to *individual men*, leaving "average men" to philosophy.

One thing that led Gray to his expression of such primitive ideas as we find in the *Bard* (*Golden Treasury*, No 159) was his interest in Norse poetry and mythology. He did not get the full spirit of these, but what little he did get by way of Latin made him and his readers wish to learn more. Other influences, however, were turning the minds of the eighteenth-century public to the romance of the past.

Two important books appeared, respectively, in 1762 and 1765. Macpherson's *Ossian* and Percy's *Reliques* were not all that they pretended to be. But while the former was largely "sham," the latter contained many jewels.

James Macpherson's *Ossian*, purported to consist of the poems "collected" among the islands of western Scotland. They were supposed to be the work of an ancient Gaelic poet. Critics of the day attempted in vain to determine whether Macpherson had collected and translated these poems, or had made them up himself. Modern critics are of the opinion that, inspired by fragments

he had really collected, he amplified and "improved" upon these.

When a man imitates something whose spirit he has failed to catch, he will miss essential qualities of the original. For the imaginative grace and mystic thrill of the Gael, Macpherson substituted rant and bombast. His characters stalk about in purple thunderstorms of rhetorical gloom. Compare the following extract with the passage on page 54 and note the difference between real Gaelic poetry and Macpherson's imitation.

"It is not the son of Usnoth!" said Carril. "It is Cairbar thy foe. Why camest thou in thy arms to Temora? Chief of the gloomy brow. Let not thy sword rise against Cormac! Whither dost thou turn thy speed?"

He passed on in darkness. He seized the hand of the King. Cormac foresaw his death; the rage of his eyes arose. "Retire, thou chief of Atha! Nathos comes with war. Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak."

The sword entered the side of the King. He fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust. His blood is smoking round.

The importance of *Ossian* lies in the fact that it was so widely admired. It appealed to men of intellect and learning. The reason is not hard to see. The age longed for relief from the commonplace to which its own rules confined it. Ashamed to express its own emotion, it turned eagerly to the outbursts of a primitive people, even to *imitations* of such outbursts.

(Evidence of the influence of *Ossian* may be seen in Scott and Cooper. One sees its marks in the dying speeches of Front-de-Bœuf and Ulrica and in the declamations of Cooper's Indians.)

The second work, Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765), is more important than *Ossian*, for it brought

to light the forgotten songs of the people. (See Book I, Chapter VIII.) Poetry had been too long a thing of the reception room and the study. It needed to get back to the primitive. It needed to strip itself of rules and traditions, to step out in naked strength and beauty! The revival of the old poems of its own race helped it to do this.

This book of ballads that Bishop Percy collected did not contain much of the best. It contained much that was poor, and not a little that was invented or "improved" out of its character. But it did contain enough of the real ballad spirit to make men long for more. Percy's treatment of the ballads was not intentionally dishonest. He had no reverence for work so humble. He did not realize the treasure he had found. He was like the fisherman who brings ashore a precious lump of ambergris, after throwing a good part away as worthless. We seldom read Percy's collection. We have all the best of it, and a great deal more, in better collections that give us ballads as they were, not "altered" by mistaken taste. But we owe the beginning of these collections to Percy's *Reliques*.

We must not fail to realize that it was these ballads, first brought to notice in this way, that were to give the first impulse to Wordsworth and Coleridge and Scott, that were to enrich English verse with a poetic form and a poetic quality that it has never since lost.

It is significant that so much interest was shown in Chatterton (1752-1770), a gifted boy who at eighteen imitated early English poetry well enough to deceive the critics of his day. Like the interest in *Ossian* and in Percy's *Reliques*, the interest in Chat-

Percy's "Reliques"

Influence on Later Writers

Turning to the Past

terton's work shows the tendency of his time. *The world was looking for inspiration.* As the Renaissance had looked back to antiquity, so now, in the Reawakening of Romance, English poetry turned back to its own youth. Suppose that a painter who after years of formal study, has mastered the technique of his art, should suddenly realize that he has made this gain at the expense of his creative spirit, the fire that burned in his first crude efforts. Might not such a man turn back, to renew inspiration, to his old discarded work, childish in execution, but living and glowing with vitality and joy. It was just this that was happening to English poetry.

One more poet of the old and yet of the new concludes this group. No poet could be less in accord with his day than OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774). Sur- Goldsmith
rounded by a group of delayed classicists, overshadowed by the mighty personality of Samuel Johnson, he remained the impulsive, warm-hearted, hot-headed vagabond that we find him at the outset. His verse, under Johnson's influence, took the couplet form. But in the *Deserted Village* (1770) he is like a popular agitator speaking in evening dress. The form battles with the sentiment. Never has so conventional a form been used to say things so full of revolution.

Goldsmith's personality must be looked at with caution. We should be slow to take Boswell's word that Goldsmith said "stupid things." A stupid thing, to James Boswell (page 331), was a thing in which he could see no sense. And it is not every Scotchman who can see sense in an Irish joke. Even in sayings which Boswell quotes to show Goldsmith's "simplicity," a modern reader can see that Goldsmith was making fun of his solemn

companion. The *Vicar of Wakefield* leads people, besides, to misunderstand Goldsmith's nature. So thoroughly does he enter into the part of the simple-minded old vicar, that many attribute to Goldsmith himself the gentle



THE VICAR AND HIS FAMILY

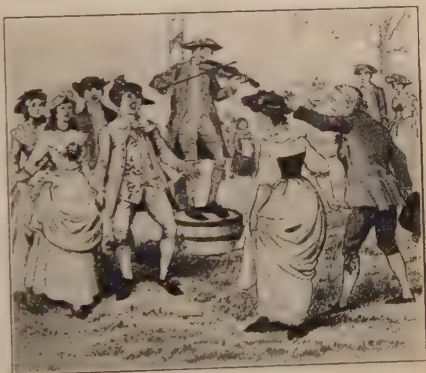
Illustrating Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. It catches the simple holiday spirit of the scene.

absurdities of the speaker. They fail to catch Goldsmith's wink of amusement. He loved the vicar's simplicity, but he himself must have been far from "simple" or "child-like."

His life is fascinatingly irregular. Had he wished to write a "picaresque" romance (page 304), his own experi-

ence would have furnished material and to spare. He ran away from the university, returned, tried to enter two professions, and rambled over most of the Continent, flute-playing and "disputing" in return for food and shelter. He taught, acted, wrote, after the underpaid, hand-to-mouth fashion of Grub Street, and became, in some accidental, left-handed way, famous and in a sense successful. He was unreliable, kind-hearted, improvident, a man of marvelous cleverness and little "balance."

His Life



A RUSTIC DANCE

An old English scene such as Goldsmith had in mind in his *Deserted Village*.

His literary power lies in his combined cleverness and warmth of heart. He wrote two great works—one play and one poem, and a third work, a novel, that will always hold an important place. And the secret of the success of each is its wit and its understanding of the heart.

The *Deserted Village* is founded upon two ideas absolutely revolutionary in Goldsmith's age. One is that the workman is more valuable to his country than the lord, that his life is more normal and his joys more wholesome. The other is that the power of the rich, their control of the welfare of the peasants, is likely to lead to abuse. Goldsmith suggests no reform. He merely draws a pathetic picture of the evil. The

novelty lies in the fact that the picture is pathetic. A satirist like Dryden or Pope or Swift would have lashed the oppressive rich. Goldsmith forgets all but sorrow for the poor. He approaches revolution not through rebellion but through brotherhood; not with hate, but with tender-



GOLDSMITH READING HIS PLAY

He is reading *She Stoops to Conquer* to a "small but appreciative" audience. Observe the eighteenth-century surroundings.

ness. And this new attitude brings us along the road of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the French Revolution. A satirist, who sees faults and weaknesses is satisfied with making others see them. A humanitarian, who feels for the suffering, is not satisfied while they remain unhappy.

She Stoops to Conquer is a clever comedy whose humor comes from human sympathy. It contains real people, who behave in a real way. The *Vicar of Wakefield* has

been spoken of on another page (page 325). With all its faults of construction, it has a charm that **His Other Work** will never die. Goldsmith's other work is unimportant except as it shows what kind of man he was. He had an easy gift of expression, a knack of catching the public. The world knew that he liked it. One gets a capital idea of some sides of his character from Washington Irving's *Life of Goldsmith*. The creator of Rip van Winkle and Brom Bones could understand the creator of Moses and Tony Lumpkin. And an author who felt the charm of an English village could appreciate the man who painted the picture of "Sweet Auburn."

Goldsmith's divergence from his time lies in the fact that he is so impulsively, warm-heartedly, and refreshingly *human*. Fortunately such humanity is to be less uncommon in the century that follows.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- In what does Thomson follow eighteenth century rules and customs?
- In what respect is he governed by the new (Romantic) ideas?
- What two elements of Romanticism mark the poetry of Gray?
- What were the poems of *Ossian* supposed to be?
- Explain why poetry of a primitive type appealed to the age in which they appeared.
- Show why a forgery might have suited the time better than the genuine Gaelic poetry.
- What was Percy's *Reliques*?
- What element in the Romantic tendency did it satisfy?
- What element of the new sort in Goldsmith? What contrast between the form and thought?
- What makes Goldsmith more popular to-day than Pope or Dryden?

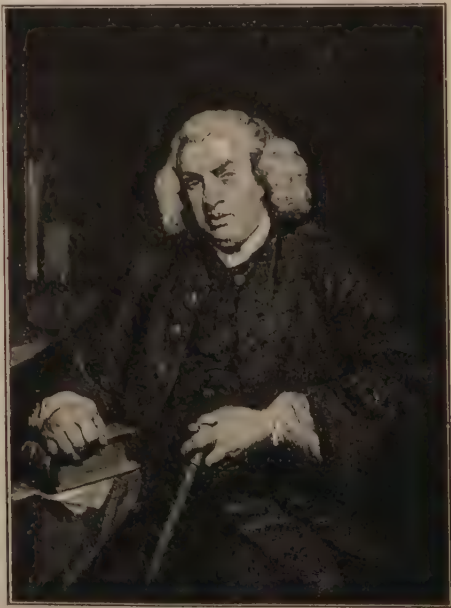
CHAPTER IX

SAMUEL JOHNSON, THE GREAT REACTIONARY

WE have noted the men who took the first steps toward the new, who anticipated coming changes and led the

way.
Johnson

In Samuel Johnson we see just their opposite, a man who clung to the old, who resented change, and by his personal force and influence delayed literary revolution. He is typical of the new only in the interest roused by his personality. His oddity, his violence, his eccentricities, appealed more to his time than they would to the age of Pope. He triumphed over romanticism by romantic irregularities of conduct and character.



SAMUEL JOHNSON

A famous portrait (by Reynolds). One sees in it the spirit of the man. One understands from it why he was laughed at — and why he was feared and loved.

Johnson fought his way up from poverty through hardship and suffering. He never lost the marks of the struggle. His natural awkwardness and eccentric ungain-

liness were exaggerated by want and disease and overwork. He was narrow-minded, not from smallness of vision, but from the depth and force of his convictions. Belief was to him a passion. He was a royalist and a man of unreasoning faith, even of superstition. He believed in the "classical" doctrines of form and rule in literature and preached them convincingly. Consequently, his writings never revealed his real self. Johnson was not a great writer. His poem *London* contains clever couplets. His prose is impressive, but moves as ponderously as the man himself. It is stiff with old-fashioned antitheses and heavy with Latin derivatives. His *Dictionary* was a work of great patience and some scholarship, but is hardly literature. His criticism on Shakspeare, illumined by real sense and sympathy, is limited by his narrow views of literary art. His *Lives of the Poets* have value, but no great interest. His *Rasselas*, a moral romance, is interesting as evidence of his style and character. One no longer reads it for its own sake. In short, Johnson, regarded merely as a writer, would by now have been forgotten.

Johnson lives to-day, not as a writer, but as a man. And he lives not by what he wrote, but by what another wrote about him. Socrates, the Greek philosopher, reaches the modern reader through what his disciples wrote of his teachings. Now Johnson was not a philosopher. He hardly advanced one constructive idea. His best sayings were like those of Benjamin Franklin, brilliant expressions of common sense. But Johnson's biographer, Boswell, in most respects an ordinary man, had one extraordinary gift, that of making clear to the reader what he saw clearly himself. Many have read stories about Sherlock Holmes. Boswell

His Work and
Character

His Debt to
Boswell

was to Johnson what "Watson" was to Holmes, a satellite and faithful chronicler, and, what is more, an interesting and vivid chronicler. We must not, in realizing the littleness of Boswell the man, underrate Boswell the



JOHNSON, BOSWELL, AND GOLDSMITH

As they must often have met. Reynolds, the artist, and Burke were also members of this group of friends.

artist. Appreciation and power to picture count as well as invention. His art is art, even if unconscious.

Boswell and Johnson, in partnership, created one of the greatest works of the eighteenth century, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. The thing that makes it great is the man Johnson himself, a character so fascinating and striking that its invention by a writer would have marked him as

a genius. Only Shakspeare could have created the character of Samuel Johnson. It was a character not only interesting and impressive; it was strangely magnetic. Once in a while we find a man who "stands out," a man whom his age watches with attention. Sometimes he is a great man. Sometimes he is great only in this one quality.



JOHNSON IN THE NOBLE LORD'S ANTEROOM

His sturdy strength is in rude contrast with the refined extravagance and polished frivolity of those about him. Tory though he was, he unconsciously stood for the solid common sense that was to triumph over aristocracy.

The public who saw and knew Johnson felt this power of his personality, and our later public, who see him through the depiction of Boswell, feel the power no less. Even we of to-day know the man,—the

His Striking
Personality

awkward, ponderous body, the untidy dress, the eccentric ways, the nervous twitches and coughs and puffings, and behind and overcoming all these, the man's amazing force and personal quality. It was not that Johnson saw more deeply than others. He *did* have a penetrating common sense, but this was only part. What made him great was just the *weight* of his personality, the tremendous compelling earnestness of the man's whole being. He had a genius for picturesque earnestness. He was just the sublimely confident self that the world, amid its doubts and hesitations, turns to with relief.

And just in this one thing Johnson, in spite of his convictions, is typical of the new. For what the world loves about Johnson is not his reactionary old-time views, but his aggressive, emotional, earnest *modern* personality. He preached eighteenth-century indifference with a romantic devotion that made him romantic. Boswell's Johnson is a "hero." And a hero is a mark of a romantic age.

One sentence, in closing, will show the prose style that Johnson affected. One can see why he needed a Boswell to catch him off his guard and to record his natural speech. It is from his *Rasselas*.

On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of the chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade.

Clearly, it is not for writing like this that Johnson is famous. He is famous for being himself, — the man whom Boswell's record has made immortal.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What is meant by calling Johnson a "reactionary?"

Upon what does our modern interest in Johnson depend?

What literary merits has Boswell?

Try to state the qualities in Johnson that makes him interesting.

CHAPTER X

PROSE WORK, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE novel in its earlier stages has already been dealt with. There was, however, in the eighteenth century, other prose than fiction. Eighteenth-century "practical" prose was putting its practical qualities to valuable use. History was developing, also science, and in a fashion philosophy.

What History had been

History before the eighteenth century had been regarded by the English writer merely as the superficial story of a nation or of the world. The historian told "what happened." He might, if inspired, decorate his tale with bits of poetic writing, or might invent noble speeches for his heroes, but there his task ended. History in the first part of the eighteenth century was merely an occupation for hack-writers.

But history should be far more than this. To-day we feel that a historian must not only tell what happened (and tell it with an accuracy of which the early historian never dreamed); we feel besides that a historian must *understand* and *interpret* the story that he tells. It is not enough to say that two nations fought. He must make us understand why they fought and must make us understand to what the strife led.

New Ideals

The historian must do for a nation what a novelist does for characters. He must explain causes and trace results. And he must use imagination, not to invent, but to interpret motives and passions.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century historians began to realize their task. Hume, a philosopher as well

Gibbon as a historian, worked in the right direction.

His inaccuracy and dry style have caused his *History of England* to lose its once high place. Robertson, another Scotchman, followed somewhat similar lines. More conspicuous than either was Edward Gibbon, whose *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (published in 1776) may be called the first great history in English. He combines thoroughness and accuracy, power to unite his facts into a connected story, and the literary gift to fuse the whole together and make it live as a work of literature. Gibbon has defects. He fails to grasp and to show what one may call spiritual facts. He is too much blinded by eighteenth-century "common sense" to allow for enthusiasms, loyalties, aspirations, the indefinite emotional causes that lead to "practical" results. Yet Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, with its wonderful style and its insight into the meaning of the story he tells, is a history as well worth reading to-day as it was when it was written.

Another department of prose that increased in importance was *oratory*. The latter days of the eighteenth century and the early days of the nineteenth

Oratory are the golden age of English orators. In the early eighteenth century the tone of life was as a rule too cold and critical for eloquence. In its latter days the spirit that led to romanticism admitted of an increased warmth. True oratory is a near relative of poetry. It

must pay attention to "facts." It must keep its feet upon the ground, but it may, especially in a peroration, rise into the plane of poetry itself.

We find, just at the time when the great issues of the French war and American Revolution broke away the last remnants of political indifference, a marked outbreak of



EDMUND BURKE

oratory. Men realized that politics made a difference in life. Men began too to feel, as a boat drawn toward a waterfall feels the grip of the current, the "drag" of human tendency that was sweeping to unrest and revolution. It is this that accounts for Pitt and Fox and Burke.

Of the three Burke is the greatest, for he is more than a politician and parlia-

Burke

mentary orator. Burke had the soul of the historian, the philosopher who sees through the acts of nations

The man who saw clearly the idea that underlies imperial government, — freedom of each part within an organized whole.

to the causes that inspire them, and the results to which they must lead. He saw in the taxing of America without representation an act that might lead to the loss of the colonies, and he saw, in the growing demands of men for representation, causes that must lead to a broader imperial policy. His speeches upon American affairs, notably the *Speech on Conciliation with America*, show a breadth and

a clearness of vision that approach the prophetic. Unfortunately his later writings upon the French Revolution are reactionary. Horrified by the excesses of freedom, he lost faith, and not seeing, as Macaulay later saw, that the cure for the evils of half freedom is more freedom, he abandoned the side of progress.

Burke as a political philosopher never unreservedly accepted the doctrine of popular government. He never really approved the ideas that underlie the present government of England or of the United States—government directly by the vote of the masses. Even in his speech upon *Conciliation*, he lays more weight upon expediency than upon right. He was a halfway reformer, and halfway reformers are easily frightened. One great idea Burke did express in enduring form, his ideal of the British empire, his conception of local self-government under imperial federation. He saw how to combine free states into one mighty empire. The possibilities of this idea are still developing. In it may lie the way to the ending of war and to the federation of mankind.

What makes Burke great, besides a halfway vision (remarkable in an age of no vision at all), was his literary genius. He had a marvelous power of organizing his thought into a unified structure. His speech on *Conciliation* is like a huge engine, a complicated mechanical structure where every part does its work in the complex whole. He could digress from his subject, and digress from his digression, and remember, all the time, not only where he was going, but just what part each point was to play in his final intention. Burke's style has wonderful richness. It is Latinized, but not overloaded like Johnson's.

Burke's
Literary
Genius

It had not the ponderousness of the elephant, but the massive strength of the chargers that knights rode to battle. And it was glorified with poetic imagination.

There are different verdicts upon Burke as an orator. We must not be hasty to pronounce against him for failing to interest hearers who were paid to vote the other way, who objected to thinking. Fox and Pitt are more "brilliant." Their speeches are worth reading for their fire. They were written not to present philosophy, but to rouse attention. But they do not deserve study as do Burke's.

The power of oratory was at its height only for a time. The development of the daily press, with its "editorials" and its "open letters," was soon to reduce the power of direct speech. Even in Burke's time we find that the "pamphlet," a booklet widely circulated, could reach more readers than any speech in Parliament. Burke's speech indeed had more influence when circulated in pamphlet form than it had upon the few that listened to it. The printed word was to rival the spoken and to surpass it.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What must a historian do besides "telling the facts?"

What did Gibbon write and why is he famous?

Why was oratory important just at the end of the eighteenth century?

In what is Burke great? Show that he was more than a clever speaker.

What has reduced the importance of oratory in modern times?

CHAPTER XI

POETS AHEAD OF THEIR AGE

THE deliberate beginners of the romantic movement were Wordsworth and Coleridge. They *knew* that they were doing a new thing. But before these

Cowper there came several poets who wrote in a new way merely because instinct led them. They were spirits apart from their age.

Cowper was a shy, nervous, shrinking invalid, unfitted for the world. Blake was close to the border that divides genius from insanity. Burns was a peasant, familiar from childhood with the songs of his own land. All three lived at about the same time as Johnson. Yet all three lived in spirit in another age.

William Cowper (1731-1800) wrote a long blank verse poem describing nature.

His blank verse in this poem, *The Task*, overcomes the stiffness that we see in Thomson.

It was hard, however, for one educated in the heroic couplet to catch the old freedom of Shakspeare and Marlowe. Cowper saw nature more vividly and sympathetically than Thomson. Thomson draws it accurately, line by line.



COWPER

The gentle unworldly poet who wrote of nature and the human heart.

Cowper colors the whole with imagination. *The Task* as a whole does not interest modern readers, yet it contains not only vivid pictures of nature, but meditations far in advance of its times.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for men; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire. . . .

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored . . .
Chains him and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

It is significant that Cowper loved the *Iliad* enough to translate it with Greek simplicity. One should note, too, Cowper's *John Gilpin* (a poem to be found in most collections). It returns to the ballad form, humorously, it is true, but Cowper showed that he could regain the ballad manner. Observe, too, in the *Golden Treasury*, his *Loss of the Royal George* (No. 165), his *Poplar Field* (No. 183), and *The Castaway* (No. 205). A striking mark of the new spirit is his suffering from religious fears. Religion had become a living experience. It was his misfortune that

it brought not comfort but terror. Another sign of new days is his tenderness towards animals, his gentle affection toward all.

A writer akin to Cowper is George Crabbe, (1754-1832). His long poems in heroic couplet are cold, but they mark the new age in their sympathy with the villagers of the parish in which he lived as a clergyman. We see in him a brotherhood that saw in human joys and suffering the same appeal to sympathy whatever the "station" of the man that felt them.

A startling departure from his time is found

Blake in William Blake (1757-1827). Blake was a man who could not "belong"

to an age or follow a fashion. Almost insanely individual, he cared nothing what other men thought or wrote. He wrote for his own satisfaction. Naturally the world ignored him. It remained for a few in his old age, and for many after his death, to realize the eccentric poet-painter's genius, and to see that in defying his time he had written for posterity.



JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

The helpless rider would be only too glad to stop.

Blake had amazing imagination, that verged upon illusion and delirium. To him from every cloud and tree and flower and star there looked a spiritual presence. Blake's work struggles to cross the barriers, to enter the unknowable. Poetry that tries to suggest what it cannot express, is necessarily obscure. Some of Blake's poems could be fully understood only by the man who wrote them. Yet a mountain with inaccessible peaks is more inspiring than a hill which all may tread.



WILLIAM BLAKE

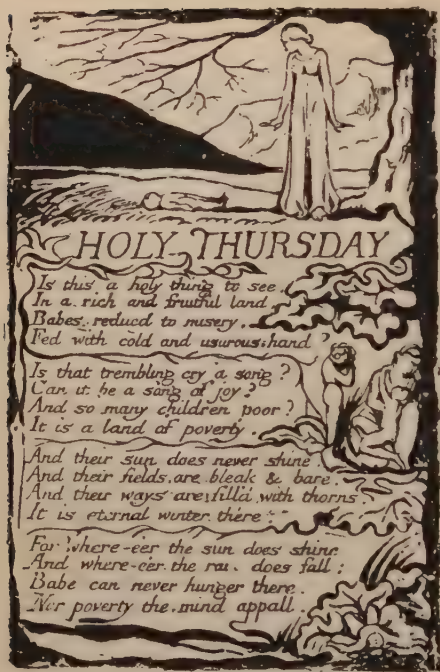
The following will give some idea of Blake's poetry. There is spiritual intensity combined with childish sim-

A face showing strong character. The eye has a hint of wildness, perhaps even of madness.

plicity. Observe the imagination in such figures as "When the stars threw down their spears and watered heaven with their tears," or "In the forests of the night."

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?



A POEM BY BLAKE

Blake lettered and illustrated most of his own poems in this manner.

Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

The peasant poet, Robert Burns (1759-1796), has little in common with Blake and Cowper except originality and independence. His lowly birth and defective education hampered him, yet on the other hand kept him apart from the fashionable artificiality.

Carlyle makes much of Burns's "message to mankind."

And what shoulder and
what art
Could twist the sinews
of thy heart?
And when thy heart be-
gan to beat,
What dread hand? and
what dread feet?

What the hammer?
what the chain?
In what furnace was thy
brain?
What the anvil? What
dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors
clasp?

When the stars threw
down their spears
And watered heaven
with their tears,
Did he smile his work
to see?
Did he who made the
lamb, make thee?

Probably Burns himself was never aware of any "message." He made poems because he loved to.

His Nature

There is little evidence even that he felt that he was leading poetry into new ways. He had loved from the first the simple songs of the Scotch countryside, and he followed the traditions of his native song, elevating his work by the standards of the past.

Burns had no philosophy of life. There is little sign that he consistently sought any. In one poem he praises a life of reckless pleasure, a life that makes joy where it can be found, without thought of consequences to himself or to others; another poem will be full of remorse and high ideals. One poem



ROBERT BURNS

A face full of force and character. The eyes are remarkably expressive.

will be religious; another will mock at religious seriousness. Burns lived a life of altering emotions. He had a temperament ideal in a lyric poet, who must sing all the passions of man; but the temperament that makes an ideal writer of songs does not necessarily make an ideal *man*. He had sympathy with all, — the lover who betrayed and the girl whom he forsook, — but his sympathy with the girl who was forsaken did not keep him from loving and forsaking repeatedly. The poor victim of Burns's "love" probably felt none the less heartbroken to know that he would make an immortal song upon her sufferings!

Every feeling of life touched Burns profoundly. In contrast to the "sensible" man of the eighteenth century, he lived a life of vibrating intensity that answered to every experience. A mouse whose nest he turned up in the field, the death of a favorite sheep, the sight of a proud



(c) Emery Print.

BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE (AYR)

As it was in Burns's day, outside the town at the edge of the open country.

lady in church unaware of a louse upon her bonnet, his love for a pretty girl, his detestation of a smug hypocrite, — each impression lifted him to poetic excitement. "Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke." He had little character of his own — he was a leaf in the wind of his passions. He sang all the feelings of all men, for he was swayed by them all.

No wonder that such a man, oversensitive, undirected by

any guiding philosophy (his cynical century had none to offer him), should have failed as a man among men. But what concerns us here is not his life as a man, but his work and his influence as a poet. It is here that Burns is great.

His poems break away from the type of their time. To London critics they came as songs from another planet. They were poems that *sang*, the verse of which, while they could be "scanned" if one wished, yet had a swinging music that was more than meter, as grace in the dancer makes one forget the steps in the dance. They were poems simple in language. The world was slowly to realize that the deepest feeling uses the simplest words, because they are of the sort that come first. Burns had grasped this fact, and every word he uses is a live word that goes straight to the heart, not roundabout by way of the intellect or the dictionary.

Another thing about the poetry of Burns is the *sincerity* of its feeling. He "lets himself go." He does not, like an eighteenth-century poet, hesitate to get into emotions beyond his depth for fear of ridicule. He strips off and plunges in, and is far less ridiculous than the elegant gentleman who rolls up his finery and paddles in the shallows. Compare, with this in mind, two poems in the *Golden Treasury*, Gay's *Blackeyed Susan* (No. 166) and Burns's *Farewell* (No. 168). Gay, a polished gentleman, is amusing himself elegantly with the sentiments of the "lower classes." William, as sailor in the navy, is parting from his Susan.

Though battle call me from thy arms
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Let cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

This is ingenious — and unreal. There is not a bit of human feeling in it. Compare with it the following from Burns:

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 But it's not the roar of sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar —
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

This gives the heart of the thing, what the *man who went* really felt in his soul as he sailed.

Carlyle dwells upon Burns's "clearness of sight." Burns differed from the writers of the classic school in his *definiteness*. He uses the word that pictures. **Clear Detail** Probably he does not do this from principle. He feels so intensely that we too see each detail flashing out in the white lightning of his passion. In the passage above see the picturing vividness in "the banners fly," "the glittering spears." There are no impossible cannon-balls wandering about to be deflected by classical Cupids. The poet, like Chaucer's *Arcite*, is in deadly earnest and has no mind for "play."

The student should study Burns in selections. Much in the complete works is not worth study. The long poems most worth reading are the *Cotter's Saturday Night*,

Tam o' Shanter, and a few others (see List of Authors, page 559). To these should be added the greater part of the Songs, in which lies the very best of Burns's work — songs that are sung wherever English is spoken.

We must never forget, however, that Burns is not an *English* poet, that he represents a Scotland that was much



SCOTTISH SCENERY

Even in the "Lowlands" are scenes like this. There are bare heather-covered hills, below which lie woods and the flowering "banks and braes" that Burns sang of. Lochs (lakes) and streams add to the beauty.

farther from England than is the Scotland of to-day. His language is not a "vulgar" dialect, but is what was once the language of the Scottish court, a northern sister of the English.

Burns influenced English poetry. Men were on the alert for something that would satisfy their need, and Burns showed, by what he did in the Scottish tongue, what English poetry might do, how

His Influence

sweetness and directness and human feeling could be put into words. Incidentally, he drew attention to other poets of his land who could teach the secret of unaffected song. In the *Golden Treasury*, besides the work of Burns, there are such lyrics as *Auld Robin Gray* (No. 194), *The Sailor's Wife* (No. 194), *The Land of the Leal* (No. 198) the wonderful *Lament for Flodden*, (No. 162) the *Flowers of the Forest* (No. 162). Burns is the best of a group of Scottish singers.

It is not only in literature that the new tendencies are to be seen. They are seen also in painting. Formal portraiture was giving place to portraits that showed the soul, — portraits like Reynolds's *Johnson* (page 330). There came a new interest in historical subjects, at first treated "classically" but later warming with human passion. We find a growing interest in landscape. Gainsborough, noted chiefly for his portraits, painted some landscapes that remind us of the poetry of Thomson. Later, at the beginning of the new century, we find Constable entering perfectly into the spirit of English country scenes. His *Hay-Wain* (see opposite page) has something of the directness, the poetical simplicity of Wordsworth. Following him, up to the present day, one finds a succession of painters of landscape. What one should note in their work is not merely their loving study and accurate depiction of facts of cloud and wave and leaf, but their attempt to convey, through their pictures of natural scenes, the moods that these scenes aroused in them. One of the most talked of painters of the early nineteenth century was Turner. His drawing of a cliff in a storm (page 491) is, it is true, sensational, altering the facts to fit the feeling. Yet in its poetry, its delight in



THE HAY-WAIN, BY CONSTABLE

Showing the new interest in natural scenery and rustic life. The artist sees nature accurately and sympathetically.

what one might call the excitement of nature, it belongs with Blake and Coleridge. It could not have been painted in the "classical" age. It marks the rise of a new romanticism.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

In what respects does Cowper surpass Thomson?

Give some idea of his personal character. What traits attract you?

What did Crabbe write?

Do you like the extract from Blake? For what qualities?

How does Blake's personality account for his freedom from the restrictions of his day?

How do Burns's surroundings account for his freedom?

What was Burns's personal temperament? Show that it peculiarly fitted him for the writing of songs.

What is meant by his *sincerity*, by his *clearness of sight*?

Mention other Scotch poets who wrote with simplicity and directness.

CHAPTER XII

LATER FICTION TO 1800

EVEN in the days of Johnson we find stories that depict the unusual and supernatural. After the novels of Richardson and Fielding, these stories could never depart so far from reality as did the romances of the centuries before. They had one foot upon the ground of fact. With the enthusiasm for *Ossian* and the printing of the *Reliques*, we find a growing interest in what is called the "Gothic," the architecture and life of medieval days. Old castles were visited, old churches were (usually to their hurt) "restored," and people took new interest in the men that built these castles and churches, though they knew amazingly little about them.

The best known novels of the time were Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764) and Mrs. Anne Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1795). Horace Walpole was a wealthy and brilliant idler. At the junction of two ages he seemed to jest at both. Some take his *Castle of Otranto* as serious.

Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe

Others question whether he ever meant anything seriously. Possibly his romance, with its impossible happenings and unaccountable horrors, is a huge joke. Mrs. Radcliffe meant her *Mysteries of Udolpho* seriously, but she takes pains to explain away all the supernatural. No explanation, however, can take away the uncanny impression. It is a glorious succession of secret passages, muffled figures, clanking chains, and moonlit ruins.



A "ROMANTIC" SCENE

Dense woods, zigzag lightning, and a swooning heroine make a scene worthy of Mrs. Radcliffe.

Other writers in the same general spirit are William Beckford, author of *Vathek*, an Oriental nightmare, and Matthew Lewis, whose *Monk* and other weird tales and poems are not good reading for timid children. A later writer who put his horrors into clever verse is Richard Barham, whose *Ingoldsby Legends* is worth reading to-day. It is later than the

Ingoldsby
Legends

books that represent this period, but is far more readable, and makes a queer mixture of smiles and shudders. There came out, too, a pretty story of the impossible called *Peter Wilkins*, a book about people who could fly, with a charming heroine who had wings, much more like a real girl than some modern heroines without them.

The important thing is that people, who had been taking an interest only in observing each other's ways

A New Pleasure with superiority because all the others were a "little queer," now were beginning a new

literary pastime, that of *getting their feelings stirred up*. One kind of feeling that they began to stir up was the sense of fear and horror. Readers began, consequently, in pursuit of such emotional excitement, to feel an interest in wild scenery, in old ruins (especially by moonlight), in ancient legends, and in tales of the supernatural.

(The American echo of this spirit comes later. Toward the end of the eighteenth century our ancestors were too

•Later Echoes busy with the English army to give attention to English fiction. But in Irving's *Spectre Bridegroom* and *Rip Van Winkle* and in passages in Cooper's

novels are traces of the "tales of horror." An almost forgotten American named Brockden Brown wrote powerful stories of mystery. Later, when American literature had advanced, we find Poe and Hawthorne using the same kind of theme with subtler art. Poe's *Tales* and Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables* do far better what the *Mysteries of Udolpho* or the *Castle of Otranto* set out to do.)

The following will give an idea of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*:

"Let us go," said Emily faintly; the air of these rooms is unwholesome; but, when she attempted to do so, considering that she

must pass through the apartment where the phantom of her terror had appeared. this terror increased; and, too faint to support herself, she sat down on the side of the bed. . . . Udolpho

Emily turned to look within the dusky curtains, as if she could have seen the countenance of which Dorothee spoke. The edge of the white pillow only appeared above the blackness of the pall; but, as her eyes wandered over the pall itself, she fancied she saw it move. Without speaking, she caught Dorothee's arm, who, surprised by the action, and by the look of terror that accompanied it, turned her eyes from Emily to the bed, where, in the next moment, she, too, saw the pall slowly lifted and fall again.

Emily attempted to go, but Dorothee stood fixed and gazing upon the bed; and at length said — "It is only the wind that waves it, ma'amselle! we have left all the doors open: see how the air waves the lamp too — it is only the wind."

She had scarcely uttered these words, when the pall was more violently agitated than before; but Emily, somewhat ashamed of her terrors, stepped back to the bed, willing to be convinced that the wind only had occasioned her alarm; when, as she gazed within the curtains, the pall moved again, and, in the next moment, the apparition of a human countenance rose above it.

Screaming with terror, they both fled.

Crude artistically as this work was, it showed a renewing of the spirit of wonder, a desire to *feel*, a craving that, once aroused, would seek higher means of satisfaction. The graduates of *Udolpho* were ready for *Ivanhoe*.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What evidence of renewed interest in medieval antiquity?

What was the *Castle of Otranto*? What kind of man was its author?

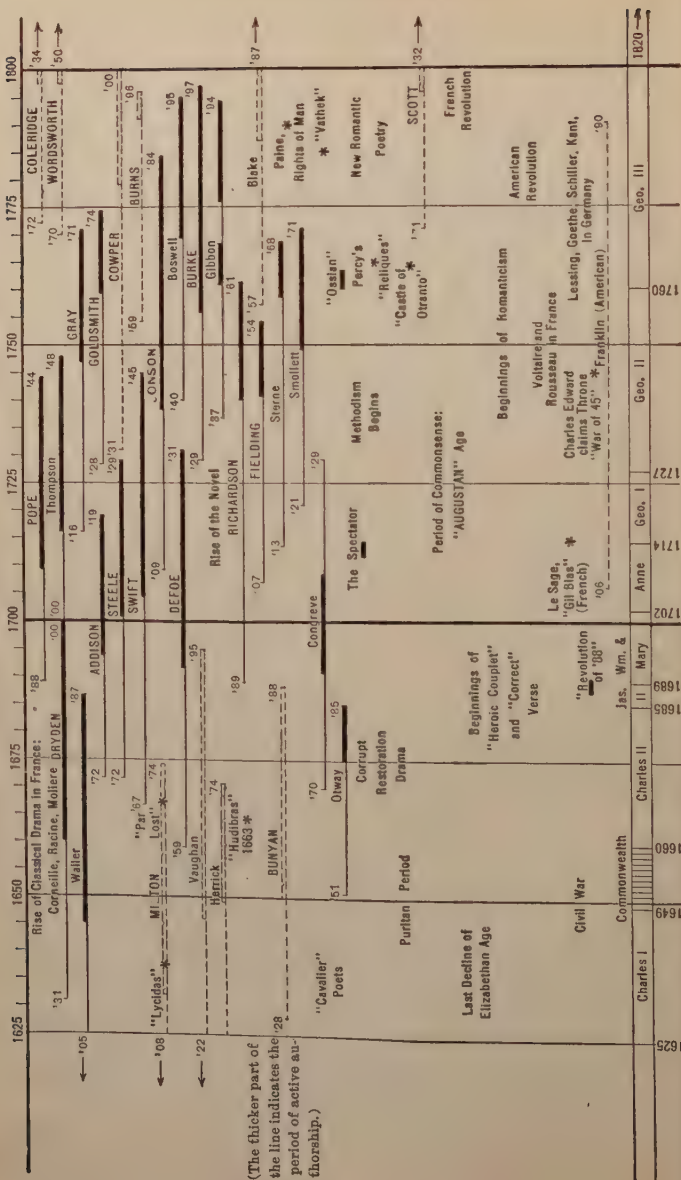
What kind of book was the *Mysteries of Udolpho*?

What is said about *Vathek*, Lewis's *Monk*, Barham's *Ingloldsby Legends*, *Peter Wilkins*?

With what object did people read such books? What change does this show?

What later reflection of work of this sort is seen in America? What is its relative literary value?

CLASSIC OR "AUGUSTAN" PERIOD. (Eighteenth Century)



RECOMMENDED READING

The following works are recommended in addition to the general works named on pages xi-xiv: (An asterisk indicates those best suited to the student.)

HISTORY:

- * Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*.
- Hale, *Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century*.
- Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (not usually desirable).
- Morris, *Age of Queen Anne* (not advised as a rule).
- Oliphant, *Historical Sketches of the Reign of Queen Anne*.
- Stanhope, *Reign of Queen Anne*.
- * Sydney, *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*.
- * Thackeray, *The Four Georges*.

LITERATURE:

- Garnett, *The Age of Dryden*.
- Perry, *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*.
- * Stephens, L., *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*.
- * Stephens, L., *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (for teachers and exceptional students).
- Macaulay, *Essay on Addison*.
- Dennis, *The Age of Pope*.
- Saintsbury, *The Peace of the Augustans*.
- * Thackeray, *English Humorists*.
- * Beers, *English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*.
- * Phelps, *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*.
- Vaughn, *The Romantic Revolt*.
- * Brandes (vol. 4 of *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*), *Naturalism in England*.
- Bailey, *Dr. Johnson and his Circle*.
- Irving, *Life of Goldsmith*.
- Seccombe, *The Age of Johnson*.
- Carlyle, *Essay on Burns*.

DEVELOPMENT OF FICTION. (See also at end of Book II, page 250.)

Cross, *Development of the English Novel*.

Dunlop, *History of Fiction*.

Hopkins and Hughes, *The English Novel before the Nineteenth Century*.

Lanier, *The English Novel*.

Raleigh, *The English Novel*.

Stoddard, *The Evolution of the English Novel*.

Tuckerman, *History of English Prose Fiction*.

Perry, *A Study of Prose Fiction*.

Burton, *Masters of the English Novel*.

Horne, C. E., *Technique of the Novel*.

Hamilton, *Materials and Methods of Fiction*.

BIOGRAPHY:

Specially notable long biographies (outside the series named, page xiii) are Aitkin's *Steele* and Boswell's *Johnson*.

FICTION DEALING WITH THE PERIOD: (Arranged approximately in the order of the time treated.)

* Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*. (Charles II).

Macdonald, R., *The Sword of the King*.

Crockett, *Men of the Moss-hags* (Covenanters).

Couch, Q., *The Blue Pavilions*.

* Weyman, *Shrewsbury* (1688).

* Burnett, *Lady of Quality* (1690).

* De Morgan, *An Affair of Dishonor*.

* Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*

* Manning, *Old Chelsea Bun-House*.

* Woods, *Esther Vanhomrigh* (based on life of Swift).

Gaskell, *Old Shropshire Life*.

Besant, *Dorothy Foster*.

Mason and Lang, *Parson Kelley*.

Castle, *French Nan*.

* Scott, *Heart of Midlothian*.

* Weyman, *Sophia*.

* Besant, *The World Went Very Well Then*.

* Scott, *Waverley*.

* Stevenson, *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour* (sequel).

- * Stevenson, *The Master of Ballantrae*.
- * Tarkington, *Monsieur Beaucaire*.
- * Castle, *Bath Comedy*.
- * Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.
- Barr, *Bernicia* }
- Braddon, *The Infidel* } Stories of the Wesley Revival.
- * Besant, *The Orange Girl*.
- Thackeray, *Barry Lyndon*.
- * Weyman, *The Castle Inn*.
- * More, *The Jessamy Bride*.
- Thackeray, *The Virginians* (1756).
- * Dickens, *Barnaby Rudge* (1780).
- Burney, *Evelina*.
- * Besant and Rice, *Chaplain of the Fleet*.
- * Eliot, *Adam Bede*.

BOOK III. LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

The relative importance of each author (or work) is indicated by face of type. Works starred are recommended for reading. Double asterisks indicate that the book is especially recommended for student's reading.

The sign (Col.) means that the work indicated (or selections from the author indicated) should be read in *standard selections*. See the list on page xiv.

Page numbers indicate the page of this book where the author or work is discussed.

(The list of works under an author's name is not, as a rule, complete. The aim is merely to indicate *representative works*.)

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
	Edmund Waller poems 1605-1687	See outline following Book II. Placed here as an important predecessor of Dryden in developing the formal heroic couplet, p. 268
William III 1689-1702 (Assertion by the people of their right to select their ruler) "Bill of Rights" 1689	JOHN DRYDEN (Col.) poems 1631-1700	<i>Annus Mirabilis</i> (1667). The story of a "marvelous year" (1666), the year of the great London Fire and other events ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL* (1681) (Col.), p. 269 MAC FLECKNOE (1682) (Col.)* p. 270 <i>Religio Laici</i> (1682) <i>The Hind and the Panther</i> (1687) <i>All for Love</i> (play) (1678) <i>Alexander's Feast</i> * (1697) Odes, etc., (Col.)* PALAMON AND ARCITE* (retold from Chaucer), p. 264
	John Locke 1632-1704	<i>Essay concerning Human Understanding</i> (1690). An important contribution to English thought
Boileau (French critic)	SAMUEL PEPYS 1632-1703	<i>Diary</i> (Col. * or abridgment) (1660-1669), published, 1825, p. 244, written when the author was a young man. His talkativeness comes from the liveliness of youth, not from the garrulity of age
	(Sir) George Etherege (Col.) plays 1634-1694	<i>The Comical Revenge</i> , etc. (1664). <i>The Man of Mode</i> (1676) Plays typical of the age, lively, but of low moral standard, p. 273
	William Wycherley (Col.) plays 1640-1715	<i>The Country Wife</i> (1673) } Like the <i>The Plain Dealer</i> (1674) } above

* See explanation, top of page.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
QUEEN ANNE 1702-14	<i>Aphra Behn</i> (Col.) plays poems 1640-1689 THOMAS OTWAY tragedies 1651-1685	Plays and poems (like the above) <i>The Orphan</i> (1680). A writer who, at his best, is worthy to be named with the great Elizabethans. His genius was discolored by its surroundings VENICE PRESERVED (Col.)* (1682) <i>Nero</i> (1675) <i>Sophonisba</i> (1676)
Battle of Blenheim 1704	<i>Nathaniel Lee</i> plays 1655-1692 DANIEL DEFOE p. 305	<i>Apparition of Mrs. Veal</i> (Col.)* (1706) In a sense the first writer of fiction and the first journalistic essayist
<i>Formal Union of Eng- land and Scotland</i> 1707	narratives 1661-1731 essays	ROBINSON CRUSOE** (1719) <i>Colonel Jack</i> <i>Journal of Plague Year</i> * (1722). Not a genuine journal
George I 1714-1727 George II 1727-1760 French and Indian Wars in America	<i>Matthew Prior</i> (Col.) poems 1664-1721 JONATHAN SWIFT p. 296 essays, etc. 1667-1745 p. 299	Graceful poems of a superficial charm BATTLE OF THE BOOKS (Col.)* (1698). On the dispute upon "the ancients" and "the moderns" as standards of literature TALE OF A TUB (Col.)* (1698). On the religious controversies of the day ARGUMENT AGAINST ABOLISHING CHRISTIANITY (Col.)* (1708) <i>Journal to Stella</i> (Col.)* (1710-16). A revelation of the tenderer side of a stern nature
<i>Le Sage</i> (French writer of picaresque tales)		TRAVELS OF LEMUEL GULLIVER,** (in edition for schools) (1726), p. 297 ff. MODEST PROPOSAL (for relieving Ireland), p. 300
Scotland rises for the Young Pretender 1745-6		<i>The Double Dealer</i> (1694) <i>The Mourning Bride</i> (1697) Like Etherege and Wycherly above but on the whole cleverer. No less immoral
	WILLIAM CONGREVE plays 1670-1729 SIR RICHARD STEELE p. 285 ff. essays 1671-1729	(Col.) (1709-1714) Essays in TATLER and SPECTATOR,* p. 285 ff. Plays (comedies)

* See explanation, page 360.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Wars with France	JOSEPH ADDISON poems 1672-1719 essays p. 291 ff.	<i>The Campaign</i> (Col.)* (poem) (1704). Famous for one simile comparing Marlborough directing the battle of Blenheim to an ange directing a storm
	<i>Ambrose Philips</i> plays 1671-1749 poems	<i>Cato</i> (play), frigidly correct Essays in the TATLER and SPECTATOR (1709-1714) (Col.)* p. 291 ff. Philips's gentle poems about children (poems too simple to suit his age) led to the nickname "Nabby Pamby" — which has been adopted as a word
	PHILIP STANHOPE (Earl of) <i>Chesterfield</i> prose 1694-1773	<i>Letters to his Son</i> (Col.)* (published 1774). These show clearly the "practical" motives and the low ideals of the age
	<i>Nicholas Rowe</i> plays 1673-1718	<i>The Fair Penitent</i> (1703). A writer whose plays are sad in tone and moral in sentiment
	<i>George Farquhar</i> plays 1678-1707	<i>Jane Shore</i> (1713) <i>The Recruiting Officer</i> (1706) <i>The Beaux' Stratagem</i> (1707) Clever comedies, better than most of that age
	<i>Thomas Parnell</i> poems 1679-1718	<i>The Hermit</i> . A poem that shows eighteenth-century poetry (heroic couplet) without a flaw and without a touch of genius
	<i>Edward Young</i> 1681-1795	<i>Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality</i> (1742). (A solemn poem, in Thomson's style, in blank verse
	ALLAN RAMSAY 1685-1758 p. 351	<i>Songs</i> , etc. with a natural touch in them (Col.)*
	JAMES THOMSON (Col.) poems 1700-1748 p. 319 ff.	THE SEASONS (Col.)* (1726-30), p. 319 <i>The Castle of Indolence</i> (Col.)* (1748)
	<i>Charles Wesley</i> 1708-1788	Writers of hymns and other religious writings, founders of Methodism (Col.)*
	<i>John Wesley</i> poems 1703-1791 verse	

* See explanation, page 360.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
<p>GEORGE III 1760-1820</p> <p>American Revolution 1775-1783</p>	HENRY FIELDING novels 1707-1754 p. 308	JOSEPH ANDREWS (Col.)* (1742) TOM JONES (Col.)* (1749), p. 309 AMELIA (Col.)* (1751)
	SAMUEL JOHNSON poems 1709-1784 prose p. 330 ff.	London (poem) (Col.)* (1738). A satire imitating <i>Juvenal</i> <i>Dictionary</i> (1755) <i>Essays</i> (in periodicals) <i>Rasselas</i> * (1759), p. 334
	LAWRENCE STERNE 1713-1768 p. 311	TRISTRAM SHANDY (Col.)* (1759) SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (Col.)* (1768)
	THOMAS GRAY 1716-1771 pp. 321, 322	<i>Ode on Prospect of Eton</i> (1747) ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (1752),** p. 321 Odes, (Col.)* etc.
	HORACE WALPOLE (EARL OF OXFORD) 1717-1797	<i>Castle of Otranto</i> (1764)
	GILBERT WHITE prose 1720-1793	NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE* (1789). Faithful and sympathetic description of nature, in a modern spirit
	SAMUEL RICH- ARDSON novels 1689-1761 p. 305 ff.	PAMELA, or <i>Virtue Rewarded</i> (Col.)* (1740), p. 305 ff. The "first English novelist."
	(Lady) Mary Wortley Montague prose 1689-1762 verse	CLARISSA HARLOWE (Col.)* (1748), p. 311 <i>Sir Charles Grandison</i> (1753) Letters, poems, etc. (Col.) A clever woman who influenced clever men.
	ALEXANDER POPE poems 1688-1744 p. 276 ff.	ESSAY ON CRITICISM* (1711), p. 281 RAPE OF THE LOCK* (1712), p. 282 <i>Translation of Iliad</i> * (1718), p. 279 <i>Dunciad</i> (1728), (Col.)* p. 280 ESSAY ON MAN* (1732), p. 281
	John Gay poems 1688-1732	Light poems and <i>Beggars Opera</i> (a mu- sical drama) (1728) A graceful poet of society
	WILLIAM COLLINS poems 1721-1759 p. 321	Odes* including his celebrated <i>Ode to</i> <i>Evening</i> . (Collins wrote the best of the formal "Pindaric" Odes.

* See explanation, page 360.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
		He studied the form of the Greek Ode more closely than his predecessors, and caught a little of its spirit)
	TOBIAS GEORGE SMOL- LET (Col.) novels 1721-1771 p. 311	<i>Roderick Random</i> (Col.)* (1748). With some characteristics of the later works of Lover, Lever, and Marryat <i>Peregrine Pickle</i> (1757) <i>Translation of Gil Blas</i> (Col.)* (1761). Important as showing interest in a French book which reflects Spanish influence <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> (1771)
	<i>Christopher Smart</i> poems 1722-1770	<i>Song of David</i> (Col.) (1763). A poem quite out of the spirit of the time. (The author was partially insane)
	<i>Adam Smith</i> prose 1723-1790 <i>Thomas Warton</i> poems 1728-1790	<i>The Wealth of Nations</i> (Political Economy) Poems
India quieted, 1784	THOMAS PERCY (BISHOP OF DROMORE) 1728-1811	RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY* (1765), p. 323
	OLIVER GOLD- SMITH 1728-1774 p. 325	TRAVELLER* (1764) VICAR OF WAKEFIELD** pp. 312, 326 DESERTED VILLAGE** p. 327 SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER** (Comedy), p. 328
FRENCH REVOLUTION 1789-1799	EDMUND BURKE 1729-1797 p. 337	<i>Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful</i> (1756) SPEECH ON AMERICAN TAXATION* (1774) SPEECH ON CONCILIATION** (1775) <i>Reflections upon Revolution in France</i> (1790)
	EDWARD GIBBON 1737-1794 p. 336	THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (Col.)* (1771-88)
	JAMES MACPHERSON 1738-1796	OSSIAN (Col.)* (poems "collected" in Scotland). See p. 322.
	<i>Robert Blair</i> 1699-1747	<i>The Grave</i> . A poem after the manner of Young and Thomson

* See explanation, page 360.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
German literary and philosophic period. c. 1770-1850. GOETHE LESSING <i>Kant</i> <i>Schiller</i> <i>Uhland, Hegel</i> <i>Schlegel</i> <i>Schopenhauer</i> <i>Richter, Fichte</i> <i>HEINE, Freytag</i>	<i>John Dyer</i> 1700-1758	<i>Grongar Hill</i> (Col.)* and other poems. A poet who could write feelingly, if not greatly, of nature as he saw it
	<i>Thomas Paine</i> 1737-1809	<i>Rights of Man</i> (1791). <i>Age of Reason</i> A writer significant of new tendencies in politics and in religious thought
	JAMES BOSWELL 1740-1795	LIFE OF JOHNSON (Col.)* (Read in abridged edition) (1791), p. 331
	<i>Henry Mackenzie</i> 1745-1831	<i>The Man of Feeling</i> (1771). Typical of new tendency towards <i>sentiment</i>
	RICHARD BRINSLEY	THE RIVALS** (1775)
	SHERIDAN 1751-1816	THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL** (1777) <i>The Critic</i> (1779)
	Thomas Chatterton 1752-1770 p. 324	One of the cleverest of later writers of comedy — something of the spirit of Goldsmith. His work is still acted <i>Ellia, Balade of Charatle</i> (Col.)* etc.
	<i>Joseph Pilson</i> 1752-1803	<i>Ancient Songs</i> (collected) (1783-95)
	GEORGE CRABBE 1754-1832	<i>The Village</i> (1783) <i>The Parish Register</i> (1807) <i>Tales of the Hall</i> (1819) } (Col.)*
	Blake 1757-1827 } BURNS 1759-1796 } See List following Book IV	Poems that in subject belong to the next period, but in style to the old. See p. 342

* See explanation, page 360.

BOOK IV

MODERN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) were the conscious and deliberate leaders of the new movement. *Lyrical Ballads*, the little volume issued by these two young poets (Wordsworth, 28, and Coleridge, 26) in 1798, marks a poetic revolution.

"Romantic" is a term hard to define. The "romantic" attitude is a thing of the spirit. It is a delight in the spontaneous, the unusual, in the thrill that clothes a new sight or a new experience. It is *an openness to the wonder of life*. Whether one seeks this in the simple joys and sorrows of the poor, in the inspiration of nature, in the Greek delight in beauty, or in imagined marvels of a world of spirits, the underlying impulse is the same. In this new impulse lies the secret of the new age.

In one sense the work of the new men was one of *denial*. They denied all that the followers of Pope had held sacred. To quote Saintsbury's summary of the "Augustan" age:

"Men praised 'correctness' without having any more real standard of it than a misunderstanding by Pope of Boileau's misunderstanding of Horace, who had himself misunderstood the Greeks. They turned, instinctively, rather than in theory, away from

wild nature to civilized manners. They laughed at the Middle Ages, and filled their poems with personifications as unreal as those of the *Romance of the Rose*, and infinitely less attractive. They generalized and abstracted; they refused 'to count the streaks of the tulip' till their written imagery had the life and the outline and the color of a mathematical diagram. Feeling, and feeling rightly, that prose ought not to be like poetry, they consecrated one particular limited kind of poetic diction as the proper uniform of verse, and (despite isolated attempts at truer metrical theory as well as practice) they clung to the separated couplet as the serious meter beyond which there was no salvation. *All this . . . the new age . . . 'peremptorily and irrevocably denied.'* "

Denial, however, was only part of the task. To break bonds, is only the first step to freedom. One must use one's freedom; one must enter upon the new way. And this the writers of *Lyrical Ballads* did. Let us take one of the poems in it, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, a poem accessible to any high-school student, and see how it illustrates the breaking away from the "classic age." And let us test it by the points given previously (page 314 ff.), as marks of the new spirit.

Ancient Mariner as Typical of New Ideas

I. *It shows enthusiasm and earnestness.*

1. It is full of religious and moral seriousness. Its purpose is to give an account of an overwhelming experience, one that sends the hearer away stunned, "a sadder and a wiser man." It aims to arouse the reader and to thrill him with fear and wonder.

2. It shows a love for man and all living things *just because they are fellow beings*. The sin of the Ancient Mari-

ner lay in his failure to feel this brotherhood. Through blindness to this he killed the Albatross, and he won forgiveness only when the love for the "slimy things" showed that his heart had changed.

3. On account of the subject of the poem, we find no treatment of political ideas.

4. The poem is filled with the beauty and wonder of nature. It is a series of nature pictures, visions of sea and sky, sunshine and cloud. And it does not merely admit that "nature has its good points." There is a simple admiration, devout, almost religious. We find not the *form* of nature but its *soul*.

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune.

And we find, besides, underlying the poem a sense of mysticism, a feeling that nature is not a dead thing outside of man and his life, but that through man and nature there runs one spiritual being, the soul of all that is.

5. The poem deals not with ordinary experiences of respectable people, but with far places and uncommon events. Most of what it tells could not happen in the world of "facts." It sets before us sights that could be true only in imagination, in dream and delirium. But to the experience of imagination it is true. For the fact that a man imagines a supernatural experience is a fact, though the experience is imagination. The man who "sees" a ghost, sees it, though there be no ghost to see. What Coleridge shows us is, not what exists *outside* man's mind, but what goes on *within* it.

II. *The poet casts off the old restrictions upon poetic form:*

1. He abandons the heroic couplet for the "ballad meter," a verse that has always been a meter of English popular song. (See page 96 ff.) And this meter is treated, not according to French standards, with carefully counted syllables, but with free rhythmic expression, suiting sound to sense, a singing in spoken words.

2. The old restrictions upon words are disregarded. True, Coleridge did not do what Wordsworth urged. He did not use *any* prosaic word in verse. (Wordsworth stopped far short of this himself!) Coleridge felt that whether a word suited a particular place in his poem, rested not on rule, but on poetic *instinct*. So he pays no attention to the old "taboos." He uses obsolete words, picturesque forms, *kirk*, *gramercy*, *clomb*, *clifts*, and *countrie*. And he uses common words, which a "classical" writer would have regarded as "lowering" to his style, — words like *fathoms*, *weathercock*, *planks*, *skinny*, and *buckets*.

3. He uses specific words, and his descriptions are clear-cut in detail.

We find such definite bits of description as the following:

With sloping mast and dipping prow.

Ice mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald.

The fair breeze flew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free.

And we find none of the "stock" phrases of the classical writers, the "bounding main," "gentle zephyrs," "sweet songsters," "the azure vault." Each phrase is made to fit the poet's thought; all is new and his own. If he

uses words that other men have used, it is because they express his thought.

4. He avoids time-worn "figures." We do not find "Fear at the prow," or "Horror at the helm," nor does "Terror brood over the deep." One does find Death and Life-in-death, but these are not conventional personifications. They are specter beings, with the ghastly reality of figures seen in a nightmare!

In every respect, then, except the preaching of political democracy, *The Ancient Mariner* is typical of the new movement. The other poems included in each Poet the little volume were no less typical. In his contribution Coleridge laid especial stress upon the supernatural and unusual, which he aimed to make real by human treatment. Wordsworth, on the other hand, aimed to bring out the poetry that lay in everyday life. By "everyday life" he meant, however, such life as was lived by man unspoiled by fashion and close to nature.

A good example of the *kind* of work that Wordsworth contributed (this poem itself was not in *Lyrical Ballads*) is his *Lucy Gray* (*Golden Treasury*, No. 226). The story tells of a peasant child who perished in a snow-storm while crossing a lonely moor. The story is simple, but ennobled by poetic feeling. One feels the loneliness of the moor, the beauty of the outdoor world, the wholesome joy of the simple human life, the youth and grace of the girl, the pathos of her end.

The whole poem should be read. The following stanzas will show that Wordsworth was, no less than Coleridge, discarding old restrictions. It will show, too, that he was doing this by bringing out unrealized wonders that lie close to daily life.



LUCY GRAY

Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray;
 And when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

• • • • •

They wept — and turning homeward, cried
“In heaven we all shall meet!”
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They track’d them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came:

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day .
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

Here we find no less simplicity than in Coleridge. There is the same human sympathy, the same disregard of conventional subject or form. And there is added a sense of the dignity of common life and labor. It is no wonder that *Lyrical Ballads*, which contained work of this spirit, was received, when noticed at all, with ridicule. It was too far in advance of its age.

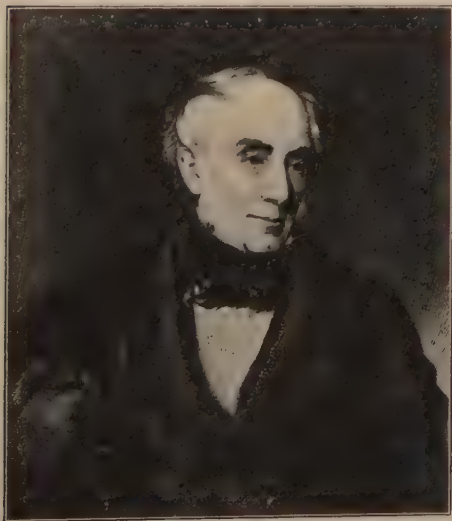
In their first poems Wordsworth and Coleridge were allied. Yet their alliance was accidental. They were bound together only by a tie of rebellion. So different was the use that each made of his freedom that their later



AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

Such as Wordsworth wrote of. This village is near the Quantock Hills.

work has little in common. The part of their lives that is most closely linked consists of a short time in the Quantock Hills, south of the Bristol Channel, a place of wild moors and lonely heather-covered hills. Later they were brought together again by the lakes in the north of England. But their work and genius had by this time diverged.



WORDSWORTH

A picture that shows the tender side of his nature, the side that loved children and that was in sympathy with all human need.

serve other men. He had the reticence of the shepherds of

William Wordsworth was a man of contemplative

mood. He was without humor and without sociability, unless it be sociability to *ob-*

his northern hills. His reticence in speech did not, however, extend to composition. He wrote copiously, sometimes with genius, often with little sign of it. But he wrote steadily. He published a vast number of pages of meditative and descriptive blank verse marked by depth of thought and sobriety of spirit, but much of which is uninspired. Apparently he had little power to judge his own work. He could not tell how much of the poetry that he *felt* he had put into the poem itself.

What makes his poetry great is not its wide uninspired levels, but the sudden breaking, out of the mists, of "hills of glory." Few poets have so unexpected and so triumphant outbursts of elevation. See, in the following passage, how the first line in italics seems to *leap* up from the level of the thought.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The sad still music of humanity;
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth.

—From *Lines composed . . . above Tintern Abbey.*

This is in itself a perfect expression of Wordsworth's mystic attitude toward nature, through which he sought God. But the amazing thing is the "sunburst" of poetry in the line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." It thrills one like music. It is such lines that make Wordsworth great. They make us forget him and his art. We



DERWENTWATER

A scene in the Lake Region. It combines hills and water and woodland.

pass abruptly from contemplative peace into a consuming

glory "all a wonder and a wild desire!"

Wordsworth's life was uneventful. The significant

His Life

thing is that he chose to live it, not in the literary capital, but among the English lakes, amid mountainous scenery that inspired him, and among untutored people who appealed to his sym-



RYDAL MOUNT

Wordsworth's later home in the Lakes. A typical English house and garden.

pathy. At first enthusiastic over the French Revolution,

he was so horrified by the bloody beginnings of the new government that he abandoned radicalism for reaction and became a defender of "established institutions."

Wordsworth's chief work, measured by length, is his great blank verse poem, or series of poems, composed of *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*, fragments of a whole which he left incomplete. Much of his best lyric work will be found in the *Golden Treasury*. His sonnets are significant. From the seventeenth century on the sonnet had been disused. Now it was to revive. The narrow limits of the sonnet restrained Wordsworth's tendency to diffuseness. The division into octave and sestet suited his habit of thought.

The *Ode upon the Intimations of Immortality*, is a formal "Ode on Intimations" ode only in its irregular metrical form. Its thought is typical of a new philosophy. A man to whom philosophy is a way of finding God in the world can write poetry about philosophy. It was no cold reasoning that made Wordsworth write this:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

. . . . Those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day. . . .

Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither, . . .

Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Nothing can make clearer than these lines the gap between the whole attitude to life of the "man of the world" and of the poet. To Wordsworth the fatal thing was the fading into the common light of day of the idealism of youth. To the worldly man it was just that that marked the achievement of manliness. With Wordsworth, the problem for man was, while learning the lessons that the world must teach, to keep his sense of God and eternity.

Coleridge's poetry is easier to study than Wordsworth's. In Wordsworth's one must look for the inspired passages. Coleridge's inspiration came in entire poems. A poem of his is all mediocrity or all genius. One need not, therefore, read all the verse this "lazy" man wrote. One need only read *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, and a very few others. On these rests his poetic reputation.

These poems are familiar to high school students. In *Christabel* we find one element that we hardly notice in *The Ancient Mariner*. In *The Ancient Mariner* the story is laid in medieval times. We learn this from the description of the wedding feast, from the fact that it is with a crossbow that the Mariner kills the albatross, from the appearance of the Hermit, and from the general atmos-

Coleridge

look for the inspired passages.



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE

At Nether-Stowey, where he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*.

Medieval
Themes

phere of the poem. In *Christabel* the medieval spirit becomes a chief element. The whole poem is saturated with feudal mystery and medieval demonology. It is the beginning of a long succession of poems and novels dealing with the days of castles and chivalry. It was Coleridge who taught Scott to write tales of the middle ages. Yet, while Scott may tell a story better, he never, in all his poems, approached the poetic imagination with which Coleridge makes us shrink from the serpent hatefulness of the Lady Geraldine.



ALONE AMONG THE DEAD¹
(From "*The Ancient Mariner*")

"And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

In *Kubla Khan* and in *Christabel*, too, we find a new metrical freedom. If there is accurate "count" of syllables in any lines, it is only to get the effect that evenness can give. **Metrical Freedom**

Meter becomes a matter not of rules but of melody. *Kubla Khan*, besides, goes far towards modern "symbolism." The actual meaning is less important than the shadowy impressions aroused by the passing sound and imagery.

¹ From Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. Reproduced by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

One cares less to understand the poem than to feel the exaltation that comes from its vague images and bewildering music.

From Coleridge's example we learn that poetry cannot be made by deliberate "art." Coleridge knew just as

Critical Theory much about
vs. Divine Fire the "art"

when he wrote an uninspired poem as when he wrote a great one. But no knowledge, or application, or ingenuity could compel the "divine fire." When inspiration does come to a poet, then all his previous practice and planning will aid him. But until the wind of inspiration comes, his effort is in vain. The eighteenth-century poet could write when he chose. He could write



COLERIDGE

In his later years. One sees the philosopher as well as the poet.

out his ideas in prose and patiently translate them into clever heroic couplets. There was no waiting upon winds of inspiration! It was a matter of diligence and ingenuity. But *poetry*, as we speak of it to-day, is a mystery. A poet knows only that the call and the vision come. No poet has ever written a great line without surprised wonder.

Coleridge, besides being a poet, was a critic and philosopher. He and Wordsworth were among the first English-

men to realize the importance of German philosophy and criticism. He contributed a good deal to criticism. Like Johnson, his influence cannot be measured by what he actually wrote. He was a wonderful talker and his ideas had great influence upon younger authors who came to listen. To what he learned from German critics, he added ideas of his own. His notions about Shakspeare and about the drama in general were in advance of his day. It is impossible to study any annotated edition of Shakspeare without coming across ideas that Coleridge suggested or inspired.

As Critic

Associated with Wordsworth and Coleridge is Robert Southey (1774-1843). He was, in his lifetime, the most successful of the three. He died famous.

Southey

Yet few poets have slipped so entirely out of public interest. Of the three he was the least novel and the least spiritual. He was consequently the easiest to appreciate. He needed money and this led him to adapt his ability to the public taste. Like Wordsworth, he abandoned his early radicalism for more conservative views. He held for many years the office of Poet Laureate, the only poet of eminence, except Wordsworth, from Dryden's time to Tennyson's to hold that position.

Southey's most striking poems are his *Thalaba* and *Kehama*, extravagant oriental tales in irregular verse, typical, therefore, of the new order. They contain passages of great beauty. The stories, too, are interesting. In fact a high-school reader who loves poetry and has kept a mind open to fairy tales, may get great pleasure from reading them. They lack the finer qualities. There are no sunbursts of genius, only pleasantly diffused sunlight. Many of Southey's shorter poems

Narrative
Poems

are well known, and should be, — the ballad of *Inchcape Rock*, for example, and the *Battle of Blenheim*.

Southey's prose is written with an eighteenth-century simplicity. He is, says Saintsbury, "the Addison of the

early nineteenth century," a sympathetic,

His Prose widely-read gentleman who gently helped nineteenth-century taste to advance to new standards.

He was prominent in the *Quarterly Review*; his *Life of Nelson* and his miscellaneous writings, including the *Doctor*, a refreshing hodge-podge of interesting material, contain a great deal worth reading. In brief Southey was an unusual man and a clever and industrious writer.

QUESTIONS OF REVIEW

What principles of eighteenth-century criticism did the new age of Wordsworth and Coleridge deny?

In what respects is the *Ancient Mariner* typical of the new spirit?

In what respects is Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray* typical of the same?

In what qualities is Wordsworth great? What significance did he find in the beauty of nature?

How do Coleridge and Wordsworth differ in their choice of subjects and in their method of presenting them. (See page 370.)

What did Coleridge contribute to criticism and philosophy?

How do you account for Coleridge's producing so few great poems?

For what is Southey, though less important than his associates, to be admired?

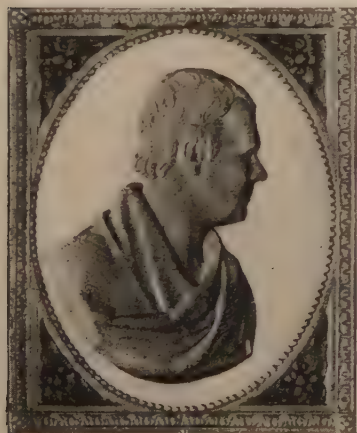
Show that this group of writers stands by right at the beginning of a new period.

CHAPTER II

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND JANE AUSTEN

A NEW kind of art repels the public. They need to be led gradually toward the new by *halfway* work. That is why Southey won, at first, more favor than Wordsworth or Coleridge, and it is partly for the same reason that Walter Scott (1771-

Scott's
Popularity



SIR WALTER SCOTT

One of his most pleasing portraits.

1832) took such hold upon public interest. Yet Scott owes his success only partly to this. As a poet, it is true, he could not equal Wordsworth or Coleridge. But as a writer of tales, a creator of character, and, above all, as the inventor of historical fiction, he holds a place as important as either.

Scott won the public by his tales in verse. Inspired by the work of Wordsworth

His Poems

and Coleridge, by his own study of Percy's *Reliques* and of such ballad poetry as he had found himself in Scotland, he turned to the writing of metrical romance; and in 1802, only a few years after the *Lyrical Ballads*, he brought out his first work, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

This was a new kind of poem. The medieval metrical romance had been unreal, without humor or sense

of character. Scott, a born maker of stories, was able to combine something of the poetic atmosphere of Coleridge's *Christabel* with a story that made the reader feel that it had really happened. His metrical romances were little novels told in verse. And he followed the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* with *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, tales even better told.

Wordsworth and Coleridge rise to greater poetical heights than Scott. Yet these heights appeal to a smaller public. Most men like to be led into poetry by a story; and even a story, if told with so much poetry as Coleridge puts into the telling, perplexes them. Scott never let his story suffer for the sake of the poetry.

It is possible for the highest genius, like that of Homer, to tell a story in the supremest poetry and yet develop all the interest. He can at once hold our attention with what happens, and, at the same time, lift us to poetic heights. He does not have to insert poetical passages. His story in itself is poetry. Shakspeare can do the same thing in drama. But this is possible only to the greatest poets. With lesser poets, either the story is "slow" and obscure and needs to be "explained" with notes, or the poetry is sacrificed. Since this is so, we must credit Scott with making a singularly effective combination of poetry and fiction.

There is poetry in his tales, and no lack of imagination. To a public brought up to classicism, these tales came as a revelation. Even a reader of to-day cannot fail to see their power. Who can forget the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu in the *Lady of the Lake*, or the battle-scene in *Marmion*!

And the elements of the supernatural in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* appealed to a public that *Christabel* only perplexed.

Scott taught the public to love wild scenery. He made them feel the romance of old days. It was he who showed the beauty in the hitherto "savage" Trossachs, and sent tourists to see Melrose Abbey by moonlight. It was he who made Scottish history romantic and did more than Burns to make Englishmen interested in the legends and songs of "North Britain." It was he, indeed, who made even the English Whig, the practical money-making citizen, shed sentimental tears over "Prince Charlie."

His Influence



IN THE HIGHLANDS

Subtract Scott's poetry from English literature and you leave

a significant gap. For it was Scott who brought the Romantic Movement home to the people. People who had been able to make nothing of the *Lyrical Ballads*, picked them up again after reading Scott's poetry, and wondered how they could have been blind to their merits. His poetry converted the English people to Romanticism.

Country that Scott made famous by his poems and novels. See map opposite page 569.

If Scott's poetry did this, his prose did far more. With Scott we have the beginnings of the novel as we know it.

The novels of Richardson and Fielding and even Goldsmith, while they have much in common with what we call fiction, do not impress us as "modern." The writer is not confidently carrying out a



SCOTT AT HOME

As he looked when friends called to see him. The Scott that Irving met.

purpose that he has clearly in mind. He seems to be trying to do something the exact nature of which is not clear to him. He is telling a story and writing an essay. He is inventing happenings and depicting life. He is doing a number of things, but they fail to fuse convincingly into one thing — a novel.

With Scott, even in his first attempt, *Waverley*, we feel new confidence. This

man, a big man with an organizing instinct, has grasped the nature of his task. In *Ivanhoe* the plot may be "off center" (we care more about Rebecca than about the formal "heroine," Rowena), but we feel that the writer had reasons for telling his story as he does. He knows what he wants to do. Richardson, Fielding, and Goldsmith had the hesitating touch of the amateur. Scott took up the instrument with the sure grasp of the professional.

The eighteenth century had supplied important ele-



THE BURNING OF THE CASTLE
(From *Ivanhoe*)

The Templar carries Rebecca from the burning building. The figure of Ulrica is seen upon a tower. A fine picture of a medieval castle.

ments. It had developed a simple direct narrative style. It had begun the writing of conversation. It had taught men to observe the eccentricities of manner and conduct that make the visible face of life. To this, the new interest in romance, was added a liking for exciting incident, for outlandish scenes and times, for strong emotions, for masterful characters, an interest developed by *Ossian* (page 322) and such wild tales as Mrs. Radcliffe's (page 353). What Scott did was to unite these elements. His novel is neither realistic nor romantic in a restricted sense. It combines the reality of Richardson or Fielding, the mystery of Mrs. Radcliffe, with something of the poetry of Wordsworth or Coleridge.

In *Ivanhoe*, what could be more realistic than the character of Gurth, just such a man as one finds in the dales of Yorkshire to-day, — honest, surly, loyal, stubborn, slow, but with "the Yorkshire bite." Yet what could be more in the vein of *Ossian* and Mrs. Radcliffe than the death scene of Front-de-Bœuf or of Ulrica? And the Templar himself, a wild, stormy exotic character, is a picture of romantic rebellion, precisely everything that an eighteenth-century gentleman endeavored *not* to be. And there is a belief in human nature and a confident democracy that puts all the characters, — Wamba, Gurth, King Richard, Locksley, — on a level. The book breathes the spirit of a new age.

Scott's novels make up a wonderful series, every one worth reading. No later novelist, no matter how "superior," can escape their influence. Later years may build better upon the foundation Scott laid, but that foundation will endure.

Scott stands for two important things. First he made

readers at large familiar with romantic poetry; he *formed their taste for it*. Secondly he created the novel as we know it. He lacked fineness and height of imagination. He lacked, too, the art of putting magic into his words, of making the thing said blaze with sudden fire. But there is something in literature that is the equivalent of *bulk and bigness*. Scott has just this. He may lack this gift of Coleridge, or that gift of Wordsworth — he may be less noble than one man, less inspiring than another — but, after all, when one looks at what he did, at his effect upon the world, we realize that he was in one sense *bigger* than them all.



JANE AUSTEN

Under her girlish simplicity lay keen observation and clever thought.

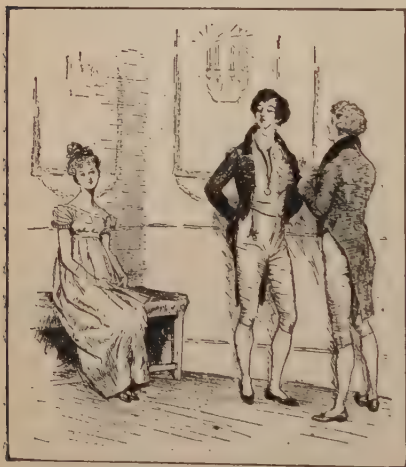
growth. Scott gave it plot, style, and general movement. Jane Austen developed an element that had appeared in earlier novels, — the observation of character as shown in little things and in daily surroundings. She showed how to make these interesting. She did not depict life in the cold tone of the eighteenth century. Though quiet and unsentimental, her observation is sympathetic. If her amusement at a fool like Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*, approaches malice, it is because she sympathizes with

While the novel had been taking shape in the hands of Scott, becoming like the novel we know to-day, another writer, in a different way, was also contributing to its

Jane Austen

the people who are annoyed at his foolishness. Something in her manner of gentle amusement at the follies of her characters suggests Addison, but there is a warmer humanity.

Jane Austen (1775-1817) lived the life of upper middle class society in the west of England. She watched the



MR. DARCY IS NOT IMPRESSED
(From *Pride and Prejudice*)

He remarks to his friend (in the lady's hearing) that she is "tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt" him.

and Prejudice. There is little plot, and we do not feel the need of more. The characters are so interesting that we are willing to watch anything they do and listen to anything they say. The author makes you feel how interesting real people can be when you watch them with your eyes and your sympathies open.

Jane Austen developed a side of fiction that Scott did

surface of this life and pictured it, but implied in her picture the human feelings beneath. She did not depict actual persons of her acquaintance, but she created people as real as the people she knew and she created a life and society that was the very image of that in which she moved. There is no better way to visit the respectable county society of the beginning of the nineteenth century than by reading her novels. Of these the best is *Pride*

not, and an important side. Many novels of to-day aim to do what she did. As Saintsbury says, if Scott is the father of later English fiction, we may regard Jane Austen as its mother.

A writer somewhat like Jane Austen is Maria Edgeworth, who was born earlier and lived longer. Scott felt that he owed her much. Two Scotch writers, John Galt and Susan Ferrier, worked in a direction somewhat similar.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. In what respect did Scott's poetry excel? Explain why his influence directly affects more readers than that of Wordsworth or of Coleridge.
 - What quality has he as a poet in common with Chaucer and with Homer?
 - What makes his novels more modern in character than those that had gone before?
 - Select from one of his novels a striking description of nature.
 - Select from one of his novels an emotional and romantic scene, typical of the new emotional tendency.
 - Select a character that is drawn realistically, giving an impression of reality and everyday life.
 - How do the plots of Scott's novels compare with those of his predecessors?
- II. How does Jane Austen differ from Scott in subjects chosen and in treatment?
 - Read the opening chapter of *Pride and Prejudice*. Read Chapters 19 and 56.
 - What do you observe about the depiction of character? the writer's style?
 - What modern novels that you have read have something in common with her work?
 - Find an example of her humor.
 - Can you find an example of deep and profound feeling?
 - What do you like about her work? What, if anything, displeases you?

CHAPTER III

I. A TIME OF REACTION

IN the closing years of the eighteenth century, from the time of the American Revolution to the time of the French Revolution, new ideas had been awakening in England. There were ideas of human equality and brotherhood, and of democracy in government. There were beginnings of freedom in thought and speech — a tendency to new ideas regardless of what might be upset. Over all stands out a new earnestness, a wish to feel simply and sincerely, to follow conscience.

Such were signs of a new age. But they were interrupted by reaction. The spirit of democracy had appeared too suddenly, in too terrible a shape, disfigured with blood. The respectable Englishman shrank in consternation from the violence of the French Revolution. He imagined his own land the prey of similar outrages, and rejected tendencies so “upsetting.” Indeed, he promptly prosecuted any who preached them.

The politics of the first years of the nineteenth century turned back upon the path of progress. Neither Parliament nor ministers nor sovereign showed high ideals. The courts of George III and George IV were low in spiritual tone and moral standard. The old social ideals of the eighteenth century returned in full flower. Leaders of fashion, like Beau Brummell and other idle coxcombs, set the standard of the nation. Things settled back into stagnation.

In accord with this spirit, England as a nation among nations linked herself with the old order, with the inter-

national alliances that strove to preserve the institutions of aristocracy and kingship. She was against revolution, against nations that fought to be free.

England was like this, but many individual Englishmen were not. We find Byron, for all his selfish philosophy, ardent for the freedom of Greece. We find Shelley risking persecution to preach the emancipation of mankind. We find Godwin uttering a fervid philosophy of rebellion. And beneath the surface we should find Englishmen slowly shifting toward new ideas. But they could not impress their will upon England. Few could vote. England had, it is true, long ago attained government by the House of Commons. But the Commons did not represent (except in theory) the common people. They represented a ruling oligarchy, county families, groups of great land-owners, men who, undisturbed by popular outcry, kept up the price of bread, men who governed for their own interests. The England of the common people did not, officially, exist. Yet this new under-England, an England steadily

Surface Reaction Only



WHEN GEORGE IV WAS KING
A scene in England of the early nineteenth century.

growing conscious of itself, had to find expression. The

**Reform in Rep-
resentation
Needed**

American Revolution had made it think and question. The nearer thunderings of the French Revolution aroused it still more. No denunciations by politicians or patronizing advice of "squire" and "parson" could overcome the notion that the common man should say how he should be governed. Agitation might be stopped. Free speech might be prohibited. But from cottage to cottage, from mill to mill, there went spreading, like fire that creeps under the roots of heather, new ideas that would burst out in flame.

A new element had appeared about this time. Labor was ceasing to be individual. The lone weaver, like Silas

**Labor
Troubles**

Marner, was giving way to "sweated" laborers, clustered in cities, and these in turn, as machinery came into use, gave way to the laborers assembled in great factories. And with the factories came problems of wages and hours, and "strikes" and "lockouts." The laboring men roused by what they felt to be unjust, wanted to make their will count. They were a part of the people; they must have their part in the government.

We find then, from the time of the French Revolution till after the Battle of Waterloo (1815) a time of reaction, a time of indifference, a period of the sort

Summary

that, where there is no other outlet, leads to violent revolution, and that, in a country like England, must lead to orderly reform. To us, who know the rest of the story, this brief reaction is not disquieting. But to the young enthusiasts for liberty who reached their early twenties in the midst of an England of this spirit, the outlook seemed hopeless. No wonder that they used every effort to arouse their age.

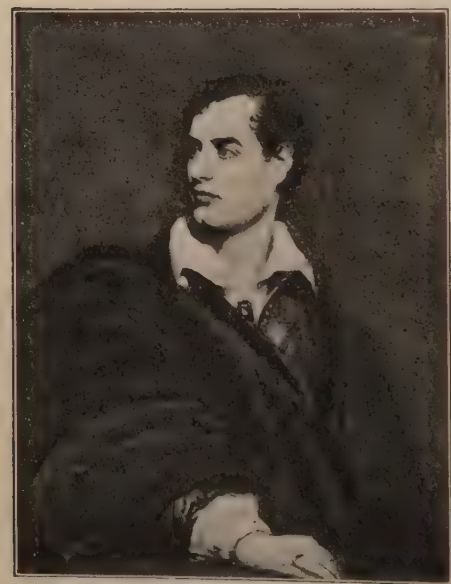
II. BYRON, SHELLEY, AND KEATS

Next to the group that surrounded Shakspeare, the most remarkable group of literary men that we find gathered in one age of English literature, is found in **A Strange Group** the England of 1820. There is in the first place the older set that we have already noticed, — Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. In addition to these, we find three poets, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. They are three poets of rebellion, leaders of that second wave of revolt that had to come when the leaders of the first wave were settling into middle-aged toleration. But their rebellion lies along different lines. In Byron we find the poet of defiant self; in Shelley, the idealist who sees in emancipation from tyranny the way to unusual happiness; and in Keats, a poet devoted to the pursuit of beauty. It is only a coincidence that these three men appeared at one time, felt an interest in each other's genius, and died in their youth. Yet it is a coincidence that links them inseparably.

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824) is of all English poets the most personally romantic. He was superbly handsome, adventurous, a daring rider and **Byron's Life** swimmer, an irresistible lover, a hero of poetic romance. But his good qualities were mingled with bad. He was the spoiled child of a silly mother, unable to teach him self-control. He had no religious or even moral principles. The world was to him a field for satisfying self. That he lived as good a life as he did — and it was far from good — was because the self that he strove to satisfy had noble instincts. But his life was poisoned with discontent. He was morbidly sensitive about

his one deformity, a misshapen foot, and he was morbidly resentful of the "injustice" with which the world treated him.

In one sense he *was* badly treated, for respectable people, the chosen few who determined the standards of British society, were not the sort to make allowances for genius. In another way, however, he was



LORD BYRON

This portrait brings out his beauty. Observe the striking dress and attitude. The picture is characteristic of its subject.

and wished that life might bring them such a hero. He was the "matinee idol" of his age.

Byron was, in the worldly sense, more of a *man* than

spoiled by the public, for, by the very act of outraging the respectable, he became the hero of the young. Young men of that day regarded Byron with the fervor with which the average boy at school regards the bad boy, the boy who "doesn't care." They imitated his heroic poses, his scornful smile at a world he despised, his attitude of having a "buried past." They wanted to be like him. Young women read his poems in secret

either Shelley or Keats. He had a disposition to *do* things, a vital physical energy. He expressed, as few A Man have expressed it, the manly delight in adventure at sea, in battle, and in perilous love. And this, with the added charm of his being "wicked" and "forbidden," made him irresistible. It was not only literary people to whom he appealed. Even the young clerk felt the contagion and wore "Byronic" ties and scowled over the counter with an embittered scowl!

Byron's age needed what he had to give it. One mark of the new romanticism was the new importance of *self*, and of this Byron was an apostle. Those Asserting Self who have read Jack London's *Sea Wolf* will remember Wolf Larsen's attitude towards life. The world is to him merely an opportunity for carrying out his own will. His first duty is *to be himself*. This idea underlies Byron's life and poetry. As he followed it, it is a bad doctrine, but his age needed a stimulus in this direction. The fault of the eighteenth century had been a surrender of self to convention. A man had done what his age expected of him Needed by the Age and had not, unless half-insane, like Blake, or uneducated, like Burns, dared to defy common opinion, and assert his right to be himself and live his own life. Byron's poetry is the embodiment of *self* and of a *pride* that rivals that of Milton's Satan. Manfred, in one of Byron's stormy dramas, defies even God. He *chooses* to do evil, and no power can turn him from damnation.

There is much that is fine in this. To be able to realize, (as the Stoic philosopher, Epictetus, realized) that no tyrant, no evil god even, can A Narrow Pride *compel* one to yield, — this is noble. But why defy a God

who wills good? Why resist a Will of which one's human will should be a helpful part? Byron has no philosophy of life; he merely insists upon the Right to Rebel. But a right to rebel exists only when there is injustice to overcome or a tyrant to overthrow. The same is true of pride. True pride withholds a man from yielding to evil. But Satan's pride withholds him from yielding to God. The pride one should imitate is the pride of the apostle and martyr, whom no threat of death can turn from the right. Byron taught his age a lesson of rebellion and individualism. Others were to teach the world how to use these for noble objects.

Byron's poetry excels in *grandeur*. It lacks fineness and poetic suggestion. He felt with tempestuous earnestness, and he is able to make his reader feel his excitement. We admire the man rather than the inspiration of his poetry. Though Byron had not the bigness of Scott, yet we get something of the same impression, that he was very much of a *man*, a man of erring philosophy and of mistaken life, but a man of commanding intellect and towering personality, a romantic and even heroic figure.

Of Byron's poems in the *Golden Treasury*, not one has a line of poetic magic, yet every one takes hold upon our sympathy. Look, for instance, at the poem No. 214. In it we read,

The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

A beautiful couplet of description. We see the picture clearly and get the spirit of the scene, but there is nothing that lifts one out of one's self, no magic that transfigures the plain statement

Lack of Fineness

into vision. Look now at two similar lines from Shelley's poem below:

When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.

The second has just what the first has not. It not only *tells us about* the hush and the wonder of the night, it makes us *feel it*, and feel besides the rapture of youthful love that has led the singer out into the night. Read the two poems with this in mind, and you will realize where Byron's verse falls short of the highest poetry.

The *Prisoner of Chillon* is the one of Byron's narrative poems most worth reading. There is defiance of tyranny, noble suffering, a story told impetuously, feelingly, and always *grandly*. Yet it cannot give what Wordsworth and Coleridge give us. It is more like Scott at his best, though showing a stormier nature more deeply stirred. What it does, it does wonderfully. The whole poem should be read aloud to get its speed, its dignity, its richness of sound. Few poets ever wrote verse better suited to declamation.

In *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Byron's dignified sentimentality greatly affected his age. The meditations of a nature so intense and tempestuous took hold upon the reader whom the gentler reflections of Thomson or Cowper had left indifferent. Byron taught Englishmen how to travel, how to *feel* in the presence of the grandeur of nature and of ruins of antiquity. The eighteenth century had cultivated indifference to experience. Byron showed men that a strong man need not be ashamed to express manly sentiment.

Byron is hampered in *Childe Harold* by the Spenserian

stanza, in which he failed to attain ease. Each of his stanzas is at its best in the first four lines. Through the remaining five he too often plods with obvious effort. But the best lines show high sentiment and meditative dignity. The first stanza below describes Lake Leman at peace. The second is inspired by the ruins of Rome.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep; —
 All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
 All is centered in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

* * * *

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: Dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

A poem of a different type is *Don Juan*. In it, more than in any other poem, and more than most other men, Byron shows his power to "talk" in verse. He writes trivially of trivial things and then abruptly, as his mood changes, passes into serious poetry. The following stanzas will give some idea of this side of his work. *Don Juan* as a whole, however, is low in moral tone and suffers from affected cynicism.

Don Juan

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress;
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put out o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost — sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell —
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave, —
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud Ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied by a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Probably the greatest height that Byron attained is in his poems *The Dream* and *Darkness*. In *The Dream* are these lines.

His
Dignity
and
Force

Our life is twofold; Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wide reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
Like Sibyls of the future: they have power —
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not — what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dream of vanished shadows.

This shows advance over the blank verse of Wordsworth and of Coleridge. It has a freer motion, a "lift" and rapidity.

Byron's poetry is more highly esteemed by foreigners than by men who speak his own tongue. Missing the finer shades and subtler colorings, they cannot realize, where he falls short. They feel merely the intensity of his passion and the power of his personality.

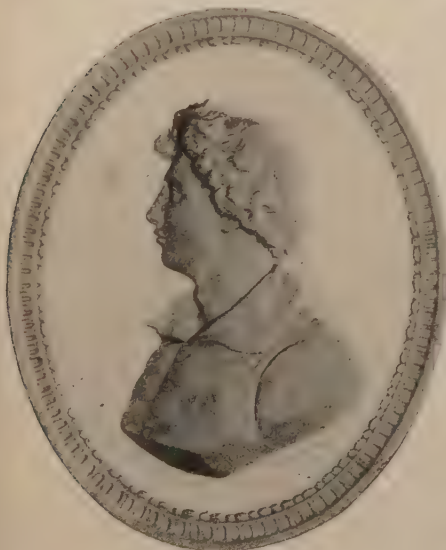
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) is the most poetical of poets. His poetry is, indeed, too purely poetical for many readers. An unmusical man at the opera can understand the acting and enjoy the scenery. The reader of Shelley, however, is like the unmusical man at a concert, where there is nothing but the music. In Shelley there is no story. There is descrip-

tion and philosophy, but it is so mixed with poetry that one who does not understand poetry can make nothing of it. Shelley's poetry is what is called "lyric" poetry,—just poetry and nothing else! This makes Shelley the favorite of those that love poetry, and it makes him unsuited to

those who are struggling to like it.

Shelley, like Byron preached rebellion. But his ^{His Rebellion} rebellion ^{Unselfish}

was not that of self. He insisted that a man must fight for the good of others, to make the world better. Byron's ideal, we saw, was too near that of Milton's Satan. Shelley's ideal, on the contrary, is Prometheus, who defied a cruel god in order to bring blessings to mankind. Shelley's Prometheus (in his drama *Prometheus Unbound*) is the champion



SHELLEY

Most portraits show a more delicate, even a lady-like beauty. This lays more stress upon masculine qualities which Shelley showed both in his life and in his poetry.

of man against the god of "things as they are," a champion tortured for his convictions, but at last set free by the coming of the true God, who brings the Golden Age.

On account of his denunciations of an evil god, some call Shelley an "atheist." When early reformers fought

against oppression, men told them that the king ruled by "Divine Right." Shelley turned from the **Not an Atheist** so-called God of tyranny to the "Spirit of Nature," to the true God under another name. Such a man is not an atheist. The blasphemer is the man who makes God responsible for oppression. In this rebellion, in this higher ideal of God, in this perception that God wished men free and happy, not enslaved under kings, Shelley belongs to a new age, an age of faith in good.

Shelley's preaching of rebellion came from a desire to better the world. He wanted an overthrow of institutions, a Revolution of Man. There was at this **His Ideals** time an idea of "human perfectibility." If tyrants were overthrown, man would instantly attain perfection. There would be no war, no hatred, no unhappiness. All would wish to do right, and all would see the way to do right. This as seen by Shelley and his companions, was not seen *practically*. There was no *road* to it.

Shelley's ideal was right, a world in which none are poor, none are suffering, none are idle, none derive unjust benefit from others' toil. He was right, too, **His Service** in striving to make men see this ideal world, even if he could not point out a road. For the man needed first is not the man who hews out the way to the golden mountains, but the man who *makes the world want to find the way to them*. Men who later worked out ways to make the world better, owe to Shelley the desire that impelled them. The *Prometheus Unbound* is the greatest poem of ideal rebellion.

Shelley's personal life was full of errors. But these

errors came, unlike Byron's, from pursuit of ideals. The pursuit of ideals, in this world, requires judgment and patience. The young Shelley had little of these. We must remember that the hasty marriage and separation for which he is censured, took place when he was hardly over twenty. It is not strange that a young man whose ideals were so at battle with his times and who saw life through a mist of emotion, missed the right way.

His Errors

The highest expression we get of Shelley's religious idealism is in his *Adonais*, his poem upon the death of Keats. One passage of that poem should be known by all.

Adonais

The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.

In life, we see the light of God through a glass, darkly. To different men of different creeds, it has different tints. No man sees the full white light of God's truth. Only in Death do we see that "white radiance."

Shelley's devotion to freedom is but part of his work. In his poetry we find, no less clearly than in Wordsworth, the love of nature. But Shelley's feeling toward nature is different from Wordsworth's. Wordsworth's is a deep and gentle affection, like a child's love of his mother. Shelley's is a passionate devotion, like that of Romeo for Juliet. The two men select those aspects that appeal to their different feelings. To Wordsworth nature is filled with calm beauty; it is a presence filled with "perpetual benediction." To Shelley nature

**What he loves
in Nature**

blazes with bright images of bewildering delight. What he loves best are wide sun-bright spaces, brilliant clouds, gleaming mountain peaks, flashing wave-tops, tumbling and glittering cataracts. To him Italy, a wonderland of sun and color, appealed more than did England. Less adventurous than Byron, he was like him a poet of out-of-door life. He met his death while sailing the Mediterranean in his own boat. He was a poet of the open hills and the open sea.

The most striking trait of Shelley's poetry, regarded as poetry, is the *lightness* and *rapidity* of its movement.

His Verse Byron's blank verse had shaken off the "pedestrian" character that we see even in Wordsworth and Coleridge. It does not go pacing along, step after step, as a man walks. It moves with *swing*, almost lifting into flight, like an airplane about to leave the ground. Shelley's verse *flies*. He has found the old rapidity of Shakspeare and Marlowe.

One can feel this clearly in the following:

And from the other opening in the wood
Rushes, with loud and whirlwind harmony,
A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass
Flow, as through empty space, music and light;
Ten thousand orbs involving and involved,
Purple and azure, white, green, and golden,
Sphere within sphere, . . .

And from a star upon its forehead shoot . . .
Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel,
Pierce the dark soil, and as they pierce and pass,
Make bare the secrets of the earth's deep heart;
Infinite mines of adamant and gold,
Valueless stones, and unimagined gems. . . .

The wrecks beside of many a city vast, . . .
 Huddled in grey annihilation, split,
 Jammed in the hard, black deep; and over these,
 The anatomies of unknown winged things,
 And fishes which were isles of living scale,
 And serpents, bony chains, twisted around
 The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
 To which the tortuous strength of their last pangs
 Had crushed the iron crags; and over these
 The jagged alligator, and the might
 Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
 Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores
 And weed-overgrown continents of earth,
 Increased and multiplied like summer worms
 On an abandoned corpse, till the blue globe
 Wrapped deluge round it like a cloak, and they
 Yelled, gasped, and were abolished; or some God
 Whose throne was in a comet, passed, and cried,
 Be not! And like my words they were no more.

Shelley's poetry, some one has said, "shimmers into iridescence." The facts of nature that appealed to him were facts of *light*. His ideal world was a world of crystalline and rainbow radiance, of broken flashes of color and of white dazzle. Even the sounds that most moved him were the sounds that one might call "crystalline," so fine and so pure as hardly to be caught by human ear. Over and over again one finds his lines filled with such images:

Sweet as a singing dew of silver rain.

Clear shrines

Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.

Like restless serpents clothed

In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,

Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around

The gray trunks.

As clear as elemental diamond.

Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air.

The whole feeling is of a liquid purity of crystal light and crystal-pure sound, a world of purified senses like those of a spirit.⁴ Shelley's poetry sees and hears with an eye or an ear open only to fine impressions. Of the other bodily senses there is no evidence at all. One flies, like Shelley's *Skylark*, a disembodied joy "in the golden lightning of the sunken sun, o'er which clouds are brightening." Men who are not poets tire of Shelley's verse. They cannot remain at heights so spiritual.

The qualities of his lyric verse are those of his spirit. Intoxicated with its own rhythm and delight it hurries one from splendor to splendor. Read the *Skylark* (*Golden Treasury*, No. 287). Note its singing verse, the brilliance and purity of its images. It strives to attain the unattainable, to make the reader *feel* the almost inaudible song of an invisible singer. Image after image is seized upon:

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. . . .

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the grass and flowers, which screen it from the view. . . .

Sound of vernal showers,
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

The poem is absolutely of the new age, of the present age. For it is the struggle of modern poetry to make others share feelings that we cannot make clear by reason, feelings that we can make clear only by some magic grouping of words that will call to the same feelings in other hearts.

Of the selections in the *Golden Treasury*, the most perfect is the poem *To the Night* (No. 232). Of all Shelley's poems, this is the most harmoniously beautiful. To be appreciated, it must be read aloud. One *right* reading of such a poem can teach more about poetry than a course of lectures.

Shelley owes some of the freedom and lightness of his verse to his study of Greek. We shall find the debt of English poetry in this direction increasing. Influence of Greek
 The romantic revival, as it enters the nineteenth century, becomes a new Renaissance, a second turning to the past for help. The eighteenth century regarded Greek as a seat of authority, a source of rules. New writers were to find a stimulus in the Athenian delight in life and in beauty. For Greek poetry at its best was free and light and rapid and varied. It was human, full

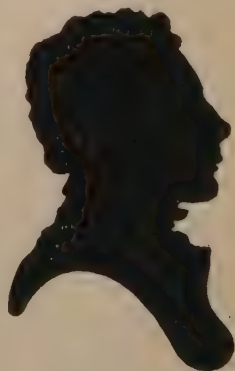
of tears and laughter, of delight in beauty. Latin literature is a literature of pride, of dignity, of repressed strength. Rome, — militarist, imperialist, efficient, practical Rome, — held, for a time, the material world at its feet. But Athens, — idealist, beauty-loving, truth-seeking, — was to conquer in spirit the world that Rome had lost in fact. She has become a "city in the soul." The world still sits at the feet of her poets and philosophers.

In Shelley we find not only a great poet, but a forerunner of the new century. In him we find a revolutionary love of humanity, a willingness to sacrifice human institutions to make human beings happy. In him we find faith in the *goodness* of the power that rules the universe. In his poetry we find a new sweetness and lightness and grace, equaling and even surpassing Coleridge at his best. We find him, too, turning to Greece with an understanding of what Athens can teach us. We are entering upon the problems and tastes and ideals of our own age.

John Keats (1795-1821) is a poet as clearly of the new age as Shelley. But

Keats

unlike Shelley he took no active effort towards uplifting mankind. He lived in a world of imagination and beauty. Self-educated, with fewer opportunities to catch the spirit of Greece, he yet saw one side of Greek art and literature more clearly and sym-

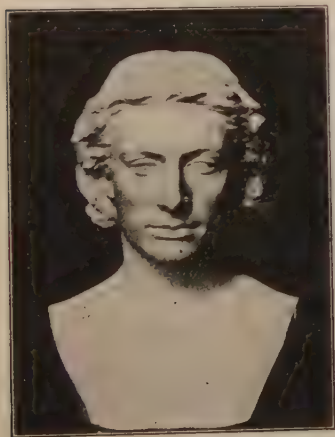


JOHN KEATS

Silhouette — probably an accurate profile.

pathetically than even Shelley. He felt the beauty, not of a purified spiritual life such as Shelley soared to, but of warm human life, life in the body, life enjoyed in its full beauty by all the senses.

Keats was London-born and was educated, by the wish of his relations, as a surgeon's apprentice. His interest,



BUST OF KEATS

A memorial in Hampstead Parish church, by an American sculptor.

however, lay in ^{His Life} poetry. Though undersized, he was, when he began to write, robust and energetic, not the languid dreamer that sentimental writers would like to think him. His early death came as the result of a cold which developed into consumption. One must avoid the conclusion that he or his work are to be regarded as "sickly." His early poetry is over-rich in feeling, but this comes not from weakness but from unrestrained energy, running riot. Later, when he was

declining physically, his artistic instinct kept out of his poetry the weakness that we see in his intimate letters.

Keats is a poet and nothing more, for he saw no reason why a man should be more. To him the ^{His Philosophy} lesson to be preached to the world was a lesson of Beauty.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In the biggest sense this is true, for the perfected world, the world as a Mind that willed it must see it, must be all beauty. Whatever is *not* beautiful must be imperfect; its ugliness calls attention to its imperfection. A poet who makes the world see the need of beauty and helps it to see what beauty life can offer, is helping the world.

As compared with Shelley, Keats lives in *all* his senses. We feel that his mind dwells in a sensitive body, like **Sensitiveness** that of Clifford in the *House of the Seven* to all Feelings *Gables*, so sensitive that not only sight and hearing, but smell and taste brought poetic delight.

And still she slept an azure lidded sleep,
 In blanch'd linen, smooth and lavender'd,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon; . . .
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.

— *Eve of St. Agnes*

* * * * *

A deadly silence step by step increased
 Till it became a horrid presence there,
 And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

— *Lamia*

If we compare the verse of Shelley to a cataract tumbling in white dazzle down gleaming cliffs, with rainbows over it, we should compare that of Keats to a summer river, flowing through deep woodlands, covered with water lilies, overhung with

His Verse

blossoming trees, curving past templed headlands. There is something Miltonic in the stately movement of these lines from *Hyperion*.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lip.

Along the margin-sand large foot-steps went,
 No further than to where his feet had strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed,
 While his bowed head seem'd listening to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

(Try upon these lines the metrical tests used upon Milton and Shakspeare, on page 243. Try the same upon the passage from Shelley, page 407.) Shelley's verse is nearer Shakspeare's or Marlowe's, Keats's nearer Milton's.

Keats pictures with reality. The definite word, the precise detail that the eighteenth century thought unfit for poetry was to him the mark of poetry itself. His Clear Vision Carlyle (a great thinker but a poor critic), in praising Burns for his "clear sight," reflects upon Keats as

"vague and maudlin." What could show clearer imaginative sight than the following:

The watchful bloodhound rose, and *shook his hide*.

That heifer *lowing at the skies*,
And all her *silken* flanks with garlands dressed.

O Harkener to the loud clipping shears
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating.

In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropped lamp was *flickering* by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all *winter-thin*
Cast on sunny bank its skin.

Oft have you seen a swan *superbly frowning*
And with proud breast *his own white shadow crowning*.

Keats was the first of the romanticists to recover the treasures of the Elizabethans and of Spenser and Milton. He had won back the *magic of the phrase*, the group of words that one quotes because of pleasure in the words themselves.

The first work of Keats was received with derision. The reason for this was partly social. The position of Keats was worse than that of a peasant, who was at least picturesque. Though really a surgeon's apprentice, he was represented as what in America would be called a "druggist's clerk." He was told to

His Words

Endymion

“return to his pills and plasters.” A deeper reason for such criticism lay in the poem itself. *Endymion*, Keats’s first long poem, was startlingly novel.

Even in form it was rebellious, for it took the old heroic couplet and changed it into something that would have made Pope speechless with horror. The couplets of Keats are heroic couplet only in meter and rhyme. The sense runs freely past the rhyme. Pauses come wherever they sound well. Keats had returned to the old free couplet of Marlowe, and had even improved upon that. No wonder conservative critics were aggrieved. They had become hardened to the invention of new forms, but here was a man who had no reverence for a form hallowed by Pope and Johnson—a form with which not even Goldsmith had presumed to take liberties.

Compare the following lines with the passages quoted on pages 269 and 278 and with the rules given on page 263. See just what the differences are and just what difference in effect results. Observe how each verse is suited to the purpose for which it is used, how Keats, doing a new thing, had made a new instrument, or rather had transformed the instrument to suit his need. Compare it also with Chaucer’s verse, on page 87, and note how Keats returns to the earlier style.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,

Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That in themselves a circling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

The critics were in some respects right. *Endymion* had many serious defects. The genius of the young poet of twenty-two was unripe. His defects are, however, hardly so great as those in the first poems of Shakspeare. They are of somewhat the same sort. There is a feverish overcrowding of thought. Glowing words press upon one another. Phrases run riot. The main thought is lost in a jungle of tropical foliage.

The faults were those of youth, of creativeness that lacked artistic judgment. Had Keats lived longer, in health and energy, he might have overcome them entirely, and have achieved that perfect combination of romantic feeling and artistic restraint that would place him with Shakspeare. Unfortunately, as his artistic restraint developed, his creative power was weakened by illness. The poems of his that live are those written when both these elements were at their highest in his middle life. The longest of these are *Lamia* and *The Eve of St. Agnes* (1820).

Other Poems

Every student should read the *Eve of St. Agnes* and at least selected portions of *Lamia*, including the last few hundred lines, the account of the feast. In the *Golden Treasury*, the most representative poems are the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* (No. 328), the *Ode to Autumn* (No. 303), and the *Ode to a Nightingale* (No. 290). Keats, like Wordsworth, has transformed the ode into new music. In the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* Keats felt the human life that underlay Greek art. To him, here, as in *Endymion* and *Lamia*, the old mythology lived. Greek gods and goddesses were not abstractions.



SKETCH OF KEATS

A spirited and lifelike portrait, the picture of a poet.

They were living beings, as the Greeks imagined them, of stuff finer than flesh and blood, but human in bodily feelings and instincts. The *Sonnet on First Looking into Chapman's Homer* (No. 210) should be read if only for its last six lines, and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (No. 237) gives what is rare in Keats, but what was to develop in Tennyson and Rossetti,—the mystical side of medieval romance.

Keats, like Shelley, is a poet most read by the poetical.

There are few writers from whom a poet can learn more.

Summary Both have influenced poets who are read more widely. As Scott carried to the larger public the inspiration of Wordsworth and Coleridge, just so we shall find more popular poets, Longfellow, for instance, carrying down the immortal fire to unliterary men. Keats and Shelley, no less than Wordsworth and Coleridge, are creators of modern poetry.

Of about the same date as Byron, Shelley, and Keats, we find two writers of popular verse,—Thomas Moore
Moore (1779-1852) and Thomas Campbell (1777-1844). Moore was a fascinating Irishman who wrote fascinating songs, songs with a touch of the “blarney.” His sentiment is just on the verge of the sentimental, but it is wholesome and clean-hearted. Every Irish song-book is full of his songs. He did for Ireland what Burns did for Scotland. He caught in lyric verse the sentiment of his people, though what Moore caught was rather the surface than the depths.

Campbell wrote a great deal of dull ambitious verse, *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, poems
Campbell not worth reading or remembering. But he wrote besides some very spirited lyric poems, to be found in the *Golden Treasury*. His *Battle of the Baltic* (No. 251) and *Hohenlinden* (No. 259) have a note of real poetry. In *Lord Ullin's Daughter* (No. 255) he tried to invade Scott's territory, the romantic ballad. He believed in the old manner, yet he succeeded best when he wrote in the new.

Another writer of about the same time is Thomas

Hood, a humorist of the punning type, with a strong sense of pathos. His *Song of the Shirt* is one of the first poems to rouse the sympathy of the middle-class, "comfortable" public for the laborer, underpaid and overworked, monotonously repeating the same mechanical task. Hood

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. What accounts for the stop in the advance of liberal ideas at the beginning of the nineteenth century?
In what were Byron, Shelley, and Keats alike? What difference in their general nature?
- II. What was Byron's personal attitude toward life? How was this reflected in his poems?
Why was this spirit needed by the world in which he lived?
In what is Byron's poetry strongest? In what is it relatively lacking?
Read as much of his work as you can and then tell what you like about his poetry. Does it remind you of other poets?
If so, how? Do any qualities displease or offend you?
- III. Compare Shelley's rebellion with Byron's; what difference in spirit?
What is the central idea of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. Show that this idea is typical of the man.
What kind of beauty in nature most appeals to Shelley?
Look through his poems for illustration to your answer to the preceding question. Look also for examples of rapidity of verse.
In what respects may Shelley's blank verse be said to have returned to the standards of Marlowe and Shakspeare? Illustrate.
- IV. How does Keats differ from Shelley in his susceptibility to impressions upon his senses?
What subject, a favorite with Shelley, is ignored by Keats?
How does Keats break the laws of the heroic couplet? Why does he choose to break them?

Read the *Eve of St. Agnes* or *Lamia* (both if possible) and tell what you find to admire in each. What do you observe about the poet's power to tell a story, his dramatic force?

CHAPTER IV

THE VICTORIAN AGE

As we leave the first quarter of the nineteenth century, we enter an age closely related to our own. The Victorian age made the world that we live in. We must look carefully at the changes that mark its coming.

After the battle of Waterloo (1815) when the peril of Napoleon was removed, England was in a position to take up reform at home. Her unrepresented common people, including the rapidly increasing factory operatives, were stirring with new restlessness. Things were ripe for revolution. Between 1825 and the present day, indeed, England has passed through a revolution none the less remarkable that it was bloodless.

The American Revolution was the rebellion of the American people against King George III and Lord North and the oligarchy of land-owning families whom these represented. It cut off the Americans from the rule of these and left them to be governed by elected representatives in Congress. The peaceful revolution that had been going on in England during the nineteenth century has had a similar result. The king and a group of families no longer govern England. The people elect a House of Commons which appoints a Ministry. That (directed by the House of Commons) *tells the king what he is to do.*

There has been a gradual shifting of the government to the common people. Not to the "Commons," in the old sense (which meant to the large farmers and gentry), but to the farm laborers and mill hands, to the plain men who do the plain work of life. The vote is now as general as in the United States. At present practically all men may vote for members of Parliament. The power of the House of Lords has been reduced till it cannot permanently hold back a measure that the House of Commons wants to pass. The power of the King has become practically nothing. The equivalent of the American President is the Prime Minister, chosen by the leaders of the majority party in the House of Commons. The King has no equivalent in American government, unless we say that he

Popular Control of Government



THE ENGLISH FARMER

The man, his costume, and the scene are equally characteristic of rural England in the nineteenth century.

represents that function of the President by which he opens fairs, entertains distinguished visitors, and generally embodies the picturesque and romantic side of patriotism. The King concentrates, in his person, all the dignity that the Englishman associates with the name of England. But the people are the rulers.

There has been a change in the direction of equality. There is more opportunity for the poor boy. Board (*i.e.* public) schools afford him a chance never dreamed of a century ago. Related to this, there

Equality

is a stronger sense of brotherhood, of responsibility for the way "the other half lives," a feeling that the world should not be divided into "halves" at all. The life of the working man is far better than it was a century ago. Conditions are not ideal. The world is full of injustice and



AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

Here are the qualities loved in Victorian landscape, — quiet waters, massed foliage, clustered cottages, and the church tower rising over all. Note the artist's delight in nature for its own sake.

poverty. But men are no longer contented to have it remain like this. In the eighteenth century men said "whatever is, is right; poverty and suffering are the will of God." In the nineteenth men feel that such things do not belong in God's world, and they are trying to get rid of them.

This problem has been made harder by changes that have altered relations of employer and employed. The

laborer of to-day works in great factories and organized industries. His employer is likely to be a **Labor** group of men united to furnish capital to employ him. We find then, not man and master, but group against group, the group who furnish the money and the group who do the work. There arises necessarily the question of the rightful share of each.



THE UPPER THAMES

Twickenham in early Victorian days. Note the old-fashioned steamer. The Thames above London is a clean fresh-water river running between green lawns.

Free speech is now a right. And the press, the organ of free speech, has become a necessity of daily life.

It has been a century of overwhelming material advancement. Machinery has developed. Life has become a thing of factories and railways and steam- **Material**
ers; of telegraphs and telephones; of motor **Progress**
boats and motor cars and airplanes. We depend at

every moment upon inventions never dreamed of when Wellington was fighting Napoleon. And this change in surroundings has had its effect upon our ideals.

The new age has been inclined to think too much of material success. It has seen new ideals, but it has been

Bad Results tempted to place "things" before ideals. Emerson wrote, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." The new age has created many wonderful things, and like the Israelites who made the golden calf, it feels inclined to fall down and worship. It has let itself forget that one can do things only by following ideals.

The new age has developed science. In fact, science and material development go hand in hand. Science has made invention possible, and invention has aided the growth of science. We know more than the man of a hundred years ago ever dreamed of knowing. We know about things that he never imagined could exist. No age has ever understood so accurately and thoroughly the surface of reality, all the processes by which nature's work is carried on, in our bodies and in the natural world about us. Of the deeper secrets of existence, however, the meaning of life, the nature of man's spirit, the purpose of it all, of these we know not a bit more than did our ancestors. We know, indeed, less than they *thought* that they knew. Old beliefs have perished. Some call this, consequently, an age of doubt. This is not necessarily true. It is true that we know, better than before, the bounds which sure knowledge may not pass. Beyond these bounds we may venture upon wings of faith.

The past century, however, has been filled with dispute

between those who believed only what science could prove, and those who said that science which led people to question spiritual truth must be wrong. This contest has been bitterest about the theory of Evolution, the idea advanced by Darwin that nature works through law, along lines of hereditary development. Some have denounced this as irreligious. It denies, they say, the miracle of the creation. Most modern thinkers feel that a new scientific theory need not be regarded as *denying* any spiritual idea. They take the position of the old Arab Sheik, who said, when Evolution was explained to him, "But how can that affect religion? What difference does it make by what means the good God works out His will in His world?"

We shall see, as we look through the nineteenth century, a time of brilliant scientific and material progress, of wonderful commercial expansion and development, an age in which, in spite of wars and disease, men have increased incredibly in numbers and wealth and comfort, and in power over the material world.

We shall find, on account of this, an inclination to overestimate material success, but we shall find, on the other hand, men who perceive this evil and rouse people against it. We shall find these two elements, materialistic content and idealistic discontent, doing constant battle.

We shall find it politically an age of new things, which develops freedom and democracy, and which, in spite of periods of cynical reaction, never lapses into stagnation.

We shall find it intellectually an age of doubt and question and investigation, in which no man hesitates to look into any established idea merely because it is established.

Religion and
Science

Summary

Every accepted belief of science, religion, politics, economics, must be on the defense.

We shall find it an age of emotional energy, in which people are willing to throw their hearts into what they undertake, an age of earnestness and sincerity.

We shall find on the one hand an easier age to appreciate and understand than any before, for it is near to us. But we shall find it, on the other hand, harder to understand, for it is too near for us to see things in their proper value. A boy once said, "How can I tell who is the good man in the story till I reach the end?" We have not reached the end of the story, and we cannot judge. We can only study what we see, and try to find, by the history of the past, the meaning of the present and the promise of the future.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

(Review the account of the English Revolution, pages 257-259.)

Explain why the people, who from the Bill of Rights down had been nominally the ruling power in England, had never come into full control. What reforms were needed in order to make the House of Commons represent the Common People?

Explain the present method of government in England. How does it differ practically from that of the United States?

What changes have taken place, since the eighteenth century, in popular suffrage, in public education?

What new problems in labor, in public ownership, etc.? In discontent with inequality of classes?

What has the century accomplished in material progress? Make a list of practical mechanical inventions made between 1890 and 1900.

What development in science? What changes in religion?

What development of industry, "big business," commercial organization?

Sum up, justifying the three assertions: (a) that it has been an age of material development; (b) that it has been an age of inquiry and spiritual unrest; (c) that it has been an age of increasing democracy.

CHAPTER V

EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY PROSE

WITH the beginning of the nineteenth century we come to changes in English prose almost as striking as those in verse. Prose was fitting itself to express Prose
Expresses
Emotion emotion. In the eighteenth century the mood characteristic of prose had been that of everyday life. The eighteenth-century writers did not express emotion in prose, for they expressed little emotion in any form. With romanticism men let their feelings have expression. In fiction we find Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe presenting images of horror. We find Scott arousing not only interest but passionate sympathy. To do this, prose had to develop new powers.

The prose of the nineteenth century learned to become poetical. "Poetical prose" is a contradiction; it is a contradiction that real life demands of us. In Poetical
Prose one piece of writing one may need to express both *fact* and *feeling*. Prose is suited to the one, verse to the other. Of course one can do what Shakspeare did, pass from prose to verse as the feeling changes. The "sleep-walking scene" in *Macbeth* begins in prose. The physician is talking professionally about the symptoms of his patient. At the close of the scene, overcome with the terrible secret he has learned the physician abandons his professional calm — and the scene ends in verse:

Foul whisperings are abroad, unnatural deeds
 Do breed unnatural troubles . . . so, good night:
 My mind she has mated and amazed my sight,
 I think, but dare not speak.

In modern fiction such a change is impracticable. The change disturbs the reader's eye far more than it does the hearer's ear. The modern writer must therefore keep to one form. Consequently, if the modern novelist or essayist would express poetical ideas without departing from prose form, he must use a prose that will have some of the characteristics of verse.

Let us see what such prose can do and what it cannot. In the first place it cannot be *metrical*. It must not scan.

That is invading the province of verse. But it may be rhythmical, one might almost say that it *must*, for rhythm springs almost instinctively from strong feeling. For models of such rhythm, English prose had only to look back to the early days when prose had been poetical, to the stately periods of Sir Thomas Browne, to the liquid grace of Malory, or to the majesty of the English Bible. We must keep in mind that, whatever the changes in literary fashion, the poetry of the *Psalms* and the *Book of Job* and *Isaiah* had continuously sounded in English ears. We shall see English prose resuming its ancient inheritance, its right not only to utter high thoughts but to *sing* them. It must not sing them in tunes, in measured lines. The music of prose has just the same relation to the music of verse that a "recitative" passage, a complicated passage of orchestra composition, has to a simple melody. The prose rhythm is less obvious, but its rich variety and subtlety give it wonderful flexibility.

Prose should not cross certain lines. A prose writer should not use words associated with verse. But prose need not leave the language of common speech in order to suggest poetry. The language of daily life is full of poetic possibilities. A great writer of prose is able, by simple unaffected words, by just such magic linkings of these as in poetry, to lift his reader out of the commonplace. One might compare poetic prose to the hydroplane that flits along the surface of the water, skimming, but not flying, keeping to its own element yet invading a higher.

The development of the novel is one reason for the development of poetical prose. The novelists of the nineteenth century had need of it. Compare the Use by Nov-
elists stories of Edgar Allan Poe, or the novels of Hawthorne, with the *Mysteries of Udolpho* and the *Castle of Otranto*. These later works have, it is true, many reasons for being greater, but one reason is that they do more than tell stories. They give what is called "atmosphere." The writer not only presents facts, but, like a poet, surrounds and colors these facts with a light of feeling — a light so magical that it makes the supernatural seem true and the impossible as vivid as daily experience. Perhaps he makes us feel the emotions of one of the characters, perhaps he makes us realize the beauty of some scene or the horror of some experience. It is the feeling that gives the novel its power, and it is the poetry in the style that carries this feeling to the reader.

With the coming of the nineteenth century, *criticism* took a new character. The critic of the eight- Criticismteenth century had stood guard at the door of polite literature to see that only literature in correct evening

dress was admitted. A critic of this type has no need to express himself poetically. The new criticism, however, was to attempt something altogether different.

Criticism, as we see it to-day, tries not to *limit* the ways of making literature but to make clear to men the ways already found and the possibilities of each.

New Work of Critic It draws from great literature not laws that must be kept, but principles that may be of service. It does what students of this book try to do, to see the live truths that underlie the works that men have written. As a means to this end, it aims to make men *see the good* in all great works.

A critic must find what an author aimed to do, must tell whether the aim was worthy, and, if there is failure, must explain where and why it came. But far more important is the positive side, the side that teaches one to see the good, to find the beauty in a new poem, the power in a new novel. Authors of such criticism need poetical style. They must interpret the author's feeling. They must give the reader their own feeling about life and make clear to him the meaning that they see in it.

In the new age others besides critics were to need a prose that would do more than convey cold fact. Historians

Other Branches were realizing that history is not mechanical. The historian interprets the emotions of nations, the passions that hurried them to war, the discontents that broke out in revolution, the hesitations that held them passive under tyranny. Even philosophy was to realize the poetry of its task, the effort to understand the nature of the Master Mind and the Material World, the One and the Many, to tell whether these are of different stuff, or whether one being runs through all. Scientists

felt the thrill of the wonders they discovered and tried to make the public feel it. Political science, too, was to remember that it dealt with "human stuff," with men made up of passions and seeking happiness.

An eminent critic of the new type was William Hazlitt

(1778-1830). He saw

clearly and expressed bril- **Hazlitt**

liantly what he saw. His style was ahead of his time in lightness and energy. Students will find in his collected essays much interesting reading.

Hazlitt was of the type of the magazine writer of today. Another **De Quincey**

writer of the same type was Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859). De Quincey had equal critical ability and equal insight into men's ideals and objects. But his greatness lies less in his criticism than in



THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Author of *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, a masterpiece of poetic prose.

his development of prose into an instrument for expressing poetical feeling.

De Quincey's indulgence in opium led him, in connection with his fascinating account of his experience, *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, to picture **His Poetical Style** his dreams. These dreams were so poetically beautiful (like Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*) that some would,

like Coleridge, have written them in verse. But verse was not De Quincey's instrument. An artist in prose, he chose to make prose express poetry. The result is the first great prose poetry since the time of the Elizabethans. The *Dream-Fugue* that concludes *The English Mail Coach* is not only one of the first, it is one of the greatest pieces of rhythmical emotional prose ever written. Few passages outside the English Bible, can equal it. There is hardly a false note. It holds the attention like noble music. It is a symphonic poem in prose that makes words do the work of notes.

So closely knit is the *Dream-Fugue* that one cannot well extract a short passage. The following, from *Suspiria* (attached to the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*), will give an idea of De Quincey's poetical style. Read it aloud and observe the rhythm, noting in what it resembles and in what it differs from the rhythm of verse.

God smote Savannah-la-Mar, and in one night by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. And God said — "Pompeii did I bury and conceal from men through seventeen centuries: this city I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come; for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas." This city, therefore, like a mighty galleon with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucent atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches.

The music of this prose is not the same that we find in the Bible or in Sir Thomas Browne. It is of a new quality

It owes something to the Latin; rather more to the Greek, and a great deal more to an underlying tendency in English itself, that had been gradually working out to the light. This and similar passages could not fail to have great effect upon all English prose.

His Influence

De Quincey's other work has similar merit. His *Joan of Arc* devotes itself to the poetic significance of her life. His *Flight of a Tartar Tribe* depicts the migration of an Oriental nation, moving in an irresistible march across a continent. A piece of prose history, it has the feeling of a poem and the breathless interest of a novel. His work has faults. He cannot refrain from vast circlings and parentheses, in which he never loses himself, but sometimes loses his reader. Sometimes he so adorns his language that it cannot do plain work plainly. Yet he always repays study. His criticism is suggestive. His history is large-spirited. A little man, of fiery energy under a gentle manner, of marvelous imagination, he survived illness and opium to an advanced age. He was actively writing till past the middle of the century.

Other Works

An essayist a little before De Quincey, yet standing by himself, is Charles Lamb (1775—1834). A city clerk, subject to mild attacks of insanity, devoting himself to the care of a sister who was subject to violent attacks, Lamb did little writing till he was past middle life. (His *Tales from Shakspeare*, written with his sister, is of early date.) His great work consists of his *Essays of Elia*, written after his retirement from business. It is impossible to describe Lamb's essays, and to quote one in full is impracticable. The charm lies in the peculiar

Lamb

personal tone which is carried out by a peculiar style, quite his own.



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CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

Both had grave cause for unhappiness. Both found happiness in each other's companionship.

Lamb is one of the first humorists, in the modern sense. In the time of Shakspeare, a "humorist" meant a man who indulged (usually because he wanted to "show off") some "humor" or eccentricity of his nature. (See page 204.) To-day we find that a humorist is a man who for literary purposes uses his peculiarities of mind (real or assumed) to amuse the public. Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Mark Twain, each of the American humorists, has posed as a man with a peculiar way of looking at life. Each has taken, like Wamba, a certain license as permissible to a man of his peculiarities. The modern humorist does for the public what the ancient jester did for the king. Lamb assumed less extravagance than the American humorists. Yet, by his eccentric attitude toward life, by a style of his own making, and by a humor at once kindly and quaint, he clearly deserves the title. He draws some peculiarities from the

Elizabethans, but his manner is his own. It cannot be characterized or imitated.



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CHARLES LAMB AND ROAST PIG

Lamb wrote an *Essay upon Roast Pig*. As one looks at this, one can see the delicious playfulness of the essay taking shape in his mind.

The following gives some idea of his style. Observe how very human, offhand, and conversational he dares to be. He writes as a good talker would talk in a group of friends.

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last century countenance, it was at the act of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candor, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreation of the kind. She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in this light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it. She unbent her mind afterward, over a book.

This shows, it must be remembered, only one side of Lamb's work. One finds in his *Essays* passages of delicate fancy, of playful humor, of tender pathos. The style fits the subject — now humorous, now poetical, always characteristically his own.

Another of the same group is Leigh Hunt (1784-1859). He wrote upon all sorts of subjects, some very light. He is one of the first to ex-

Hunt cel in the chatty
 essay, writing in

a familiar offhand style that his poetic taste kept somewhat in check. Hunt was at heart a poet with the tastes but none of the genius of Keats, whom he to some extent influenced, not always for the better and whom he devotedly loved. Of all his poetry only a few lines live, light lines that he wrote about his meeting, in his old age,

with Mrs. Carlyle, the lines ending "Jenny kissed me."

His prose is still good reading, and might be of help to those students of composi-

tion who can find "nothing more to say about the subject." Hunt's quick imagination never suffered for a lack of interesting thoughts about any topic that presented itself.

One more writer, a solitary figure, is Walter Savage



LEIGH HUNT

A man as contradictory as his face, — poet, essayist, and intimate friend of men of genius. Only his essays live.

Landor. We can see in him very clearly the return to the spirit of the ancients, the attempt to make the days of Athens live and breathe. Unfortunately, like other imitators of the classics, Landor imitated their calmness only too well. He failed to bring out the glowing life beneath. His *Imaginary Conversations* deal only in part with ancient days, but all are filled with classical restraint. Landor was a man of violent temper and extravagant expression; only in his writing could he hold himself under control. Here he succeeded too well. A high-school student would care little for his conversations except for the few in which the concealed fire breaks out upon the surface. Landor also wrote considerable verse of merit. The only poem of his that has touched the popular fancy is the following, in which there is almost perfect mingling of romantic feeling and classical restraint.

Ah! what avails the scepter'd race!
Ah! what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. Explain the reasons for the development of poetical prose. What new needs for it in fiction, criticism, and history? Who was Hazlitt. For what would you turn to his works? For what is DeQuincy famous? Read his *Dream-Fugue* (following *The English Mail Coach*) and observe its rhythmic and poetic character.

II. What is a humorist in the modern meaning? Give the history of the word.

Show that Charles Lamb deserves the name of humorist. Select one of his essays that appeals to you. Tell in what respect it is humorous.

For what is Landor noted? Read one of his *Imaginary Conversations* and decide why you like or dislike it.

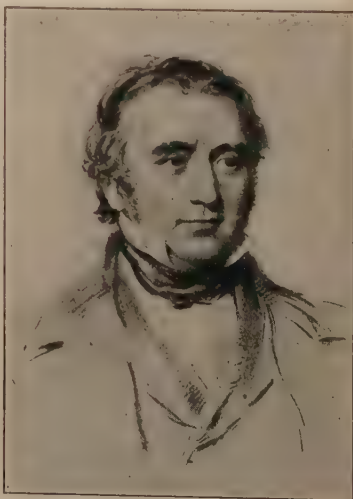
CHAPTER VI

MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859) was born not much later than De Quincey and Leigh Hunt and

His Place died in the same year. Yet, though writing at the same time, he belongs to a later period. In some respects he is of our own day. Politically he is a leader, seeing clearly the principles of democracy. As a writer of prose, he was one of the first to attain a light, clean-cut structure. But in his opinions about poetry he was, though he could write stirring poetry himself, ignorant of the tendencies amid which he lived.

Macaulay wrote history, essays, and verse. His *History of England* was the first to trace the steady evolution



THOMAS B. MACAULAY

Orator, essayist, historian, poet,
— one of the most brilliant and
versatile men of his day.

of popular government. A member of the liberal party and a brilliant speaker in Parliament, he was well fitted to look back over the road that English liberalism had traveled. His history has its limitations, but the Englishmen who read it saw a new meaning in their nation's story. Everybody who read anything read it. It was history that rivalled fiction.

His Work

Macaulay's style has one great merit. Whatever he wrote is perfectly *clear*. He attained this clearness by modern methods. Of all the "standard" writers required for college entrance, he is the only one before the middle of the century who is a good model for a writer of to-day. His style is clear because his thought is clear. Thought is not naturally clear. Ideas come into our minds entangled, intermixed, out of order. And too many writers set them down just as they come. Macaulay arranged and cleared up his thoughts before he wrote. Apparently he trained himself to see at once, in one clear act of his mind, all that he had to say, in all its relations, and he enabled his reader to see it as he did. He knew when he wrote a sentence or a paragraph just what relation it had to his whole plan, and he made this relation plain.

**His Clear-
ness**

His sentences are shorter, on the average, than those of the writers before his day, and they are more varied in length. He will follow a series of long sentences by one short sentence that sums up the point. He had learned, too, to put the point of a sentence last. He will begin paragraphs with topic sentences and will end them with summaries. He makes easy transitions, passing smoothly from thought to thought. He lets his readers see where he is going.

**His Sen-
tences and
Paragraphs**

Too many previous writers had left their readers to find their way over broken trails through a jungle of thought. Macaulay cleared paths, bridged chasms, and supplied sign posts. He made the way easy.

His defects are related to his merits. He is clear partly because he said only what he could make others understand. Like Browning's "faultless painters," he never attained the highest because he never tried to do what cannot be done. He did not



A CAMBRIDGE QUADRANGLE

English colleges are built around hollow squares, forming "quadrangles." The picture shows one of these. Observe the buttresses and fine windows to the right. Macaulay studied at Cambridge.

try, like Ruskin and Carlyle, to make people *feel* spiritual truth that no man can *understand*. He never forgets where he is going, for he is never, like Paul, blinded by a white light of vision that makes this purpose seem trivial. His writing has a "hard finish." Its limitations are those of the century that had passed. It lacks richness and depth and spiritual appeal.

Macaulay's *Essays* fall into two classes. Those upon history have the quality of his *History of England*. Those upon literature are of less merit. His *Essay upon Milton*, a very early work, is especially unreliable. Students must not be misled by its clever presentation of mistaken ideas. At the very time when Wordsworth and Coleridge were beginning to be

Essays

appreciated by the public, in the very years when the best work of Keats and Byron and Shelley was being published, we find Macaulay arguing that "poetry declines as civilization advances." He felt convinced that as man develops in intellect, he will become less emotional and will abandon the vague ideas we call spiritual. Yet history proves the opposite of this. For poetry has increased with every new impulse of civilization. High ideals and great poetry always go hand in hand. In the same essay we find Macaulay declaring that vague description makes more appeal to the imagination than definite images, and we find other views obviously left over from the century preceding. In this respect Macaulay is behind De Quincey and Hazlitt and Coleridge.

A large number of the essays, both historical and literary, will repay reading. In reading them, however, the student should think for himself, should step out of Macaulay's beautifully made path to see what sights that path may miss or evade. One weakness of a writer who makes things absolutely clear is that he cannot be telling the whole truth, for the whole meaning of things is never clear and simple.

In his own poetry Macaulay practiced better than he preached. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* and his other poems are brilliant and living verse. They are not of the type of Keats and Shelley, but they are equal to Scott and superior to Campbell and have the same popular appeal. There is spirit and speed and vividness, combined with swinging rhythm and flash of words. Every reader can quote *Horatius at the Bridge*. The reasons that make one remember that poem are reasons why Macaulay's *Lays* are certain to live.

His Poetry

Macaulay brought out, from the confusion of English history, the story of English self-government, and made it interesting. He showed later writers how to make clean-cut paragraphs and sentences, how to write efficiently. He wrote poetry that still thrills one when one reads it. His note may be, as some one said, "clear and metallic," but so is the call of a trumpet. He was a man of unusual genius. His influence will be lasting.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

What were Macaulay's political views? Why is it important to know this in studying his work.

Explain the statement that his writings established a new standard of clearness and orderliness in prose. What is to be noticed with regard to his sentences, his paragraphs? Look over one of his essays and find examples of model sentences and paragraphs.

In what respect are his opinions in advance of those of his day?

In what kinds of judgment is he less to be relied upon? Give a definite instance.

Show how a tendency to exaggeration developed from a desire to make his views absolutely clear.

What do you like in his *Ballads* and his *Lays of Ancient Rome*? What do they lack that is found in greater poets? What have they that greater poets often miss?

CHAPTER VII

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) differs from Macaulay in being modern in every respect. His whole spirit is of rebellion against convention, not rebellion for the sake of rebellion, as in Byron, but rebellion for the sake of getting at the truth. He does

His Spirit

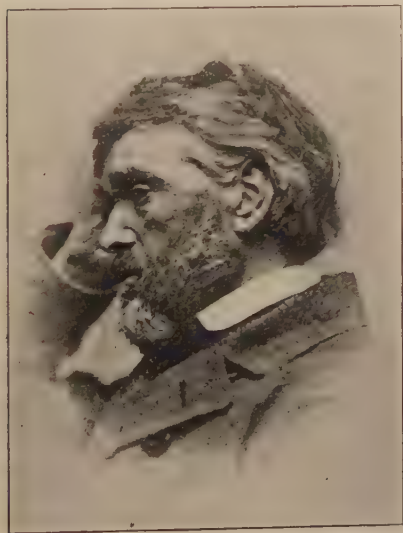
not want the truth cleared and simplified and purified as Macaulay would have it. The reader must take it in all its incomprehensibility. He does not so much care to have the reader *see* it. He wants him to *feel* it, to grasp its spirit.

Carlyle, like Burns, was a Scotchman who entered

literature from the farm. But where Burns followed emotion and instinct, Carlyle followed ideals and spiritual convictions. For Carlyle, though he wrote prose, yet lives by the poetry that shines through it. Like De Quincey, though in far different manner, he did with prose what poets do with verse. And the chief thing that he did was to set before men the value of the Idea.

Like Emerson, Carlyle, influenced by the "transcendental" German

His Philosophy



THOMAS CARLYLE

A strong and thoughtful face. Carlyle saw much to attack, but never was a satirist or cynic. He had faith in final good.

man Philosophy of the period just preceding, felt the importance of Ideas as contrasted with Things. Emerson, as we have seen, complained that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind." Carlyle cried aloud to mankind to shake off the incubus. His greatest work, *Sartor Resartus*, consists chiefly of this appeal. It is a book upon Clothes.

Carlyle puts Emerson's idea about Things and Mankind into another figure. Clothes, he says, have come to be more important than the man who wears them. He does not, by this, signify literal clothing. He means that all external things, all the machinery and convention and ceremony of life are only Clothing, something that, if it confines him, a man may cast off. The one vital thing in the world is Man and the Immortal Spirit of Man. To these all else must give way. Man must not let the laws that he has made, the constitutions that he himself has drawn up, the traditions that he has established, limit the freedom of the being who has made them. Creeds may be discarded, constitutions may be cast aside. All man-made Things must yield when the Soul of Man craves freedom.

Related to this idea there runs through the whole book the call for man to remember that matter is but a clothing for mind, that the whole woven universe is but the visible garment of God. And no book that can make this conviction real should remain unread by those who look for inspiration.

Another idea of Carlyle's is the importance in history of the Strong Man, the Hero. There are two extreme doctrines of history. One teaches that the great movements of world history develop through mankind as a whole, and that the man who apparently leads, leads only because people are willing to follow. If he were not there, another leader would be found. Carlyle's view is that the strong man *makes* the movement, that his leadership creates the demand. Both theories are partly right. A leader can get men to follow him only when the moment is ripe and the world is ready. Yet

his personality may make all the difference between success and failure. A movement may spring from popular demand. But the man who leads it may determine where it will turn. Had Washington and Napoleon been in each other's places, the history of the American Revolution and the French Revolution might have been different. The Renaissance would have developed just the same as if Shakspeare had never been born, but the drama would have felt the difference. There is such a thing as leadership and influence. Carlyle exaggerated this, but he exaggerated it to an age that had underestimated it. The early nineteenth century needed to be aroused to the meaning of individuality, to what one man's will might do for himself and others.

In the *Essay on Burns* we see this idea in Carlyle's emphasis upon the idea of a Man's effect upon Society, the individual's influence upon the world. And in his *Heroes and Hero-worship* he developed this idea further in a series of lectures upon the men who have shaped history.

Carlyle is a poet not only in feeling but in style. Often in his prose, he uses the methods of poetry. His *Essay on Burns* is in his earlier manner. One sees **His Style** in it few signs of the style adopted in his later work. This later fashion is a style of his own, a fervid prose-poetry with a ragged syncopated rhythm, accents jammed together as in Slavonic music, every word important and emphatic, and more important words *smashed* in among them. It is a style all clash and uproar, like the ocean in a tide-rip where "the waves cannot find room to stand." And one goes glorying through it in splendidly exultant conflict.

Carlyle's style is not a model for a young writer, except that it can teach him to fit his own style to his own thought. It is full of eccentricities, of odd capitalizations, of words coined for the occasion or distorted out of their usual meaning. The impression that one gets is of a stormy earnestness that wrenches the language brutally to its purpose, that curbs and drives and lashes it without mercy. Some attribute Carlyle's peculiar style to imitation of German. In small part it may come from that. In part, too, one may trace it to the idiom of colloquial Scotch speech, in such expressions as "It's a bonny sicht, that!" But there is no need to trace a style that only one man uses. One need only admire what is noble in it. And there is so much in the thought that, even if the style repels, one should overcome the first repulsion.

The following passage is one of the finest in *Sartor Resartus*, perhaps one of the finest in all Carlyle's work:

Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere the watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse wink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow: and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence? — O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

“We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!”

Carlyle's *French Revolution* is far from correct historically. It is, however, a wonderfully impassioned story — someone has called it an Epic Poem — of “**French Revolution**” the Revolution. Chapter VI, Book V, the account of the taking of the Bastille, should be compared with Chapter XXI in the *Tale of Two Cities*. The difference between the two men can be felt in the two descriptions. Dickens has more narrative skill; Carlyle greater poetic fire. One looks through his account into a tempest of human passion.

Carlyle aroused men to a spiritual view of life. That is what we must remember him by. It is not important

that his digestion was bad, or that he married a clever woman, or that he and his wife, happy in a big sense, were miserable over trifles. That is just the sort of thing that Carlyle himself would see through and dismiss. The thing that he did was to make Englishmen and English-speaking Americans realize that Souls counted more than Things, that it is a man's duty to follow Ideals and to do his part, great or little, to shape the world in which he lives. Until we have carried out that lesson, we cannot say that Carlyle's preaching is no more needed.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Contrast Carlyle with Macaulay, in personality, prose style, ideas upon politics, in philosophy of life.

What foreign thinkers affected Carlyle's ideas upon the meaning of life?

What is the idea that underlies *Sartor Resartus*?

What did Carlyle mean by a Hero? What did he think of the Hero's importance in history? How would you modify this idea?

Read *Sartor Resartus*, at least in part, or *Hero-Worship*, or the *French Revolution*, and select passages that you think are characteristic of Carlyle at his best. Explain why you think so.

What good did Carlyle's books do? Why was their lesson needed? Has the need passed?

What possible effect might his plain origin and his sufferings from dyspepsia have had upon his literary work?

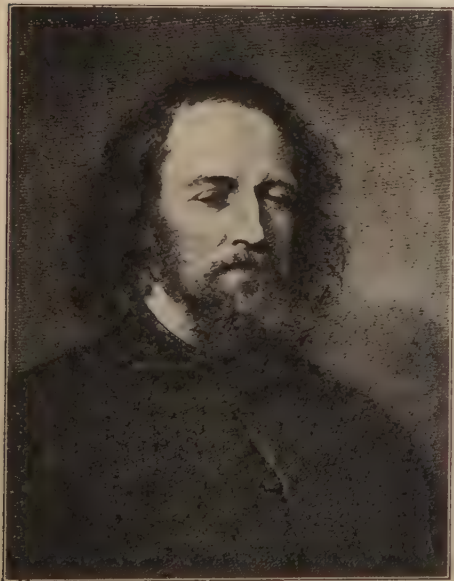
CHAPTER VIII

TENNYSON

ALFRED (later LORD) TENNYSON (1809-1892) is the characteristic poet of the Victorian Age. Other poets contributed elements of importance, and even affected

Tennyson himself. Tennyson, however, represents the age as a whole. He gave what his time wanted.

He was, as few previous poets had been, *professionally* a poet. The whole of his long life was devoted deliber-



ALFRED TENNYSON

In some cases long hair and "poetic uniform" induce ridicule. In the case of Tennyson, his native dignity commanded respect. One saw that he *was* the poet he *seemed*.

from other pursuits, this break between literature and life, is one mark of the time. Yet poetry cannot take hold of the people unless it is born and lives among them, unless it transfigures the life that they live.

Tennyson's early poetry shows lightness and grace and technical skill. It lapses at times into mere "prettiness,"

ately A Writer out-
to the side Life

making of poetry. The result was a style amazingly polished and artistic. Yet one may question whether such detachment from the world and the ordinary pursuits of men did not deprive his poetry of something that poetry needs. One cannot but feel that the men who made their songs while they walked and labored among men sang songs closer to man's heart. This separation of poetry

into the melodramatic and sentimental, as in the *Queen of the May*. At its best it gives us a new music, **Early Poems** not so spiritual as Shelley's but no less airy and graceful, and it has a picturing power never before equaled. It is in this period that we find *Ænone*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Palace of Art*, and *The Lotus-eaters*, every one of which is an addition to the best in English poetry.

None of these is included in the *Golden Treasury*, and the student must look them up in later collections, or in the collected works of the poet. *The Lotus-eaters* and *The Lady of Shalott* are typical.

Observe how the sound sings with the thought, a fasci-
His Artistry nating music, not merely of rhythm and meter, but of harmonies of vowels and of consonants. A line in a later poem,

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

is typical of this artistry of detail. Read it aloud and feel the harmony of the syllables. And observe, as other examples of the same:

And settled in her eyes
The green malignant light of coming storm.

Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag, and trap, and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte.

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees.

Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere.

The overdelicacy and "prettiness" of the early poems was partly overcome, as Tennyson matured, by the force

of the man himself. He was a man of rugged and even rough fiber, a man of big frame and great physical strength, able to bend horseshoes with his bare hands. A man of so much force could afford some daintiness without risk of weakness.

His succeeding (1842) volume was like the better part of the first. We find such poems as *Ulysses*, and, still more important, *Morte d'Arthur*, the first experi- Later Work
mental fragment of the series of poems that were to make up *The Idylls of the King*. In this, as in *Ulysses*, one feels Tennyson's blank verse attaining its full power, regaining the Elizabethan lyric freedom. No later work ever surpassed these poems either in inspiration or in technical skill. In *Locksley Hall*, in the same volume, one finds the tendency to meditate upon life as seen through modern science, a tendency to be carried farther in *In Memoriam*.

Important works of subsequent years are *Enoch Arden*, *Maud*, and *The Princess*. *Enoch Arden* is a vivid and pathetic tale, in blank verse, of strong self-sacrifice. *The Princess* is a fantasy upon the theme of "woman's rights." It treats lightly ideas the world has since learned to regard seriously. But its solution, that man and woman should live in a spirit of partnership and mutual helpfulness, is as true as ever. It contains much beautiful blank verse and a number of Tennyson's best songs — *Sweet and Low*, for instance, and *Tears, Idle Tears*. *Maud* was Tennyson's own favorite among his poems. It is the most varied and technically interesting. There is a marvelous fitting of sound to sense, and many of its lyric passages are immortal. No poem of Tennyson's appeals more to a poet. One later ballad that should not be

missed is *The Revenge*, the story of Sir Richard Grenville's heroic fight against the Spanish Armada.

In drama, Tennyson did not excel. His plays lack dramatic structure and dramatic vividness. *Becket* and *The Foresters* achieved a certain success. **His Drama** *Queen Mary* and *Harold* will repay the reader. The average student will do well, however, to read Tennyson where he is strongest, in narrative and lyric verse.

Two poems that require special comment are *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King*. *In Memoriam* is a poem written upon the death of a friend, a nearer and dearer friend than Milton mourned in *Lycidas*. **"In Memoriam"** It is not, like *Lycidas*, a pastoral elegy. It gives us the reflections of a young man brought suddenly face to face with the fact of death, trying to satisfy himself with the solutions of religion and philosophy and rising at last to a calm faith in immortality and to our part in the great will of God.

The poem drops all the "machinery" of the old elegy and is in a simple lyric form, a four-foot iambic line. The stanza is in a rhyme-system that has come to be associated with the name of the poem. It is less known as a whole than in its best passages. Its broken form — it is rather a series of poems than a poem — makes this natural. The following stanzas are typical:

[Tennyson speaks of the coming race, the "crowning race" of the ages.]

Whereof this man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
This friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

The Idylls of the King is of modern poems the nearest to an epic. It begins with the *Coming of Arthur* and ends with the *Passing of Arthur*, and the "The Idylls" whole poem between the two develops an orderly and connected story. It is a poem to which



ELAINE ON THE BARGE
 (From *Idylls of the King*)

The body of Elaine is rowed by the dumb old servitor, to the Court of King Arthur.

Tennyson devoted much of his life, writing its different portions as his inspiration led him, yet fitting each into its place.

The whole makes an allegory, or one might say a symbolism (less definite than an allegory) of the life of man. It represents life as modern thought sees it. It is the final expression of Tennyson's questionings. Goethe, the German poet, devoted his life to a great dramatic poem, *Faust*, that was to make clear all that

life meant to him. Something much like this Tennyson attempted in the *Idylls*, yet his message is not so clear as Goethe's. The Victorian Age was an age of doubt, and the allegory leads merely to the edge of faith.

The underlying meaning is this: The story of King Arthur represents the life of a Soul. One asks in vain, as one asks about Arthur, whence it comes. One asks in vain, too, as of Arthur, whither it goes — whether it dies in death, or goes to some "valley of Avilion, where comes not hail nor rain nor any snow." And this Soul has its "Round Table," its instruments, all its intellectual and bodily powers, its passions and aspirations, and these it inspires with its high ideals. Yet these instruments, like Arthur's Knights, must always fail it. The ideal is too high for one life to attain. The story, like Arthur's, must end in failure. One must lay down one's task incomplete, abandon it to new hands. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Yet the purpose of God goes on, and the Soul may, like Arthur, live after death.

This allegory underlies the poem. But it underlies so deeply that it hardly disturbs the surface story, which may be read just for its own sake. Perhaps the instinct that leads readers to do this is not wholly wrong. Except in *Pilgrim's Progress* (and even there readers are not agreed), the world has always hesitated to look through a story into the underlying lesson. It eats the sugar and ignores the medicine. Even Goethe's *Faust* is read, and acted, and turned into Italian opera for a part of the story, a part which, taken out of the whole, quite misses the meaning. Tennyson's *Idylls* are read, especially by young people, not for their allegory of life, but

for the story of men and women that they set before us. Possibly an allegory of such length is a mistake, like music at a feast. The mind is too busy with other pleasures to do it justice. We cannot follow Tennyson's deeper meaning while we live and love and hope and suffer with the people in his tale. When Gareth and Lynette ride along the flowery forest ways, we do not think about Youth; we know only that they are young and that adventure lies before them.

Yet, when one has read the whole poem, and has meditated upon it all, the deeper meaning comes out. And one line, repeated again and again, will force its meaning into our minds. An old Saxon compared the life of man to the bird that flies from the night into the lighted hall and out into the night again. Tennyson's *Idylls* give us, in one repeated line, the perplexity and hope and fear of mankind.

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

The *Idylls* are, as has been said, in some respects like an epic. But they do not make an epic. They have not the singleness and simple strength that mark an epic poem. They are over-ornamented, over-rich in detail. The strength of his poetry is lost in too much substance.

This is a fault not merely of Tennyson, but of Romanticism of the Victorian Age. It cannot sacrifice. It drowns the story in a flood of detail. Here A Fault of
the Age the old ballad writers and the Greeks and Romans were alike in doing better. Two kinds of men keep right in the road and do not wander, the cold "proper," uninterested man, like the "classicist," and

the man who is hot upon some purpose. The balladist and Homer were too impatient with interest to deal with anything but the *heart* of what happened. The nineteenth century only half used its imagination. It wrote and read in cultured leisure. It was not absorbed in the tale it was telling. The modern poet has written thinly, not greatly. He has created a nebula of meteors where he should have compressed his fire into one glowing ball.

Tennyson was great in his day because he embodied its spirit. Whether he will be great in the future depends upon the value of that spirit. The faults of his age begin to show as we move away from it. It was too ready to put up with half-heartedness. It was also inclined to self-satisfaction. It was tempted to admire its ideals of human progress, and forget that ideals are valuable only when one carries them into effect. It would admire its zeal for human brotherhood and its pity for the poor, and would get angry with people who insisted that it should call all men brothers and remove the injustice of poverty. It puzzled over the mystery of life, but never created, like the ancient Greeks, a practical philosophy to help men to face life.

Poetry learned from Tennyson new power, new sweetness. It learned, too, a marvelous keenness of phrase.

Summary Tennyson more deliberately than any poet before (he even kept notes in words, as a painter would make them in line) strove for the *right touch*, the one *right word*. His craftsmanship is brilliant. Whatever Tennyson's weakness, any student may learn much from his best.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

"Tennyson shows a conscious and deliberate artistry." Develop and explain this statement, with reference to passages in his poems. (In what respects is this a merit, in what respects a defect?)

Tell something of the general subject and character of each of the following: *In Memoriam*, *Enoch Arden*, *Maud*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Locksley Hall*.

What poems of Tennyson's do you like best? For what qualities? In what is Tennyson strongest? In what is he weak? Show that his merits and defects are typical of his age.

What relation can you find between Tennyson's early life and surroundings and the nature of his work? Compare his surroundings with Shakespeare's, with Carlyle's.

CHAPTER IX

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889) is more individual than Tennyson. Where Tennyson colored a familiar type of poetry with new individuality, Browning developed a poetry of a new kind.

Browning excels in the dramatic sketch, the monologue, or monodrama. He shows us one person, **His Dramatic Sense** and by imaginative insight makes us read the secret of that person's soul. He has a power of entering into another personality.

Like Tennyson, Browning cannot resist the temptation to complicate. But Browning's additions and ramblings are not to *adorn*. They are the fantastic **Faults** by-play of a mind distracted by its own riches. They do however, give, as in Tennyson, the effect of a man of letters not impelled by a feeling so over-

powering that he can think of nothing else. One finds this only in Browning's longer poems. In his shorter poems he is a model of condensed efficiency.

Browning is justly blamed for obscurity. To some extent his obscurity results from his subject. A thor-

oughly
Obscurity modern

poet, he is often trying to make language *imply* what it cannot say, and not all readers are capable of following. His words can inspire only those who have ascended similar pinnacles.

This is true only of part of his poems. Many are of the simplest themes. Hardly a boy or girl can fail to understand *The Pied Piper*, or *Hervé Riel*, or *An Incident of the French Camp*. On the other hand

only the exceptional boy or girl can understand *Saul*, or *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, or *Abt Vogler*. For these are about things that only exceptional boys and girls think of.

Browning's obscurity, however, does not always come from his subject. Sometimes it comes from his impatience, or from his failure to see the reader's trouble in follow-



ROBERT BROWNING

A characteristic portrait. Notice the simplicity, the unaffected manner and dress, the strong kindly face.

ing his meaning. Either he will not stop to help the reader, or he cannot imagine that the reader can be having any trouble. He leaves things to be guessed, and even learned professors cannot guess them, or guess them differently. He hurries through a sentence tangled with ambiguous constructions and leaves the reader struggling helplessly. At other times he goes darting off, in his marvelous enthusiasm, into such rapid and bewildering excursions into byways that it is impossible to follow.



THE PIED PIPER

From Kate Greenaway's illustration to Browning's poem.

A poem typical of these difficulties, though upon a simple subject, is

Pheidippides. The language is involved. The story is told, but the reader has so many chances to get the wrong idea that he is apt to miss the right one. There is a riot of learning and of incidental thoughts. And one may add to this that the verse is very hard to read rhythmically. In short, *Pheidippides* is not a poem out of which the average student can make much by himself. In Browning's longer poems there is much obscurity of this sort.

It is a great mistake to say that since Browning is intellectual, his verse should be read without marked rhythm. *Poets do not sing their thoughts in* **Browning's**
verse in order to have this verse read like **Rhythm**
prose. Browning is always a poet, and has a keen ear for

rhythm. In reading his verse one should always recognize the rhyme and the end of the line, and should always see that the line swings with a melody that fits the thought. For you can be sure that Browning meant it so. To see how rhythmically he could write when he chose, read aloud the following from *The Flight of the Duchess*.

At once I was stopped by the Lady's expression;
 For it was life her eyes were drinking. . . .
 Life that filling her, passed redundant
 Into her very hair, back swerving
 Over each shoulder, loose and abundant,
 As her head thrown back showed the white throat curving
 And the very tresses shared in the pleasure,
 Moving to the mystic measure,
 Bounding as her bosom bounded.
 I stopped short, more and more confounded,
 As still her cheeks burned and her eyes glistened,
 And as she listened and she listened, —
 When all at once a hand detained me
 And the self-same contagion gained me,
 And I kept time to the wondrous chime,
 Making out words and prose and rhyme,
 Till it seemed that the music furled
 Its wings like a task fulfilled, and dropped
 From under the words it first had propped,
 And left them midway in the world.

Browning combines intellect with imagination. One feels, in his poems, that the spirit of the man Browning was bigger than that of Tennyson. Tennyson's **His Sense of Reality** was too professionally the poet. He looked and dressed the part. He was a stately and poetic figure, with flowing hair, ragged beard, and romantic cloak, striding over his wind-swept hills. Browning did not *look* poeti-

cal. He moved about London among other men. He drew, consequently, what he knew of men and women not merely from his own soul, but also from actual life. And his spirit was closer to the common man than Tennyson's. For this reason, his poetry, more than Tennyson's, helps one to *find the poetry in real life*. In reading some poetry, including Tennyson's, one goes outside the real world for it. And when one turns back to real life, one must, as we say, leave poetry and "come down to fact." But a poet like Browning shows us that we can keep touch with fact and find poetry in it.

It is possible that, when time has cleared up our view of things, critics will place Browning high because of this one thing, that his poetical world and his **Facing Fact** real world were one, that he was not, to use a word that did much harm in the nineteenth century, "literary." Modern literature is developing an increased courage in dealing with life. Poetry used to be afraid to face the facts. It let the "sensible" man "bluff" it out of its real mission. But the new poetry is going to say: Poetry is not a thing of a dream world, of an unreal world, of a world where one must shut one's eyes and be afraid of "disillusion." Poetry points out one kind of truth in real things, the most important kind of truth. For things are eternal and important only as they have poetry. Poetry is the soul of facts. Just because his poetry, not always, but often, stands upon this confidence, Browning may prove a greater poet than Tennyson.

Browning's picturing power is not so deliberate or constant as Tennyson's, but its best flashes equal **His Picturing Power** Tennyson's best, and we note them the more because they are not persistently present. Few English

poets have written better condensed pictures than the following:

Where never sound yet was,
Save the dry quick clap of the stork's bill,
For the air is still and the water still,
When the blue breast of a dipping coot
Dives under, and all again is mute.

The wind
Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the move.

And hath an ounce, sleeker than youngling mole,
A four-legged serpent he makes cower and crouch.

On her pallet-bed the nun
Stretches her length; her foot comes through
The straw she shivers on.

The water in stripes like a snake, olive-pale
To the leeward, —
On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the wind.

Browning's strength lay in dramatic imagination. He creates men and women. He widens our lives by letting "My Last Duchess" us enter into the lives of others. In a short poem he does what a novelist takes a whole novel to do, — he creates a personality and a situation, and so fuses them that we can forget neither. A poem that illustrates this is *My Last Duchess*. A wealthy nobleman of ancient family (he has, one feels, gained his wealth by his first marriage) is arranging to marry a second wife (she is a wealthy lady, though he marries, he says, for love). To the representative of this lady's parents, he is showing his palace, filled with precious works of art, each a proof of his taste as a "patron" and collector. With pride he shows the portrait of his "last duchess." He is

proud of her beauty and proud of the painting. He explains that the lady failed to do her part. She did not realize how much he had humbled himself in marrying her. She valued

My gift of a nine-hundred years old name
With anybody's gift.

He did not reprove her.

"There would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop."

So he merely

"gave commands"
And all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive!

The speaker, too selfish to see his own selfishness, makes us see it. We see through his eyes, but not with his soul. Browning's poems that study a *bad* nature never make us sympathize with the wrongdoer. We look, indeed, through the speaker's eyes. Yet we see how wrong he is. We understand, nevertheless, why he thinks himself right. *We cannot hate him, for we understand him.* The moral effect is that, seeing where he has gone wrong, and how, we can see just where and how we might go wrong ourselves, and we summon our strength to fight this evil in ourselves.

Browning's metrical forms are varied. He is not the master of music that Tennyson is, but he is master of a larger music. He has seldom the delicacy of Tennyson, but he has a vigor and a depth of tone that Tennyson never commands. He cannot approach Swinburne's power to make words sing, but he never, like Swinburne, loses his meaning in music. Some-

Meters

times his verse forms and rhymes are fantastic, but when they are, as in the *Pied Piper*, it is because the form fits the spirit. He uses some new meters and has caught the secret of new "lilting" meters that are making their way into English verse. Tennyson did much in adapting old metrical forms. Browning experimented in new forms and found new paths for others to follow.

The high school student should limit himself to the poems of Browning that appear in collections. Browning's "The Ring and the Book" longer works present many difficulties. One of these works is *The Ring and the Book*. In it Browning takes a story from an Italian trial, a story of murder, and lets each speaker in turn tell his version of the same crime. We have the story of the murdered girl, told as she lay dying. We have the story of the murderer himself, the story as told by the hearers in the court, the story as told by the lawyers on both sides. Each story deals with the one set of facts, but these facts are seen differently from each new angle. And in each case, just as in the *Last Duchess*, there stands out the personality of the speaker and his way of looking at life. And there is, apart from the theme of the poem as a whole, wonderful vividness and beauty in the execution.

Another long poem more suitable for study is *Pippa Passes*, in which a young Italian girl, without knowing it, "Pippa Passes" changes, as she passes, merely by the scraps of song that she sings, the lives of people upon whom she does not dream of having any influence. Into each scene her song, like the notes of the trumpet in *Ivanhoe*, breaks at the critical moment, and not only interrupts evil, but comes like a summons of God pointing out the right.

The student of Browning, like the student of Shakspeare, must be on his guard against over-earnestness to extract "lessons." Some critics get out of Browning meanings that the poet was unaware of putting in. One of the worst things that can be done with a poem is to get out its "moral" and slight the rest. One might as well save the peach stone and throw away the peach. One must study a moral meaning, not as a thing to be "extracted" from a poem, but as a thing in it and of it. A moral, when a poem embodies one, is not a logical proposition, but a glowing feeling, a feeling that it takes the whole poem to express. It must be felt as the pervading spirit of the poem, the soul of its body.



MRS. BROWNING

Her poems are full of delicate feeling. Her face shows her sensitive nature.

For a long time Browning was underestimated. Indeed he was for some time chiefly known as "the husband of Elizabeth Browning," who was far more popular. Time has reversed this ^{Elizabeth} judgment. Elizabeth Barrett Brown-
ing Mrs. Browning by eloping from the guardianship of an obstinate father, wrote poetry of great sweetness and charm. Years, however, have shown it lacking in more substantial qualities. *Aurora Leigh* and *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* were among her most admired work. To-day her *Sonnets*

from the Portuguese seem more likely to live. These sonnets were translations only in name. They are poems of her own addressed to the man she loved, and the compressed form (her mind needed a rigid support) and the earnestness of the feeling she expressed put them upon a higher level than most that she wrote. She was of broad reading and her mind was wonderfully active. But her work is slipshod, as a rule, even superficial. Two lyrics worth reading are *A Musical Instrument* and *The Cry of the Children*. The latter, a protest against the labor of children in factories, may still help in a noble reform.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- What causes Browning's obscurity? Is it noticeable equally in all his work?
- What is said of Browning's sense of rhythm? Observe for yourself instances in a number of his poems.
- What evidence that he possessed unusual dramatic imagination? In what kind of dramatic writing does he excel?
- Read a number of his poems. Characterize the speaker in each. Do you find that the speakers or the style and thought have much in common? Observe the fitting of rhythm and style to the subject.
- In *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Abt Vogler*, *Prospice*, and a number of similar poems, give in your own words the thought that the poem conveys. What has the poet added to the bare thought?
- Compare *Prospice* and Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* as typical of the two poets. Try to find in what each is characteristic of its author. Which has the finer polish, the more energy, the stronger faith?

CHAPTER X

NOVELS, NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE English novels of the Victorian period are of great variety. They are written in every style and in every manner. The romantic and historical novel as developed by Scott continued. As a rule, however, the new writers did more than Scott to bring out the "atmosphere," the tone and feeling of life in the day pictured and its difference of ideals and spirit from the present. Except in novels frankly of adventure there is usually this larger sense of the *spirit* of the life as a whole. Even the realists were not satisfied to picture the outside of life. Novelists who wrote of their own times began to *interpret* these, to show a view, a purpose, an attitude toward what they saw. Novelists, in other words, were beginning to feel that they must determine for themselves *what counts*, and must make the answer clear to the reader. Some preach and explain; some let the story speak for itself. But of a modern novel, critic and public make one demand: it must make clear what its author thinks of life and what elements in life make it seem to him worth living

Sometimes this leads to the "novel of purpose," — the novel where the author has not only a general feeling, but a definite proposition to prove, a definite reform to urge, like the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or *Looking Backward*, or *Black Beauty*. Several of Dickens's novels had an object of this sort, and a number of modern novelists have written novels to prove theories.

Another change that comes with the Victorian Age is

the development of prose style. The poetic prose developed by De Quincey, Ruskin, and Carlyle fitted the needs of the novelist. Most novels, as we have seen, are in part poetic. Modern fiction has developed a wonderful variety of style, each author shaping his style into an instrument suited to his own need, fitted to express the peculiar poetry of his own nature.

The standard of construction was rising. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, "plot" meant little to a novelist. Many had felt it enough if they arrived at the last chapter with about the same characters with whom

they set out, a villain or two being disposed of, and the lovers properly paired off. By the end of the nineteenth century, critics and public had 'got the idea of *unified construction*, of a consistent, orderly progress in the development of the story.

We shall find, therefore, as we advance in the century, novels with a greater appeal to emotion and novels with a deeper philosophy. We shall find a style more in harmony with the mood it expresses, and a plot efficiently



DICKENS IN 1838

Age, 26. He had just won the public with his *Pickwick Papers*.

and firmly constructed. The new novel must be, like drama, a unified work of art.

The first great novelist of the Victorian Age is Charles Dickens (1812-1870). His philosophy of life is not

conscious. His style aims at poetry and often over-shoots the mark and falls into almost metrical "fine writing." His plots are clear in only a few of his novels, and in these are not well constructed. Dickens

Dickens is great, not because his novels are free from faults, but because into badly constructed novels he puts imagination and sympathy — a magic power that moves readers to tears and to laughter. Dickens creates people. It cannot be said that they are convincingly *real*. We see them clearly as we read. Yet we cannot take them out of the book, as we can Shakspeare's characters, and think of them as in real life. They have only *one* side, the side that they are always exhibiting. They always do the same things. His Greatness



SAM WELLER AND HIS FATHER

A spirited modern rendering of a scene in *Pickwick*. Weller senior is a coachman.

Jerry Cruncher's hair will always bristle, and Jerry will always eat rust off his hands and try to conceal the business that takes him out after dark. People in real life are not so consistent. What makes a man himself is not that he always does the same thing, but that he always is the same at heart. Dickens's people never perplex us, like Hamlet or Macbeth or Portia or Cassius or

Antony. They are too easily understood. Real people, as we know, are harder to make out.



DICKENS AND CRUIKSHANK

(From *Sketches by Boz.*)

Cruikshank (Dickens's illustrator) has introduced portraits of Dickens and himself into this picture of a charity-school parade. Dickens is the young man in the center, Cruikshank is at the right, in profile, with a dark beard.

Dickens is at his best in humor. In humorous writings we do not look for underlying truth. We are
His Humor satisfied to think how amusingly other people differ from ourselves. No writer has ever created so

many truly humorous characters as Dickens. Micawber, Samuel Weller, the Fat Boy, each is so refreshingly peculiar, doing in his own way what no one else would do! The whole atmosphere is always genial. We never despise or



MR. PICKWICK SLIDES

The picture is as humorous as the story.

ity. It is true that Dickens wept himself as he wrote. Yet one may move one's self to tears by melodramatic sentiment. The death scenes are pitiful, but their pitifulness seems "stagy," too suggestive of the "Death of Little Eva, with a Vision of Angels." Young readers do not feel this. Something of this difference can be seen by contrasting the death of little Nell or even the death of Sidney Carton with the end of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, or with the death of Lizerann Couperus, in De Morgan's *It Never can Happen Again*.

Dickens's works spring from his life. As a boy he was poor and fought his way up. *David Copperfield* is in

condemn the character that Dickens holds up for our amusement. We never laugh with malice or unkindness. The touch of unreality aids in this. We feel that the actor may take off his make-up and laugh with us!

The pathos of Dickens's novels is often admired. But **His Pathos** it gets its

results often rather by devices than by sincer-

part the story of his own life. Like David, Dickens learned stenography and worked up into **His World** journalism and literature. He had therefore unusual understanding of the lives of "common people." He knew London from the middle layers down, as a poor boy and struggling reporter saw it. And it is chiefly this London that he shows us, not as others would see it, not just as it is, but illumined by a kindly imagination that made the best of things.

In one respect Dickens was of the new school of

Novels with a Purpose novelists.

He wrote novels with a purpose, not a purpose that went deep into theory of life, but one that aimed at some definite immediate needed reform. He was quick to sympathize with the wronged and ill-used

—he had been ill-used himself — and he was ready to rush to the rescue with a novel. His attacks upon the terrible conditions in the debtors' prisons, upon the cruel delays of the courts, upon the barbarities of certain private schools in the North, aroused interest and led to improvement.



THE CHILD DICKENS

As he worked in the blacking warehouse. "How much I suffered is beyond my power to tell. . . . My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless. . . . I never was otherwise than miserably unhappy."

Dickens, as was said above, has no conscious philosophy of life. The world is to him a good sort of a place, filled with a good sort of people. Even the few that are bad are amusing, if one looks at them rightly, and they are bound to get their punishment before the end of the story. Dickens looks at the

Philosophy



DICKENS'S HOME

Gad's Hill House, where he did most of his later work. Observe the ivied walls and well-shaded garden. There was a fine view.

world through eyes of kindly sentiment, or sentimentality, and cries, with his Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one!" After all, the strength and the weakness of Dickens is just that of his Christmas Carol. We all feel that it isn't true to life, and yet the spirit of the thing takes hold upon us.

Every high school student will probably read *David Copperfield* and the *Tale of Two Cities*. The first is the more typical of Dickens. It has extravagant characters, Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, and Bessy Trotwood. It is

full of humor and melodrama and wholesome sentiment. It has a kind of plot, but a plot that rather drifts with the story than guides it, and that changes its mind without shame.

The *Tale of Two Cities* has a more developed plot. The whole action leads up to the main theme, the heroic sac-

"Tale of Two Cities"

Carton.

But the leading is not skillful. The first chapters are full of material that *should* prepare for the later story, but the preparing is not done. A reader does not, after the trial or the death of the nobleman, or the scene in the wine shop, wonder *what comes next*. Dickens has not given him a definite problem. He is vaguely bewildered, and "does not know what it is all about." It is not till Darnay



DICKENS WITH HIS DAUGHTERS

In his later life — a delightful family picture. Dickens is shown reading aloud — a thing he did finely.

is arrested and in peril that the plot grips one and hurries one along — like the current above rapids — to the exciting end.

Neither of these novels is representative of the greater

part of Dickens's work. The *Tale of Two Cities* is in a style somewhat influenced by Carlyle and is of a historical and plotted type in which

Summary

Dickens was not at home. *David Copperfield* is realistic and autobiographical. To get an idea of his more usual style, one should read, if possible, *The Old Curiosity Shop* or *Our Mutual Friend*.

And no one should fail to read, at least in part, the *Pickwick Papers*. There Dickens's humor is at its best. There is no attempt at writing a novel. The pictures follow each other without plan, for the fun's sake. It is a question whether in any novel Dickens was ever so sincerely and delightfully himself.



THACKERAY

A sensitive face, that of an idealist — a little disappointed with reality.

William Makepeace Thackeray

(1811–1863) is less popular than Dickens. His work is more faithful to life, less striking, and to some people less interesting. He writes somewhat in the spirit of Jane Austen, depicting men and manners. But he writes of a larger world and the men and manners he usually selected to depict were those of high society just before the Victorian Age. The “best”

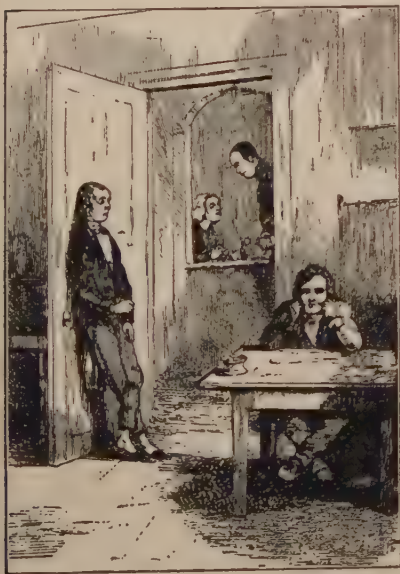
Thackeray

society was full of insincerity and open immorality, too much like the life of fashion that Goldsmith describes in his *Deserted Village*. Thackeray, who was a man of means and of "good family," knew this life and wrote about it as he saw it. It is said that he is "cynical," that he sees only the worse side of human nature. But Thackeray, though disappointed, like Swift, in what the world really was, was not, like Swift, embittered by the discovery. He shows us, with a kindly ridicule, the pitiful ideals and mistaken lives of his characters. And we feel, reading between the lines, just where these ideals and lives fall short, and realize just what each needs to make it noble.

Yet Thackeray is weak of faith. Dickens and Kingsley and Reade and Charlotte and Emily Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell must have seen, though not placed directly among the discouraging spectacle of the "best" people, the emptiness of the life of those days of reaction. Yet they had confidence in the good. Thackeray gives up hope too easily. It is true he did create noble characters. His Colonel Newcome is an ideal picture of the "gentleman of the old school." But most of his good people are weak or stupid, while the unprincipled people are clever and interesting.

Thackeray's style is simple and unaffected, almost conversational, an easy style to read. There is a quiet amusement, a smile where in Dickens there would be a laugh. There is no extravagance, no exaggeration. Thackeray makes the simple truth effective. His novels, however, are loose in construction. The plots are of the sort that could pass with the public in a day of serial stories that writers wrote "from hand to mouth," one part being printed before the next was

written. (Often a novelist of those days would publish half a novel before making up his mind just how to end the story.) There was not the modern feeling that an author must have his last chapter clearly in mind when he writes the first. Thackeray's novels, however, are always



FROM "VANITY FAIR"

A drawing by Thackeray. Mr. Sedley at the coffee-house.

unified by feeling and atmosphere. His characters, too, are so clearly imagined and so sharply drawn that they bind the whole together.

Thackeray's most famous novel is *Vanity Fair*, a picture of shallow, insincere society. Its chief character is Becky Sharp, an unscrupulous "climber." A high school student is more apt to like *Henry Esmond*, which has more wholesome characters, at least in spots. It is a picture of the world at the time of Queen Anne. It is a historical novel more realistic than any of Scott's. It shows one the "seamy side" of the age. It moves slowly and uncertainly in plot. The love story is certain to displease, for the hero and the novelist seem mildly contented with an ending that disappoints most readers.

Pendennis tells of the feelings of youth. Yet it tells

of youth too much as it is seen by elderly onlookers.

"Pendennis" To the young man who is becoming just a little arrogant, with the idea that he has "lost his illusions," it may be helpful. For Thackeray, with all his tone of disappointment, yet makes us feel that, however much the false notion of disillusion may hide the real beauty and wonder of life, a man may yet keep alive a kindly tenderness for what is best in us, an unextinguished spark of faith.

Thackeray is also an essayist of charm. His essays on

The Georges,
Essays and his other

literary essays, though sometimes mistaken in their verdicts, are readable and informing. The style, like that of his novels, is easy, graceful, familiar, the style of a kindly, humorous, refined gentleman looking with slightly saddened amusement at the mildly disappointing spectacle of life.

Thackeray, like Dickens, aimed at picturing life, not at preaching about it. He sometimes, it is true, talks about his characters and their acts, but his talk about them hardly makes part of a consistent philosophy. We feel his attitude toward life and his problems, but he proves no proposition. With George Eliot, on the con-



THACKERAY BY HIMSELF

A caricature showing the lighter side of his nature. He was fond of making such sketches.

trary, we feel that the philosophy, the theory of life, that underlies her novels is an important part of her work.

George Eliot (1819-1880) was really named Mary Ann Evans (a name she later changed, by marriage, to Cross).



GEORGE ELIOT

One of her most pleasing portraits, combining womanliness and strength.

pictures life she makes us see the meaning that she saw in it.

She was, like Tennyson, convinced that life is directed by Plan and Design. The world exhibits the working out of a Will that works by Natural Law and by a Moral Law as inexorable as the natural.

She felt too the problem of the relation of man's self and his surroundings. Each man changes the world, and the world changes him. It was the story of such change that interested George Eliot, and it was this story that she set herself to tell.

George Eliot was a pen name, assumed to make sure that her writings were judged upon the same standards as those of a man. Like Jane Austen she spent her earlier years in country neighborhoods and, later in life, she began to picture the life she had observed. But unlike Jane Austen, she had done more than observe life. She had studied philosophy and science and religion and had reflected upon the relation of life to these. When, therefore, she

George Eliot

Life

Her Philosophy

In *Silas Marner*, we see a poor weaver, unjustly uprooted from his own place and set down where nothing meets the needs of his nature. What will become of him? The answer is in part determined by his own nature. It is his tenderness in adopting and caring for Eppie that brings him happiness. Yet, on the other hand, it is the opportunity to adopt Eppie that brings out this virtue in his character. There is, through all, a feeling of *direction*, of interlocking system, of a power that foresees one's needs. A man's duty is to use the opportunities that come to him according to the Will of God made clear in his Conscience.

As George Eliot saw the world, there runs through it all Divine Intention, and man is responsible for carrying this out. Perhaps she preaches this at times too openly and would do better to let the reader feel it from the story itself. That is true if one goes to her books for the story. But one should go to them for the two things that she gave, the story and the sermon upon the story, for both are good.

A fault in her novels is that the discussion stops the action. Her style is not swift and direct. She does not *tell* a story. Even her philosophy is not quite that of to-day. It is too simple to fit the perplexing facts of life. Eppies do not always come to the cottages of Silases. Dunseys do not always find stone-pits in their path. We may accept Dolly Winthrop's simple faith in "Them above," but we feel that the Law of God in this world follows a way more mysterious than her novels show.

George Eliot's novels are an inspiration to young readers. Girls especially should read *Adam Bede* and

The Mill on the Floss. For these inspire a wish to see life as the part of one Meaning, and to make one's own life help in making that meaning a reality. One who catches the inspiration of these novels cannot be contented with petty ideals or be

"Mill on the Floss,"
"Adam Bede"

guilty of evading the commands of conscience.

Romola, George Eliot's one historical novel, should be read for its

"Romola "

moral lesson. It is a study in selfishness. The chief character, Tito, whom we admire at first, gradually yields to the temptation to put first of all his own ease and welfare. We watch through the novel his descent to final disgrace.

In showing this progress of moral disease, ending in moral death, *Romola* is like *Macbeth*, not so grandly tragic, but as



FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS"

Maggie rescues Tom from the flooded house.

truly tragedy. The gloomy picture is brightened by the contrasted nobility of *Romola* and *Savonarola*.

In the same period there were a number of novelists whom a student of literature should read, not merely for information, but for pleasure.

Minor Novel-
ists

As a history of literature is also a guide to reading, these

will be treated more fully than earlier writers of equal importance but less interest. (It is not desirable that students should memorize the dates.)

REALISTIC WRITERS

Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) is a writer who depicts life somewhat in the spirit of Thackeray and Jane Austen.

Trollope There is less humor, however, and the story moves rather more slowly. To some this makes him uninteresting. Others, however, find interest enough in the very vivid picture of human life as it is lived in cathedral towns. *Barchester Towers* is his best work. It does not go deeply into the significance of life. It deals cleverly and comprehendingly with a rippled surface, never disturbed by tempests.

Mrs. Gaskell (1810-1865) wrote a novel called *Mary Barton* that showed rebellion against things as they were, pointing out the hardships of the laborers in the manufacturing towns. It has force and sympathy. She is best known, however, for *Cranford*, a picture of life in an uneventful village. It differs from Trollope's work in its warmth and humor and tenderness. It is full of happy delight in absurdities, with not a touch of bitterness or "superiority." It is as genial as Dickens, yet never exaggerates.

EMOTIONAL WRITERS

Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855) tells facts because they lead to feeling. We follow, not the working out of a problem, but the growth of an emotion.

Brontë

In her we feel something of Byron's stormier moods. *Jane Eyre*, her best known novel, is over-wrought.

some say unwholesome, but it is high in ideal and wins the sympathy. *Shirley* and *Villette* are more realistic pictures, but feeling is the reason for the picture. Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* is a strange, morbid work of abnormal imagination. It is unreal, but genius blazes through it.

Bulwer Lytton (1803-1873) wrote novels of many kinds. His *Last Days of Pompeii* hardly deserves its fame. It is unreal and sentimental. He seems to be **Lytton** less concerned with the reality of the scenes he presents than with "moving the reader." His more realistic novels are realistic only in appearance; an atmosphere of affectation and insincerity weakens them all. Lytton was a clever man, versatile, brilliant, unstable, and his character shows in what he wrote.

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was no less sentimental than Bulwer. His sentimentality, however, is refreshingly sincere. He had a warm heart, and **Kingsley** it was stronger than his artistic instincts. He has that blending of genial scholarship (the kind that reads literature for its *human* side) and that love of out-of-door life that we find so common in England. One likes some things that Lytton wrote, but one does not like Lytton. One sees many faults in Kingsley's work, but one always likes the man. His *Westward Ho!* is a spirited novel of adventure. It rambles, but it rambles with energy and delight. His *Water Babies* is not a novel, nor is it any describable kind of book. It is for children from the age of five up to eighty or over. Those who are not "too sensible" to enjoy *Alice in Wonderland* should read *Water Babies*. (Many of his poems, by the way, are good reading, and he has written, in his

Andromeda, the best English hexameters ever written by anybody.)

Charles Reade (1814-1884) and Wilkie Collins (1824-1889) wrote novels very popular in their day. One novel of each still holds its place. Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* is a long, loose, wandering historical novel dealing with the Middle Ages. It lives



THE LAND OF LORNA DOONE

Near Porlock, under Dunkery Beacon. Observe the substantial stone farmhouse with thatched roof.

because its writer had real imagination and got this into his work. His other novels are of light weight. Collins was a master of the mystery story. His style has one merit, clearness. His skill in constructing a plot, however, is in advance of that of any other writer of his day. His *Moonstone* is the first great English detective novel. No one who studies this type of novel can overlook his work.

Richard D. Blackmore (1825-1900) wrote many excellent books. His *Lorna Doone*, however, is so much better than the others that it has eclipsed them.

It brings out with a romantic charm just the things upon which rural England most prides itself, its union of rich farm scenes and wild moorland filled with mystery and even terror; its sturdy yeoman, plain and blunt and just a little stupid, and proud of it, generous and gentle, but a terrible fellow when roused. It is a thoroughly English tale, sentimental, but with a senti-

mentality that is as wholesome as bread and butter. It is full too, not merely of English feeling, but of the feeling of one part of England, West Somerset, the spirit of which it has put permanently into literature. The author looks on life with somewhat the view of Charles Kingsley, the cultured Englishman who knows his Homer and his own countryside, who is big enough to feel that Achilles and John Ridd, Mt. Olympus and Dunkery Beacon, all belong to one big, wonderful world. His book is full of thought and observation, and, still more, of warm sympathy and honest romance, and the freshness of moorland air. He feels that life is good.

In sharp contrast with Blackmore is another author who writes of English country life. Thomas Hardy (1840-) depicts, as tenderly as Blackmore, the outward beauty of country life, but his novels Hardy recall the lines "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." To him the beauty of the natural world is not a symbol of inward spirituality. He feels none of the certainty of George Eliot that moral law rules the universe. He is not sure that good prevails. Mankind may be only the plaything of blind, unreasoning forces. Man is "a leaf in the wind." Man's acts are predetermined by circumstance. He only *thinks* he chooses. What Hardy excels in is the beauty with which he makes us see the sadness of such a world. Fortunately we need not believe that it is real. We need only feel with Hardy how sad it would be were such a world the real world, and we may turn to some more hopeful novelist for consolation and hope.

A writer of odd style and great imaginative power is George Meredith (1828-1909). In spirit he is of a later

type than any of the preceding, except Hardy. He is a man who has gone his own way, influenced little, and influencing others. Like Brown-
Meredith ing, he has been more concerned to make his words do justice to his ideas than to appeal to his readers. His books make hard reading. *Diana of the Crossways* and *The Egoist* are the most readable. He gives us real people, but shows them in a bewildering world of his own, the world of a poet rather than that of a novelist. Like James and Conrad (pages 518 and 517) he devotes much of his effort to making clear fine points of motive and character. His poetry has much the same qualities as his novels.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. What is meant by saying that modern fiction attempts to "interpret life." Illustrate by reference to modern novels.
 What is meant by "atmosphere" in fiction? Illustrate.
 Explain the statement that fiction is now more painstakingly plotted and constructed.
 What has been said (see Chapter V) regarding the use of poetic prose in fiction?
- II. Show by reference to his works that Dickens excels in creating distinctly drawn characters, in humor, in pathos, in creating striking situations. Refer to definite instances of each.
 Compare the characters that he creates with those created by Shakspeare. What is meant by saying that those of Shakspeare have many-sidedness?
 What justification can you find for the assertion that Dickens lacks refinement of taste, that he exaggerates, that he is melodramatic?
 What facts in Dickens life account in part for its merits and limitations?
- III. How do Thackeray's characters compare with those of Dickens?
 What was Dickens's general feeling about life? What was

Thackeray's? Which is more likely to appeal to the ordinary public? Why?

In what respects in Thackeray's style superior to that of Dickens?

Tell what novel of Thackeray you have read. What in it do you like or dislike? Why?

Give reasons for believing that Thackeray was kindly, sympathetic, and a man of high ideals.

IV. Show that George Eliot had a philosophy about life.

What is her general teaching regarding life and its meaning?

Show that it is typical of the age.

By reference to one of her novels that you have studied, illustrate the qualities characteristic of her work.

For what kind of reader would you especially recommend a novel by Dickens, by Thackeray, by George Eliot? Explain your reasons.

V. What should a reader expect to get from novels of Trollope, from those of Mrs. Gaskell?

What is the nature of Charlotte Brontë's novels?

What is said of Lytton, Kingsley, Reade? To what kind of people would you recommend the works of each?

In what are Blackmore and Hardy alike? In what are they different?

CHAPTER XI

RUSKIN, NEWMAN, AND OTHERS

IN the middle of the nineteenth century we find a new group of writers. They introduce a new manner which, for a time, became the fashion. Underlying this new manner there were new principles which will live. The man who saw these principles plainly and tried to make the world see them was Ruskin.

John Ruskin (1819-1900) was the leader in a new movement. Such leaders get little credit. The man who

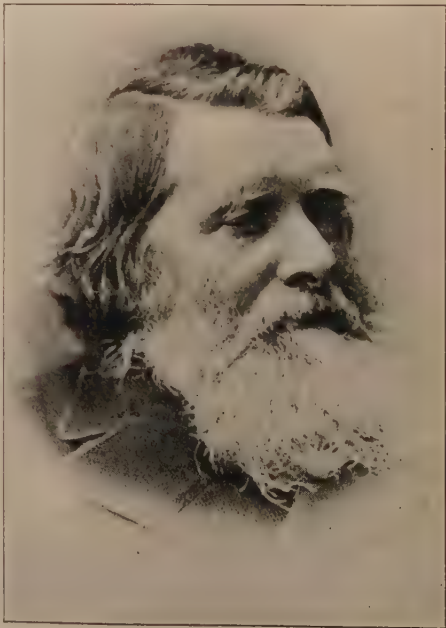
introduces a new idea is regarded as a "visionary." Later, when the world has accepted what he taught, this impression still clings to his name. The world has learned his lesson, but still distrusts him for teaching it.

Ruskin did three important things: 1. He developed a wonderfully poetic

His Work descriptive prose.

2. He advanced new ideas of art, the idea that painting should interpret the beauty of nature as it really is, and the idea that art should concern itself with the implements and surroundings of daily life. 3. Believing that beauty could result only from right living, he preached higher ideals and a new humanity, especially in problems of wages and employment.

Ruskin's first work was his *Modern Painters* (1843). In it he gave his new ideas about painting and in making these clear, he used prose of a style new in English literature. It was, in the first place, *picturing* prose. Other writers had written description. Ruskin made the pen of



JOHN RUSKIN

A man of wonderful influence upon both England and America. Art critic, reformer, and master of poetic prose.

the writer do the work of the brush of the artist. He painted in words. The style in which he did this was not like that of Carlyle. It has none of the clash and crash and broken rhythm that we find there. It has not the stateliness of De Quincey, but has a fluent sweetness of its own. It learned lessons from the prose of the past, from De Quincey, from the English Bible, from the older prose of early days, but the precise secret is Ruskin's own.

The following extracts will show its character. They are from the *Queen of the Air*. See how, though he writes in prose, Ruskin uses the art of the poet.

We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it; is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colours of the air; on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena; the vermillion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky — all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and

throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the shifting of the sea-sand; — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

.

But it is the strength of the base element that is so dreadful in the serpent; it is the very omnipotence of the earth. That rivulet of smooth silver — how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it, when it moves slowly: — A wave, but without wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards; but all with the same calm will and equal way — no contraction, no extension; one soundless, causeless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it; — the winding stream will become a twisted arrow; — the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance.

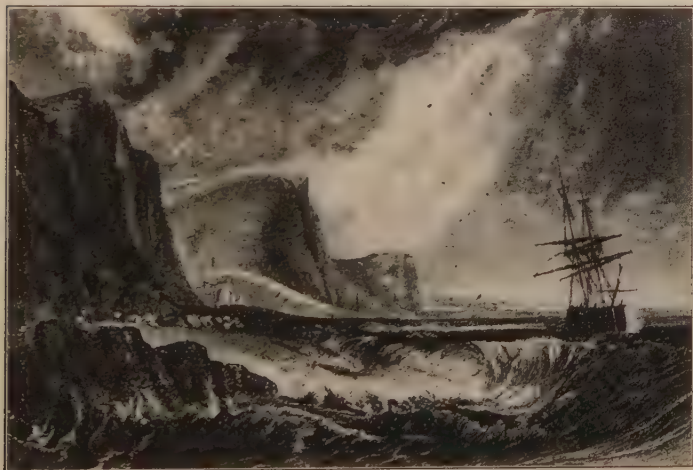
In spite of the easy liquid of his style, Ruskin is not easy to read. His work has, as the rhetorics would say, *coherence* without *unity*. Everything is connected, yet he is always wandering, leaving his subject to follow ideas that lead from it, and sometimes to follow ideas that lead from these. One reads Ruskin, not for the orderly development of a theme, but for anything that one finds. His titles give little idea of what is in his books. In the first place, they are fantastic; they might mean anything: *Queen of the Air*, *The Crown of Wild Olive*, *Sesame and Lilies*. Secondly, many of the best things that Ruskin says in a book have very little relation to the subject.

In writing upon painting he urged artists to look more observantly at nature. They merely imitated other artists or saw what schools taught them to see. Only one painter of the day, according to

**His Lack
of Unity**

**His Ideas upon
Painting**

Ruskin, really caught nature's secrets, and that was Turner. Now Turner was not so accurate as Ruskin supposed him. But the fidelity to nature that Ruskin saw in Turner he succeeded in impressing upon the art of his age. The important thing is not what Turner *did*,



A DRAWING BY TURNER

This shows the fidelity to nature, praised by Ruskin. Waves, clouds, and cliffs show minute study of natural forms. On the other hand the picture as a whole inclines to exaggerate "romantic" elements, to be "sensational."

but what Ruskin taught, a reverent study of the lights and forms of the natural world. Modern art has come very near the goal that he pointed out.

Ruskin's second idea about art was that it must beautify men's lives. Architecture and design make life worth living. Some changes that Ruskin urged have been brought about. In high schools, we find classes in applied design, and there are

Ideas about
Applied Art

Arts and Crafts societies everywhere. Our wall paper, our furniture, our stair rails, even the covers of our books, show wonderful progress when we contrast them with the vulgarity of the Early Victorian time. We have learned better ideals. But we do not all know that it was Ruskin who began the movement.

Ruskin preached, like Carlyle, high aims for man. Men were to him, as to Carlyle and Emerson, more im-
Ideals of Life portant than anything that men made.

Material prosperity was of good only in so far as it helped man's spirit to rise higher. In so far as it made man forget his true aims it was bad. To him development of man's better nature meant *appreciation of beauty*. The great cities of his day were to him abominations, for they meant to him that the men of the day were unconscious of the ugliness about them; their spirits were too dull to know that it was ugly. Ruskin believed that nothing that is not beautiful can be right.

Beauty shows us that a thing is as God would have it.

Therefore to make life beautiful, one must make it right. Life cannot, Ruskin felt, be right in one part and
His Economic Ideas wrong in another. If one part of a man's body is sick, the rest cannot be well. Life cannot, then, be beautiful and delightful at the top, among the well-to-do, and sordid and ugly and miserable at the bottom, in slums, among tenements and modern factories. It was this that led Ruskin, in the latter part of his life, to cease preaching beauty and to preach instead ideals of social reform.

Economists teach that prices depend upon supply and demand. The more people need a thing the higher its price will be. What nobody wants is worth nothing at

all. Ruskin denied that this doctrine applied properly to human labor. No economic law can justify one in paying less than living wages. Men need not only *liberty* to pursue happiness, they must have *opportunity*. We can attain happiness only by opening the doors of happiness to all. To people of Ruskin's day this seemed revolutionary. Yet to-day nations fix rates of wages and prescribe working hours and insist upon proper working conditions. We are slowly realizing what Ruskin taught, that all are responsible for all, that the perfect nation has no "slums."

The book of Ruskin's best suited to the student is *Sesame and Lilies*. It will help any one who is beginning to puzzle seriously about life. Ruskin is just such a man as he speaks of in this book, one of the great and wise men who have put down the best that they have to say between covers, where any one can at any time find it. (What the young reader of Ruskin most needs is a book of selections from Ruskin — inspiring passages from *Modern Painters* and others works, grouped by subject matter. Such a collection would show him at his best.) The student of art or of architecture or of economics can learn much from Ruskin. He will not teach what technical teachers can give, but he can make one feel what is worth while.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890) stands in interesting resemblance, and contrast, to Carlyle and Ruskin. Carlyle, like a true Scotchman of Calvinist ancestry, sought the solution of the problems that perplexed him by struggling alone to reconcile facts and ideals by the light of conscience. Ruskin shaped his own philosophy under the tradition of the

What to Read

Newman:
His Life and
Work

Church of England. Newman, beginning as a Calvinist, became more and more fascinated with the power and inspiration and authority of the Church of Rome. At first he tried to introduce into the English Church the doc-



JOHN NEWMAN

Cardinal, essayist, and poet.

trines and the rites that meant so much to him. Finally, however, at the call of conscience, he left the English Church and entered the Roman, becoming a Catholic. His solution of the problems that Ruskin and Carlyle faced was *faith*, return to submission to the mystic authority of the Church, the representative of God upon earth. To those to whom this solution appeals as well as to those to whom it does not, Newman's explanation of his needs and how his

faith satisfied them is an interesting account of a spiritual experience. His *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* is the story of his conversion. It brought him honor among men who could not personally accept his solution to the world's problem.

Newman writes almost perfect prose—simple, easy, and fitted to the thought. Stevenson has a perfection of harmony, but his style shows effort. Newman's either requires none, or conceals it.

His Style

It is the expression of the man. Where Ruskin is more poetic, Ruskin is likely to be *too* poetic for prose. Newman is not a writer many students are likely to read.

But like Macaulay and Ruskin and Carlyle, he played a part in shaping the prose of to-day.

In so brief a study as we are making, we cannot go into minor names. In the List of Authors are the names of a number of writers who are enrolled, one Other
Writers might say, among the leaders. Among these are Walter Pater, a writer with greater sweetness than Newman, though less simple; Leslie Stephen, a critic and literary historian of unusual insight; Dowden; Saintsbury; and many others. When you have read all the writers who are treated at length here, you have by no means exhausted the resources of nineteenth-century literature.

In the nineteenth century a number of scientists have become eminent as writers. This is not merely because they made their ideas upon science clear, but Scientists because they have been men of such largeness of thought, of such underlying poetic temperament, that they saw what their science meant as a part of human thought and life. Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer were men of this type, who combined knowledge with wisdom and inspiration. Of these Darwin was the one whose scientific thought was most novel. His views upon evolution, that the world is a result, not of immediate creation, but of the gradual unfolding of an idea, had great effect upon his age. On the one hand, these views led to the idea of moral law, the idea that the world is the working out of the will of God. On the other hand (as in Hardy's novels), we find drawn from them another idea, that the world is a working along lines of cause and effect, but that there is no law; that all moves, but that there is no intelligent purpose. These two ideas are still contending in modern thought, while

contending with both is the idea that the world is a deliberate creation of a Deity who *made* it as it is.

Herbert Spencer did not limit himself to science, but carried scientific methods of thought into other fields. His essays are a valuable introduction to the habit of thinking broadly upon large subjects. The scientific student will find them a bridge into philosophy and economics.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

I. What three distinct things did Ruskin accomplish?

What was his first important work? What is remarkable about its style? Compare the extracts given with passages from De Quincey and Carlyle. Which does it more closely resemble? In what respects?

What were Ruskin's ideas about art? What painter did he regard as exemplifying them? Where was he in error? Why is his book helpful to the student of painting? Explain the difference between a book of rules and book of inspiration. Which is *Modern Painters*? What makes it interesting to readers who do not paint?

What were Ruskin's teachings about crafts and applied art? Mention several ways in which these ideas are being carried out in modern America.

What connection did Ruskin find between art and political economy? What were his ideas about labor? What change has the world made in the direction of his preaching?

II. For what literary merit is Newman famous? What does modern prose owe to him? Read an extract from Walter Pater. Compare him with De Quincey and Ruskin. In what is he like each? Tell something about Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer. Compare the position of science in the nineteenth century with its position in the seventeenth. Which of the three is noted in criticism and in general philosophy?

CHAPTER XII

LATER POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

IN the latter part of the nineteenth century, we find a group of men called the Pre-Raphaelites. **Pre-Raphael-**
 They were painters who went back for in- **ites**
 spiration to an earlier age, to painters before Raphael. They felt that paintings of their time aimed at a too matter-of-fact depiction, at mere "prettiness," and they tried to bring into their paintings a poetic atmosphere, a sense of strangeness. They used great accuracy in detail, but they selected detail for its suggestion. The important things to us here are their use of significant detail and their aim at strange emotional effect, with an almost affected simplicity of manner. Study the pictures by



DANTE G. ROSSETTI

By himself. Like all his drawings, this suggests poetic feeling. Observe especially the eyes.

Burne-Jones and Rossetti (pages 103 and 497) and observe these characteristics.

This movement readily spread into literature. One of

the artists most prominent in it was Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882). He was also a poet of great genius and of marked influence.

Rossetti, son of an Italian refugee, combines English and Italian qualities. He is a master of the Italian sonnet.



The long hours go and come and go

A DRAWING BY ROSSETTI

Title-page to Christina Rossetti's *Prince's Progress*. The style is Pre-Raphaelite — sharp detail selected for poetic suggestion. Note the beauty and poetic harmony of the whole composition.

His verse has a peculiarly haunting quality. If not of the highest, it is verse that no lover of poetry would be willing to lose. It is verse that does in literature what the Pre-Raphaelites did in painting. There is the same use

of detail, selected for the effect upon the imagination. And there is the same strangeness,—unwholesome, some call it, but fascinating. It is a style that more or less influences poetry since his day. Students should read Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel* and some of his selected poems. In the following selection from the former observe the use of detail, the poetic strangeness, and the almost childish simplicity.

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of water stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

**"Blessed
 Damozel"**

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift
 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

.
 And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

Rossetti and his associates wrote chiefly of the Middle Ages. In them they found the remoteness, the strangeness of life, the mysticism, and the straightforward simplicity that appealed to them. **Return to Middle Ages**
 Movements of taste often take place in successive waves, and we may see that this new interest in the Middle Ages

was another wave of the movement that began with Coleridge and Scott. The Middle Ages, as seen by these men, are quite different from the days pictured by Scott in *Ivanhoe*, or even from those by Tennyson in the *Idylls*. Different qualities attracted different writers. Scott cared for the story and the scenes.

Tennyson saw allegory in beautiful symbolic setting. In the Pre-Raphaelite treatment there is a new spirit. These poets turn to the Middle Ages because these offer just what one does not find here, a life simplified and devout, where men followed their hearts, a life lifted above ugliness and meanness, a life made wonderful by some intense meaning.

Many writers wrote in this spirit ballads and narrative

Lack of poems, some of
Contact great beauty.
with Life

But with all the beauty of

these, one defect runs through the writing of this period, *that it is out of touch with life and reality*. One poem upon such a theme might be natural. But it is a bad sign when the world turns its back upon its age to fill its hours with dreams of what had been. The one value of dreams about what has been is that they sometimes change into dreams of what may be.

This is what we find in the case of William Morris



PORTRAIT BY ROSSETTI

Christina Rossetti, his sister.
Her poems have great beauty and individuality.

(1834-1896). He wrote charming tales in flowing, readable verse, in which he abandons, as the William Morris "idle singer of an empty day," the uninspiring life about him and lives in days when life was worth living. His *Earthly Paradise* is a series of stories in verse so interesting that those who do not like verse can read them for the tale. He draws his themes from legends and romances of ancient and medieval days. The tales purport to be told by a group of ancient men who, seeking wonders over seas, have found peace in an earthly paradise in a far-off land and who there tell over the tales of their old home. Morris writes in a simple readable verse. He tells a story as simply as Chaucer and as sweetly. But Chaucer makes us see things as vividly as if they really happened: his tales are like the dreams that seem true even after we wake. Morris's are more like those dreams that we *know* are dreams even while we are dreaming them. Morris, like Spenser, turns back to the past, to the old free couplets of Chaucer, to old English speech, to quaint old-world forms. His poetry is a dream-world, a returning (as we so often return in dreams) to the home of long ago.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

Poet, artist, craftsman, and socialist. He revived the idea of art in common things.

The following lines from *The Earthly Paradise* give an

idea of Morris's manner of writing and of his return to the free couplet. Compare his use of the couplet with that of Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and Keats. Which does it resemble more? Note the Pre-Raphaelite use of detail.

Then wearily she went upon her way,
 And so, about the middle of the day,
 She came upon a green and flowery place
 Walled round about in manner of a chase,
 Whereof the gates as now were open wide;
 Fair grassy glades and long she saw inside
 Betwixt great trees, down which the unscared deer
 Were playing, yet a pang of deadly fear
 She knew not why, shot coldly through her heart,
 And thrice she turned as though she would depart,
 And thrice returned and in the gateway stood
 With wavering feet: small flowers red as blood
 Were growing up amid the soft green grass,
 And here and there a fallen rose there was. . . .

An important poem by Morris is *Sigurd the Volsung*, based upon Scandinavian sources (see page 544). It is epic, Homeric in length and subject and in some passages, but it lacks Homeric strength, the condensed power that Morris almost always lacks. It misses reality. Many will enjoy reading Morris's prose tales, the *Story of the Glittering Plain* and the *Well at the World's End*, dreamy visions of a land "east of the sun and west of the moon."

But Morris's love of dream did not make him a "Lotus-eater." He lived an active and creative life. Only at leisure moments did he become the "idle singer of an empty life." Through most of his life he was an energetic laborer and reformer, a man

Use of
Couplet

Other Work

Carrying
Dreams into
Reality

who did much to carry out what Ruskin preached. He worked to make the world better to look at and better to live in. Morris, in the world of practical work, set out to show the world that use and beauty could go together. And he did it. His ideas have absolutely transformed modern ideas about furnishing and decorations. He carried into practice what Ruskin preached. He designed the "morris chair" to give the world a simple sturdy sensible chair without ugly machinery, the kind of chair that would have been in place in an ancient king's palace and that is no less in place in a modern home. He designed wall papers, designed artistic type, printed books — began, in fact, the work of applied art that in various Arts and Crafts societies is making life more as Ruskin would have had it. He not only dreamed a world that did not offend the eye; he brought England nearer to this ideal world.

Morris, however, realized that practice alone could not help. He must also preach equality of opportunity for all. His *Dream of John Ball* and his *News from Nowhere* are visions of social perfection, His Social Theories Utopian pictures (like Bellamy's *Looking Backward*), yet more poetical and fascinating. He wanted the world,



A DESIGN BY MORRIS

The design is "conventionalized," yet shows observation of nature. It revives the spirit of medieval craftsmanship.

however, to turn back upon its steps and discard machinery. Here both he and Ruskin are wrong. The future must find a way to keep machinery and to get the ugliness out of it, to make it a means of giving man leisure to enjoy life.

A writer famous for one poem, and that a translation, is Edward Fitzgerald who translated the *Rubaiyat* (or quatrains) of Omar Khayyam, a Persian poet. Fitzgerald, however, did more than translate. He colored the work with poetry of his own. Its frankly pagan philosophy appealed to an age that held its faith faintly. Yet, to one who does not accept its sad view of life, the poem is inspiring by its nobility of expression and high seriousness. Omar's sublimity of poetry makes us willing, for its sake, to enter the gates of his despairing philosophy. (Students should, if possible, see Vedder's illustrations to the poem.) The following passage is typical.

I sent my soul through the Invisible
Some secret of the after life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

And that inverted bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help — for it
As impotently moves as you or I.

Yon rising moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rise and look for us
Through this same Garden — and for *one* in vain.

A most striking poet of this time, associated with both Morris and Rossetti, is Algernon Charles Swinburne. Of

all English poets, he is the greatest master of metrical form. To say that he has *perfect technique* implies a cold perfection. Swinburne's merits, however, are of the impulsive sort. His verse rushes headlong, without effort, and without error. His thought is often thin, — in fact, one sometimes almost overlooks it. One follows the poem as one follows music, swept along by melody and imagery.

Swinburne,
His Control
of Meter

His control of verse is not merely a result of instinct. Few have studied so closely the metrical effects of Greek and Latin verse. And he shows equal familiarity with the wealth of early English and French verse. To appreciate his skill, one must have made a close study of versification. Otherwise, the ease with which he does a thing that has been supposed to be impossible would make one think his task easy. His verse never shows labor.



A. C. SWINBURNE

Portrait by Rossetti, showing his slight figure under a mass of (red) hair, — the mingling of force and frailness.

Unfortunately, as was said above, the substance of

his poems is light. His verse hurries him on. He cannot compress or shape his ideas. His thoughts are drunken with their own music. His philosophy of life and his moral standards are not of the highest. Yet the lover of poetry should go to his verse thankful for what it gives. It is full of delight in nature. It is full of the wonder and beauty of the sea — no poets, except Kipling and Masefield, have ever equaled Swinburne in descriptions of the sea — and there is a general ecstasy that sweeps one out of one's self.

Swinburne made more difference to later verse than even Rossetti. What he impressed upon the world was his new manner in meter, a *swiftness* exceeding that of Marlowe or of Shelley. Few who have read Swinburne can altogether resist his influence. Even Browning and Tennyson show it.

The poem of Swinburne's most worth study by high school students (outside those in standard collections) is his *Atalanta in Calydon*, an imitation of a Greek play. In it he imitated not the *formality* of a Greek chorus, but its *singing* quality. The modern age owes it to Swinburne that he taught college men the real flow and spirit of a Greek choral ode. The best translations of Greek choral passages we have, those of Gilbert Murray, owe their inspiration to Swinburne. The wonderful closing passages of Euripides's *Trojan Women*, verse that, delivered in an open theater, brought tears to the eyes, could never have been written as they were but for the lessons taught by the *Atalanta* and *Erechtheus*.

The following lines from a chorus in *Erechtheus* will show the singing character of Swinburne's verse. He is

describing a battle between two armies,—one favored by Neptune, god of the sea; one by Athena, goddess of the air. He describes it under the figure of a storm at sea, and we forget, as Swinburne himself may have done, all about the battle, so wonderful is the sea-picture. These are among the few lines that will bear being recited upon the shore in a gale. The line has the long lift of an ocean roller, that carries tossing waves on its summit. Observe especially the lines italicized. We can almost hear the thunder and hiss of the sea and the rattle of the dragging undertow.

For now not in word but in deed is the harvest of spears begun,
And its clamor outbellows the thunder, its lightning outlightens the
sun. . . .

From the roots of the hills to the plains' dim verge and the dark low
shore

Air shudders with shrill spears crossing, and hurtling of wheels that
roar.

As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion that foam as they gnash
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock of the poles that crash.
The dense manes darken and glitter, the mouths of the mad steeds
champ, . . .

Their heads flash blind through the battle, and death's foot rings in
their tramp.

.

Mine ears are amazed with the terror of trumpets, with darkness
mine eyes,

At the sound of the sea's host charging, that deafens the roar of the
sky's.

White frontlet is dashed upon frontlet, and horse against horse reels
hurled,

And the gorge of the gulf of the battle is wide for the spoil of the
world. . . .

Through the roar and recoil of the charges that mingle their cries
and confound,

Like fire are the notes of the trumpets that flash through the darkness of sound.

As the swing of the sea churned yellow that sways to the wind as it swells,

Is the lift and relapse of the wave of the chargers that clash with their bells;

And the clang of the sharp shrill brass through the burst of the wave as it shocks

Rings clear as the clear wind's cry through the roar of the surge on the rocks:

And the heads of the steeds in their headgear of war and their corseleted breasts,

Gleam broad as the brows of the billows that brighten the storm with their crests,

Gleam broad as their bosoms that heave to the ship-wrecking wind as they rise,

Filled full of the terror and thunder of water that slays as it dies. . . .

And the foam of their mouths as the sea's when the jaws of its gulf are as graves,

And the ridge of their necks as the wind-shaken mane on the ridges of waves;

And the whole plain reels and resounds as the fields of the sea by night,
When the stroke of the wind falls darkling, and death is the sea-farer's light.

Swinburne owes much to Greek. He also owes much to French, especially to Victor Hugo. He was much influenced by Shelley, whom he resembled in some literary qualities, in speed and lightness of style and command of lyric form. He had also Shelley's devotion to liberty and hatred of tyrants. It was partly owing to his denunciations of those in high places that he was not made poet laureate. Some of his poems, too, like some Elizabethan poetry, returned to sensualism and pagan ideals. In spite of all this, he stands with Browning and with Tennyson as one of the first poets of his age.

A poet of importance, though of minor influence, is Matthew Arnold (1822-1888). His poetry has the calm and philosophy of Wordsworth's, but hardly its inspiration. At his best he has a dignified, meditative beauty, an austere sweetness. His most representative poems are his *Scholar Gipsy* and *Thyrsis*. He wrote also one poem sometimes studied in schools, *Sohrab and Rustum*, in which the feeling is perhaps too far calmed into classical repose. The most singing and emotional of any of his poems, one might say the most poetic, is the *Forsaken Merman*, a poem in which he followed rather the impulse of his heart than his theories of poetry.

Arnold wrote, besides his poetry, a good deal of literary criticism. His ideas are less important than the stimulus that one gets from them. His limitation was his over-refinement. He is too timid about "vulgarity" to develop strength. He suffers from the attitude called in England "donnish," that of the university man who shrinks from the crude originality of life outside university traditions. A man so limited will never offend in taste. Neither will he stir the hearts of men.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. What did the Pre-Raphaelite painters aim at? Show how their use of detail differed from a realistic use of it. In the pictures on pages 103, 497, and 503, point out "Pre-Raphaelite" characteristics.

Read several of Rossetti's other poems, including if possible *Staff and Scrip*, *Sister Helen*, and *Nineveh*. Compare the spirit of these poems with the spirit of the picture on page 497.

- II. How do the Middle Ages as pictured by the Pre-Raphaelites differ from that pictured by Scott, from that shown in Tennyson's *Idylls*?

Show by reference to the poems of Rossetti and Morris that their poetry is out of touch with reality.

Upon what subjects did Morris write in his *Earthly Paradise*? In what is the poem like Chaucer's? In what is it different? Read *The Man Born to be King*, or *Atalanta's Race*. Why do you like or dislike it?

What is the subject of *Sigurd the Volsung*? Read a passage from it. Compare it with other tales in verse. What is said of Morris's prose tales?

What did Morris set out to do in the world of applied art and practical craftsmanship? Compare his work with Ruskin's. Which inspired the other? What evidence of Morris's work in furniture, in wall-paper, in printing, in carpets?

What were Morris's social and political ideas? Show the relation of his ideas to Ruskin's. Which was the man who carried ideas into action? What error in the idea of both that the world could return to medieval ways.

III. Explain why Fitzgerald is more famous than most translators. In what is Swinburne unequalled among English poets? What faults must be set against this merit?

Compare Swinburne with Shelley and Arnold with Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XIII

RECENT FICTION

IN the last years of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth there has been written a great deal of fiction. Yet little of it has been great fiction. Never before, it is true, has the art of novel writing been so thoroughly understood. Yet, strange to say, there are few novels that, no matter how they may be hailed as "great," do not finally slip out of sight. Possibly the reason is that modern fiction tends to be clever rather than great, to interest rather

Faults and
Merits

than to move deeply. The strange thing is that authors in comparison with whom Scott was childish in technical skill are incapable of constructing novels with the life of Scott's.

The standard of construction has been raised partly by the natural development of the art, partly by imitation of foreign writers. The French have **High** helped much. Just as they helped England **Mediocrity** to form a prose style at once clear, simple, and poetic, so they have taught important lessons in plot and construction. Dumas, Hugo, Balzac, De Maupassant, Zola, Flaubert, and Daudet have all helped. While modern English fiction has few great peaks, it is a high tableland. We may say that the present period is to fiction what the Elizabethan age would have been to drama if Shakspeare and Marlowe and Jonson had been removed, a wonderfully high level. Perhaps its Shakspeare died in infancy, perhaps he is still in school, perhaps he is yet to be born.

While the principles of composing fiction are understood, they have not been settled rigidly. There are no eighteenth-century "laws." In fact, it is an age of free experiment. It is an age therefore of promise and of possibilities.

It is an age as yet of no determined attitude toward life. In the middle of the Victorian period there was, as has been said, a pause in the advance **No Big** of ideas of humanity and idealism. The **Convictions** world, contented with the nobility of its ideals, stopped to admire them. It was also spoiled by material prosperity. It "waxed fat" and forgot about ideals. The development of the commercial ideal in the middle of the nine-

teenth century — the ambition that led a man to wish to be a "captain of industry" or leader of "big business," that made him want to achieve visible and material things — put ideals in the background. It became for a time hard for men to understand the significance of the New Testament story of the Temptation in the Wilderness, to see that one might turn one's back upon riches and power to achieve mastery of things of the spirit.

Men failed to see clearly that it is useless to "do things" unless one sees clearly what one should do and why. Life threatened to become like a ship without a captain, a crew whose members asked only that the engines run smoothly, no matter to what port!

This spirit led to corruption, to triviality in politics. Whatever succeeded was right. And it is rebellion against this spirit that is now showing itself in movements toward social and political reform. The return to a shallow eighteenth-century contentment, shown in the saying, "This world as it is, is good enough for me," is giving way not to discontent (for discontent merely grumbles), but to efforts to make things better. It is such ideas that stimulate great literature. There has been of late years a stirring of new social theory, an awakening of civic ideals and a questioning of accepted dogmas that promises much. The attainment of woman's suffrage is one striking sign of new ideas.

A feature of the last half century has been the growth of the short story. Short stories have been told ever since primitive men first gathered around a camp-fire. The modern short story, however, is a developed form of art. The first English short stories in prose occurred as "episodes," inserted tales

**The Short
Story**

in the course of long novels. Even in Dickens we find "episodes" of this sort. Of course the development of magazines and papers led to stories complete in themselves. There were *Tales of Terror* in the *Udolpho* type, and realistic tales, with morals, like those brought out in Mrs. Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant*. There were annual *Gift Books*, filled with tales usually of a tearful or sugary sort. Poe and Hawthorne in America and such French writers as De Maupassant developed the artistic side of the short story. The growth of the popular magazine gave it a practical excuse for being and insured it a place and a public. The multiplication of magazines of fiction has been prodigious. To-day (especially in America) the short story makes up a large part of what the public reads.

One new type of novel, if it may be called so, has resulted from the short story. While a reader of magazines likes his stories complete in one issue, the publishers of magazines like to have **A New Type** interest held over to the next number. Besides this, the purchaser of a book does not like a collection of independent stories so well as a set with something in common. Writers have, therefore, developed the idea of a *series* of short stories, each complete in itself, yet uniting to make a bigger whole. Of this nature, for example, are the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, or, in America, the *Penrod* stories of Booth Tarkington.

In this modern period there has been much adventure and romance. There have been hundreds of writers of thrilling tales. Yet there has been, among **Romance** them, no Scott or Dumas. (Probably the greatest novelist of action, in the present age, is the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, in *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and

Pan Michael.) There have been writers of fertile invention, like Rider Haggard, and men who knew the sea, like Clark Russell, but these have not mastered the writer's art. There is grace and skill in novels like Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* and its successors, but they lack reality. The one writer who comes nearest to combining invention and artistic genius in full measure is Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894).



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Stevenson's stories are more than tales of

Stevenson adventure.

Under the events of the story there lies the sense that life it-

A face of sensitiveness and energy. One can see that when this man tells stories, one cannot help listening.

self is an adventure and a fascinating one. He makes us feel the ideals of manly character and cheerful courage. He does not deal with social or economic problems. What interests him is human character, as life shows it in action and in speech. He does not talk about his characters. Like the maker of the Norse saga, he tells his tale from outside.

Treasure Island and *Kidnapped* are close to the work of Scott in creative power. They are superior to it in refinement of taste and artistic instinct. Stevenson's

other novels go deeper into character. The one that comes nearest to a moral is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It is based upon the idea that in each man are two natures, the good and the bad, and that it rests with the man himself which shall get the upper hand. Yet even this lesson the reader must gather for himself, for



FROM "TREASURE ISLAND"

John Silver protects Jim from the pirates. (A photograph from the dramatization of the novel:)

Stevenson does not stop the story to teach it. All his books are worth reading, even those that he left incomplete. His essays make one think, and his poems, few and short as they are, are among the best poetry of the day.

Stevenson's prose style is important, for it has much influence upon the men who are writing to-day. It is a style apparently simple, with little adornment, yet is really highly labored and con-

His Style

scious. It is beautifully compact and fits the thought as a glove fits the hand. It is almost too even, too deliberately perfect. A student of prose writing should read Stevenson's prose aloud. Like perfect verse, it harmonizes with the thought it conveys.

A writer of stories, not all of adventure, but dealing rather with action than with

Kipling analysis of character, is Rud-

yard Kipling. (His verse is discussed elsewhere.) His experience in India, where he spent his youth, afforded subjects with the charm of novelty. His stories excel in imagination and creation of character. They seldom bring out the main theme early. They hold one less by plan than by power, like the tale of the *Ancient Mariner*.

In scenes of intense feeling Kipling is at his best. His

best prose is in his short stories. Some of the characters in these, Sergeant Mulvaney, for instance, are sure to live. There is observation and humor. Kipling's style has character and poetic force, though usually little beauty. It is singularly individual and leaves a strong impression of personality. Kipling is one of the most vigorous of modern writers of the short story. The student should read a number of his typical stories. (See the Questions for Review, page 523).



RUDYARD KIPLING

Both his poems and his fiction have striking power.

A contemporary writer to whom one naturally passes from Stevenson and Kipling is Joseph Conrad. He too writes of adventure in strange lands and, like Stevenson, in a poetic style. But there the resemblance ceases. For Conrad loves to analyze, to meditate, even to philosophize upon the feelings of the people in his tale. He not only tells us what they do and say, he wants us to understand *why* they act and speak and think and feel as they do. He realizes, as do other modern novelists, that it is not simple to tell a man's thoughts. Some people take it for granted that one thinks in sentences. Men do not think in sentences.

People often talk their thoughts or write them in order to clear them by getting them into sentence form. *Thinking* consists merely of feeling conscious of a confusion of images and sensations, and suspecting still more behind these, and even others still further out of sight. Try to determine what you *really think* upon any subject! Now Conrad tries to make clear the thoughts that float through the minds of his characters. If you find it hard to follow him, it will be because you are not interested in the way men's minds and spirits really move.

The young reader is sure to like some of Conrad's



"THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD"

Having its nose pulled by the alligator. Kipling's own illustration to *Just So Stories*. His detailed description of this picture is most amusing.

work, for however deeply Conrad goes in pursuit of thought and character, his people live interesting lives in fascinating parts of the world. His most readable story is *Typhoon*. It tells about a hurricane at sea. He takes two men, an unimaginative, stolid sea captain and an imaginative, sensitive first officer, puts them in the midst of a terrible crisis, and studies its effects upon their natures. Even those who do not appreciate analysis of character will enjoy the vivid picture of the storm, perhaps the most realistic hurricane in all literature.

Conrad's style is not transparent, like Stevenson's. He is trying to do a hard thing, and

one feels the tension. But it is beautiful style, delicate, subtle, the style of a man who must hesitate a moment before the right word slips into the right place. His style is the more wonderful because he is not an Englishman. A poor Polish boy, before the mast, he made himself not only captain of a ship, but a master of English style.

Conrad leads to a writer very far removed from Stevenson — Henry James. He was American by birth, but died an English citizen. He wrote chiefly upon English themes, and has had much influence upon English writers, including Conrad.



JOSEPH CONRAD

Sea-captain, philosopher, and novelist. A master of style.

We have seen that Conrad tries to follow out subtle lines of thought. The work of James consists entirely of such analysis. His stories have little action. The object of the story is to catch some person's secret motive, a secret perhaps even from himself, to find out just what was going on in his mind. Often James does not tell, but leaves the reader to puzzle out the material painstakingly set before him. His manner of writing is refined, one might say *strained*, with the effort to make clear what is almost invisible. He is trying to do a thing almost too delicate to be done. Few high school students will read James; yet they will find his influence in other writers. Like every other writer of influence, he has, with all the faults and oddities of style, one new merit, a power of using prose, one might say, microscopically, with a precision that strains the attention.



H. G. WELLS

A writer of great originality.

Many novelists have dealt with social problems. Two who have become prominent are John Galsworthy and H. G. Wells. Wells writes stories of two sorts, one dealing with scientific fantasies, like those of Jules Verne, the other with real people in the world he knows. His fantastic stories are not merely for amusement. In each he makes just one extraordinary supposition. Except for that, it is in the everyday world. Suppose, for instance, that Mars made war upon

the earth! What would men, the real everyday men about us, do in such a contingency! And what would happen? By working out such problems, he shows the reader what he thinks of education and of society as it is, of war and of human ideals. With a knife of fantastic imagination, he cuts into the actual world and sees what it is made of. His *Time Machine* and *Invisible Man* are novels of this sort.

His novel of the realistic type gives us pictures (sometimes amusing) of the world we know, always with some underlying principle, the unpractical nature of modern education, the hopeless position of the small shopkeeper. His *Kipps* and his *Tragic History of Mr. Polly* are among his best of this type. He sees keenly and uses words that give pictures. His humor is lively and genial.

His latest novels are of a different type, that dealing reflectively with problems of life and faith. His *New Machiavelli* led the way, and his *Sir Isaac Harmon's Wife* and his *Research Magnificent* went further along the same road, to a new hopefulness, attained through searchings and doubt. His novel of the war, *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, emerges from questionings and despair into the sunlight of a faith attained finally after weary struggle. Wells is in a sense a realist. He shows us clearly that he knows life as most men see it. But he seems, especially in these last books, to go under the surface of realism, to look through life as men see it and read the meanings that lie beneath, the things that matter.

John Galsworthy's style is less striking at first sight. Its art is inconspicuous, but always present. His novels deal with problems of life and society,—
 Galsworthy usually among the well-to-do and educated. His *Man of Property* is his best novel, a hard, grim, stern

picture of a man like Browning's speaker in *My Last Duchess*, but Galsworthy's hero is a type, the representative of a system. Galsworthy's work, like that of Wells, points out how far short the world falls of being what it should be and suggests new ideals.



JOHN GALSWORTHY

His novels and plays deal seriously with problems of society.

Another extreme has developed in the matter-of-fact realist, who depicts life as it is, **Arnold Bennett** in the mood of **Bennett**

Trollope, without much grace of style or poetic fervor. He masses and marshals details and overwhelms us with the heap of them. A writer of this kind is Arnold Bennett. He analyzes character, but throughout his analyzing we get, not as in James or Conrad, the feeling of pursuing something

that is trying to evade us, but the impression that he is trying to tell us *all* about something that is very clear to him.

One important writer belongs to no group at all. William De Morgan began to write novels very late in life, at the age of sixty-seven. He deliberately returned to the early novelist's freedom to ramble.

De Morgan

He has, while using a very different *style*, something of the *plan* of novel that we find in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. He is traveling not so much to reach the end of the road as to look at everything worth seeing. His *Alice-for-Short* and *Joseph Vance* are two of the most refreshing novels of modern times. They are full of original thought and reflection, and there is convincing creation of char-

acter. He takes us into real life and among real people. He does not preach, but he keeps up a pleasant comment as he goes along. His style has few striking characteristics, but it carries his meaning very directly. His conversations are remarkably lifelike, imitating, as do



WILLIAM DE MORGAN

He began to write novels when over sixty, and won instant recognition.

Conrad's, the broken sentences of real speech. There is so much in his novels that one is inclined to think that they have little plot. On the contrary, like Hawthorne's *House of Seven Gables*, they are crowded with it. Hardly a situation or incident occurs which is not, in some way, attached to the mechanism of the whole. Try to pull one out, and you will find it entangled with the rest. In fact his novels are rather injured than improved by their complication of plot; the situations seem too deliberately contrived, too elaborately prepared for, to represent real life. It is hard to say just what the effect of De Morgan's novels will be, but it seems likely that they will make writers realize the possibility of picturing life fully and richly — of putting, one might say, plenty of flesh upon the bones of plot.

There are many other names in the list of novelists on pages 582-584. Many works are starred as worth reading. Some of these novelists may be really great. Possibly the greatest of all is some one whose work nobody of the present day reads, and who will be "discovered" years hence. It seems likely, however, as was said before, that the task of this age has been to bring the art of fiction up to a high general level. Another age may see a diminishing interest

in fiction. Poetry or drama may take its place. Or we may see the present high level surpassed and topped with some new peak of genius, some Shakspeare of the novel.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

How do you account for the generally high level of construction in modern fiction?

What can you say about the rules that govern the making of fiction to-day?

What is the peculiarity of this age regarding ideals and principles of conduct?

Why are discontent and agitation healthy signs?

Explain the remarkable increase in short stories. Where have they developed most abundantly and with most finished form?

Why do boys and men of action like Stevenson's stories? Why do critics who admire refinement of style also like them?

Compare *Treasure Island* with the *Master of Ballantrae* or *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Which do you like the more? Why?

Compare *Treasure Island* with Scott's novels, with Cooper's, with Dumas's. In what does each excel?

Read Kipling's *Soldiers Three*, his *Brushwood Boy*, his *Wee Willie Winkie*, his *Jungle Books*. Why do you feel sure you will remember them? Is there any quality that reminds you of Browning? Does Kipling care more for books or for life? What do you think of his power of creating character?

Why would only a part of the readers that like Stevenson or Kipling care for Conrad?

What kind of student would be interested in Henry James? What can one get from him?

What kind of story does Galsworthy write?

Why do most students like Wells's novels? What meaning underlies his scientific romances? What other types of novel has he written?

What kind of novel is written by Arnold Bennett.

Read De Morgan's *Joseph Vance* or *Alice for Short*. What can you say of De Morgan's use of plot, of his method of reporting conversation, of his depiction of the richness and variety of real life?

CHAPTER XIV

RECENT POETRY

POETRY since the death of Tennyson and Browning has been comparatively barren. It is possible, of course, **A Barren** that some great poet of to-day will be **Prospect** discovered by a later generation. Present poetry, however, so far as we can see it, shows talent, skill, and gleams of inspiration, but no remarkable genius. Probably this is owing, as has been said, to the absence of idealism and of inspiring convictions. Possibly a new enthusiasm, a new awakening — one cannot foresee the effect of the World War — may inspire new poets.

The chief English poets of the early twentieth century are Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, and John Masefield.

Kipling Each has written some poems that will live. Of the three, Kipling has the most rugged power, Noyes the most lightness and grace, and Masefield the most spiritual sense of mystery.

Kipling has remarkable control of verse form. It is far from equal to Swinburne's, but it never, like Swinburne's, distracts from the meaning of the poem. His thought, in fact, is so original that his technical skill gets too little credit. Every student of poetry should read aloud and study carefully the best poems in the *Seven Seas* and the *Five Nations*.

To get a good idea of Kipling's poetry, the student should read some of the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, — *Mandalay*, for instance, and *Danny Deever*. Some of the longer character poems (in a spirit not unlike that of Browning)

— *Mulholland's Contract*, *McAndrew's Hymn*, and the *Chant Pagan* — should be read also. The student should read too some of the more abstract reflective poems, especially those in *The Seven Seas* and *The Five Nations*. The following passage from *A Song of the English (Seven Seas)* pictures the spirit of the pioneers who died to make the way clear for others.

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks — as the steer breaks — from the herd where they
graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed — then the food failed — then the last water
dried —
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift — on the veldt-side — in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after — follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!
Follow after — we are waiting by the trails that we lost
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after — follow after — for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own.

An element to be especially noticed is Kipling's use of detail, his ability to put the soul into reality, to give a sordid fact and then transfigure it. Observe this in the following from *A Dirge of Dead Sisters (Five Nations)*:

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals from the market
(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the flies)?
And the footsore firing party, and the dust and stench and staleness,
And the faces of the sisters and the glory in their eyes.

With Swinburne and Masefield, Kipling shares the honor of being one of the few poets who have written about the sea as a sailor sees and loves it. He does not talk vaguely about its billows and "terrors." He brings out the mystery of its spaces and the joy of its motion.

His lighter songs develop into art the "topical songs" of the music halls. They may be vulgar, in a way, but they go through the surface vulgarity of the sailors and soldiers, and strike at eternal human feeling beneath.

Alfred Noyes is a poet who writes much and easily. He has

Noyes written many admirable short poems

and a number of very long poems and dramas. His verse lacks condensed force and sustained passion. It is musical, enchanting, rapid, yet leaves, perhaps, too little abiding impression. He

has remarkable control of double rhymes and complicated and lilting rhythms, and he surrounds everything he sings with a magic atmosphere. One of his best long poems is his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, a series of idyls, one might say, dealing with Shakspeare and his contemporaries. A charming passage in it is the account of Kemp's dance to Sudbury, and his meeting with his "Companion of a Mile." Noyes's play *Sherwood*, though more suited for reading than for acting, is filled with romantic and mystic beauty. In his *Drake*, a long narrative poem, occurs his finest lyric, the song with the refrain, "Let not



ALFRED NOYES

One of the chief poets of the day.

love go too." One of his most popular poems is his *Barrel Organ*.

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.¹

John Masefield is a new writer. He, like Kipling, loves to use "prosaic" detail and glorify it with imagination. That

Masefield



JOHN MASEFIELD

A leading modern poet. He writes much of the sea.

seems to be a new tendency in poetry, — to move further along the lines opened by Wordsworth and Coleridge, to try to bring out the poetry in everything that can possibly arouse it. Some ideas habitually call up unpoetic associations. Yet, by his art, a great poet can make common things shine with wonder. He does not "put this poetry into his subject," does not "make it poetic." He only brings to light the poetry that underlies reality

Masefield writes chiefly of the sea and ships, — not only of the sailing ships of romance, but even of the modern

¹ Reprinted from *Collected Poems* by Alfred Noyes, by permission of the publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

cargo-boat, laden with "cheap tin trays." And he makes us feel that, whether the ship go by steam or sail, whether she carry spices from the Orient or alarm clocks from Connecticut, so long as men sail her across the mystery of the ocean, the wonder and poetry cannot vanish.

He has written a number of long poems of unusual power, though of uneven merit. His *Widow in Bye Street* and his *Everlasting Mercy* are typical. A better poem for the average student is his *Story of a Round House*, a poem of glorious sea-pictures, drawn with force and realism. In the following extract observe the rapid passing from the commonplace to the poetic; the two moods are felt by the poet as part of one experience. Si and the basin and the winds and waves and stars are all part of one bewildering universe.

Si, the apprentice, stood beside the spar,
 Stripped to the waist, a basin at his side,
 Slushing his hands to get away the tar,
 And then he washed himself and rinsed and dried.
 Towelling his face, hair-towzelled, eager-eyed,
 He crossed the spar to Dauber and there stood
 Watching the gold of heaven turn to blood.

They stood there by the rail while the swift ship
 Tore on out of the tropics, straining her sheets,
 Whitening her trailway to a milky strip
 Dim with green bubbles and twisted water-meets,
 Her clacking tackle tugged at pins and cleats,
 Her great sails bellied hard and her masts leaned;
 They watched how the seas struck and burst and greened.¹

A number of the shorter poems contained in the same volume with the *Round House* should be read, especially *Captain Stratton's Fancy*, *Posted Missing*, and *Sea Fever*.

¹ Reprinted from Masfield's *Story of a Round House* by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

Poetry is experimenting with new subjects and new forms. Some are using new "lilting" meters. Others are abandoning meter, writing in *vers libre* (or "free verse"), somewhat after the manner of Walt Whitman or of such unmetrical poetry as we find in the *Psalms* or the *Book of Job*. All are enlarging the field, making it ready for some greater poet.

Tendencies

Occasionally one will find people saying, as Macaulay said a century ago, that a greater poet will not come, that poetry is declining, that people are becoming too sensible to write verse. No student of past history can believe this, nor can any student of human nature. Whenever poetry has declined, it has always revived with added vigor. However necessary "prose sense" may be, we have seen that plain prose sense, without poetry to inspire it, leads to no goal. No matter how "sensible" they become, men will never be dead to feelings and aspirations. So long as they enjoy pleasure and grieve over loss, aspire with ambition, and are led by the witchery of love, just so long they will enjoy the poetry that expresses these. And if ever they should abandon all these and become "thinking machines," this world will be a dull place to live in.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

How does Kipling compare with other poets in control of verse form, in fondness for novel and original rhythms? Does his gift lie in delicacy or in strength?

What is said of his use of detail?

What use has he made of the popular song? Give examples.

Show that Kipling's poetry comes nearest in type to Browning's.

Point out resemblances and differences.

Contrast Noyes and Kipling. Which would appeal more to a man of action and out-door life? Why?

What can Noyes give us that Kipling cannot?

Show that Masfield has certain elements of both Kipling and Noyes and might well please the admirers of each. Compare the stanza with those from Byron on page 401. Observe the similar contrasts of prosaic and poetic images.

Read Masfield's *Captain Stratton's Fancy*, his *Wild Ducks*, his *Sea Fever*; Kipling's *Chant Pagan* and his *Hills and the Sea*; Noyes's *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. What additional ideas do these give you of the tastes and powers of each?

What is *vers libre*? What older writings have followed much the same principle? Try to arrange poetical passages from De Quincey and from the novelists in similar lines.

CHAPTER XV

DRAMA AND ESSAY

SINCE the splendid outburst of the Elizabethans, England has produced no great plays. With the Commonwealth, the theaters were closed. The new drama of the Restoration was, as we have seen, either pretentiously sentimental or grossly licentious, sneering at virtue and glorifying clever rascality.

By the time of Addison the stage had become cleaner. Either the wholesome spirit of the masses had overcome the
 Later corruption of the court, or possibly the work-
 Eighteenth of fashion was longing for cleaner diet. Clean-
 Century or unclean, however, the drama of the early eighteenth century turned to the comedy of manners, the amused observation of other people's weaknesses. (See pages 273-274.)

Through the Restoration Shakspeare was acted more
 Shakspeare less, though usually in "improved" versions.
 Revived The Romantic revival brought his plays back into full favor. To-day, they have as much hold upon the public as most works of our own time.

Not only has the modern stage changed in material form, but the increase of scenery and mechanical devices has affected the whole technique of play writing. (See page 188.) As a result, the **Changes** structure of the modern play is far from that of the play of Shakspeare's time. There are, as a rule, fewer acts and scenes. The dramatist employs devices and effects that the earlier age never dreamed of, and these alter the character of the action. A marked influence has come from French dramatists, such as Sardou and Scribe and Dumas the younger.

Poetic drama of the Elizabethan type, except in the works of Shakspeare himself, seems to have left the stage. Many great poets have written poetic **Poetic Drama** dramas in blank verse. Byron, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, Noyes, and Phillips have written plays of poetic merit, but not one has produced a great acting play. In fact, on the actual stage, Bulwer Lytton's poetically inferior *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* have proved far more effective. Of the poets named, the most successful dramatically has been Stephen Phillips, who, perhaps under the inspiration of Rostand (page 539), aroused for a time, by his *Paolo and Francesca* and his *Ulysses*, a revived interest in the poetic drama. But this interest again waned. Either these men lacked the proper fusion of poetic genius and stage craftsmanship, or else, poetic drama of the older type fails to fit the modern spirit.

Most plays of to-day that deserve consideration as literature, are of another type. They bear **Modern Plays** the same relation to the blank-verse play that the modern novel bears to the blank-verse epic. They do

not try to make epic deed and fairy vision real. They try to show us that the life about us is full of heroism and beauty, or at least of dignity and significance. They have been influenced by the realism and earnestness and



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

His face shows humor and the satirical spirit that underlies his work.

poetic imagination of men like Ibsen and Hauptmann and Suderman. As a rule, however, they have laid their chief stress upon real life and its problems. Among these modern dramatists are John Galsworthy, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and Granville Barker.

Besides these one finds men who bewilder with cleverness, but who use their brilliant fantasy to mask a serious purpose. In this group is Barrie, author of *Peter Pan* and *The Admirable Crichton*. Here too is Bernard Shaw.

Of all writers of the first quarter of the nineteenth century he seems most individual. Probably he aims not merely to amaze, but to arouse, not merely to shock, but to startle people who hold "settled views" into wondering whether these are "settled" rightly.

Several new influences may affect the stage of the new century. There are the "movies." These, with the Symbolic artistic pantomime (a type developed in France), may lead in a new direction. There is, too, the new "symbolic" drama, the sort written by

Maeterlinck and by a group of Irish writers, — Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, and Lord Dunsany. This tries to arouse, by language and action very simple and poetic, a sense of mysterious excitement. It aims to make the spectator imagine more than he sees or hears. It marks an attempt to revive in drama, in prose form, the spirit of poetry.

There are of course plays of other types. There is the romantic or sentimental melodrama, the sugary picture of life as it might be. And there is the farce, which does for drama what the "comic" does for drawing, exaggerating its theme into laughable extravagance.

In drama, then, as in poetry and in fiction, the present age has been moving to new standards. It is founding a new technique and new ideals. A new period of inspiration is at any moment possible. The train of powder is laid, but not lighted. It may be that no fire will descend from heaven. It may be that present conditions of the drama discourage genius. Or it may be that the inspired man is yet to come, to waken the statue to warm life. The new interest in the "movies," the revival of small vaudeville houses with one act sketches, the sudden development of "Little Theater" and "neighborhood" companies of semi-amateur players, the discontent with former methods and the search for new, — all these are signs whose significance will be clear to the critic of a century hence.



WILLIAM B. YEATS

Irish poet, dramatist, patriot, and mystic.

An important development in prose has been in the "leading article," or what in America is called the "editorial." Under this name essays — of very different merit — are read daily in almost every home.

The English "review" has remained an important type of essay. Nothing in America exactly corresponds to it.

English In America a man may write an article upon
Reviews a topic, or he may review a book upon it. In England a man combines the two. He takes the new book as an excuse, as a *text*, for the review, just as Carlyle took Lockhart's *Life of Burns* as an excuse for his own *Essay on Burns*. Most prominent writers in England write such reviews or write independent essays upon political or literary questions.

Among the literary men conspicuous in such writing are Gilbert K. Chesterton and Bernard Shaw. (See page 532.) Chesterton is novel in style, with a fondness for clever paradox. He turns commonly accepted ideas upside down to see what is under them! Many writers prominent as novelists and dramatists, including Wells and Galsworthy, have done work of this kind. The style in this kind of writing is growing on the whole nearer ordinary speech.

Some say that writing is "leveling down" as the world becomes more democratic, that the standards of the cultured are being lowered to meet those of the masses, the new rulers. This may be true. But such leveling down can be only temporary. The masses, enlightened by education, will not remain contented with low standards. If the standards have been lowered, they have been lowered as they were at the

**Future
Prospects**

fall of the old Roman civilization. What happened then was, as we have seen, like heaping new coal on a dying fire, to make a bigger one. The cultured must wait for the masses to come up to the old level. But when the masses *have* reached this level and the whole march of man moves side by side in even progress, the work done will be richer and higher and grander than ever before.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- I. Trace rapidly the history of the English drama after Shakspeare, through the Restoration, the eighteenth century, the Romantic Revival. What kind of plays prevailed in each period?

What has become of poetic drama?

What foreign influence has affected modern drama? What kinds of subjects are presented in the more serious modern drama?

Who are some of the more important writers of recent drama?

Of what type are their plays?

What is the personality of Shaw? What makes him important?

Who are the Irish writers? What are they aiming to accomplish?

Who are Maeterlinck and Dunsany?

Read if possible one play by each of the above. Observe the peculiarities of each.

- II. How does the modern essay differ from Bacon's *Essays* or from the type written in the *Spectator*? Study a few essays in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in some leading English review. Compare a modern newspaper editorial with the early essays named above. What differences have developed since the days of Bacon and Addison?

Explain the peculiar nature of an essay in an English Review, its combination of the duties of book-review and essay.

For what is Chesterton noted? Read one of his essays and note instances of "paradox," of parallel construction of clauses.

CHAPTER XVI

*FOREIGN INFLUENCES THAT HAVE AFFECTED
ENGLISH LITERATURE*

Latin. The influence of Latin upon English has been constant. It has affected both the language itself and literary standards. This influence reached English through several different lines.

The language of the medieval church, to which every Englishman belonged from birth, was Latin. The services, the scriptures, the hymns, the doctrinal writings, were all in this tongue. In monastic institutions life was practically carried on in Latin.

With Protestantism many learned men broke away from the Church, but not from Latin, for they found in it models and inspiration. Critics formed their taste upon the masterpieces of Rome. The English sentences of men who had labored for Ciceronian polish in Latin took on orderly structure and periodic dignity. Poetry and drama developed under the influence of Latin standards.

Even to-day Latin is influencing English literature. Those who have studied Latin are affected by Latin style. Those who have not are indirectly influenced by those who have studied it.

For the influence of Latin upon vocabulary, see page 49. Remember that Latin words entered English, some directly (being brought into the language by scholars), others indirectly through the French, either immediately after the Norman conquest, or gradually through the interval since.

Greek. Greek had at first little effect. The early

Church knew little about it. Later, however, through the revival of learning, Greek literature began to be studied and appreciated. Men began to realize its superiority to Latin.

Compared to Latin, Greek has given us few words. English words from Greek are as a rule scientific or critical compounds, like *gramophone*, or *prolepsis*. (See page 50.) The influence of Greek is shown more in ideals and taste and literary form. Even before it was known in itself it influenced through its reflection in Latin. Homer reached us through Virgil, Euripides through Seneca, Demosthenes through Cicero. But from the beginning of the Elizabethan age, men have turned increasingly to the Greeks either at first hand or in English translation.

Each age has drawn from Greek literature what most appealed to it. The age of Shakspeare found enthusiasm, an exciting imagery, a wonderful texture of verse, a tragic picture of merciless destiny. The eighteenth century found lessons in rule and regularity and artistic law. The nineteenth opened its eyes again to the more human side. They, and we after them, have felt and have been inspired by Greek grace and delight in beauty, by the mingling of warm humanity and restrained art.

Hardly a writer, as was said above, can avoid the influence of Latin. The influence of Greek is no less pervading. No one who reads the best can escape the active principle of beauty that gives Greek art its greatness. Just as hardly a building is without some architectural feature derived from ancient Greece, even so, hardly a great work in prose or verse but owes some grace, some charm, some inspiration to the city of Athens.

French. The influence of French has already been

pointed out (pages 47-51). For several centuries after the Norman Conquest, the French language and literature not merely affected English, but entered into it. (See Book I, Chapter IV.)

From the time of the Crusades, French romances, both prose and verse, were read and written — in both France and England. English writers translated or imitated French poems. The metrical rhymed line of France drove out Saxon alliteration. (See page 63.) Continuously from that time to this, English poets have felt an influence from across the Channel.

Some maintain that English poetry is French rather than Saxon. This is hardly true. However the French qualities may show — and they show readily, like the ripple on the surface — yet the Saxon qualities lie beneath.

Through the Renaissance the influence of France continued. Shakspeare must have known French tolerably well. After the Restoration, with the return of the Cavaliers who had sought shelter in France, we find the French influence strengthening. The eighteenth century is, indeed, often called the period of "French Influence." It is here we see the triumph of the French classic school, of Boileau and his followers (page 260), who set rules above inspiration. Later, however, in the same century we find Voltaire and Rousseau uttering new doctrines, that were to spread seeds of revolution even in far-off America, where, indeed, they first came to growth.

After the English romantic revival, France for the time lost literary influence. Her own revolution against strict form and rigid rule was to come later, and until it came there was little she could teach. But with the nineteenth

century we find her younger writers (Victor Hugo and his associates) not only freeing literature of their own land from tradition, but inspiring England and America with new energy.

From the medieval tales of Lancelot through the sentimental love stories of the eighteenth century, France had taken a leading part in developing the novel. In the middle of the eighteenth century Le Sage wrote *Gil Blas*, based upon Spanish stories (see page 304), a book that showed the way to Fielding and Smollet. Later Dumas built up a new type of historical romance, suggested perhaps by Scott, but far more rapid and light-hearted. Gaboriau developed the "detective story." Balzac became a master in realistic interpretation of life and Zola showed modern novelists how to marshal a bewildering host of facts, often ugly, into an artistic whole. Each of these novelists has had his effect on English fiction. No study of modern fiction can be made without reference to their work and to that of other leading French novelists, such as Loti, Daudet, France, Flammarton, and Bourget.

In the hand of Gautier and De Maupassant the short story developed into a distinct form of art, with marked influence on English writers (see page 513). Modern English drama, too, has learned something from the French stage. The technical skill of Sardou and the "drama with a purpose" of Brieux and others have had their influence. And at the end of the nineteenth century Rostand, author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, taught English dramatists how to revive the poetic drama. English is in sentence structure nearer to French than to any other living language. However Teutonic its rhythm

and underlying character, however it may be modified by Latin restraint and Greek beauty, modern English prose owes most to France. No other living language has been so directly helpful.

English poetry is less influenced by modern French. It owes much, as we have seen, to France of the past. The type of our metrical form is of French origin. Our use of this type, in our Teutonic accentual language, is so different from modern French use (see page 63) that we learn little from modern French meter. We learn more from French imagery and French poetic feeling.

Italian. Italian has had slight effect upon our language, much upon our literature. From a little before the time of Chaucer the culture of Italy — which kept something of the Roman standard — affected English poets. Early English poetry shows clearly the influence of Boccaccio, Petrarch, and their contemporaries. The stanza form of Chaucer and Spenser was, in Chaucer directly, in Spenser indirectly, of Italian origin. The five-foot iambic line, which was to become the typical line of English verse, came from Italy. The sonnet, though modified from the Italian type into the "Shaksperean" (see page 138), was learned from Italy. By the time of Shakspere there were current in England an amazing number of volumes of poems, romances in verse, songs and sonnets, madrigals, either in Italian or translated from it. No study of Elizabethan verse should fail to take into account this popularity of Italian.

This influence shows not only in verse. From Italy came also volumes of romantic tales, some of which furnished plots for Shakspere's plays. There were also other works of various types, history, philosophy,

criticism. Englishmen became enthusiastic over that practical philosopher in statesmanship, Machiavelli. Italian plays were read and translated, and taught our playwrights refinement of manner and violence in plot. Not only literary ideals, but the general spirit of life became colored by Italy.

One form in which this showed was in the masque and pageant (see page 215). Costly court spectacles, such as were common in Italy, were imitated in the court of James and Charles. These helped to bring about the changes that came over the scenery and structure of the English stage.

In the eighteenth century the influence of Italy declined. With the romantic revival it in some degree returned, but the thing imitated was not the same. The Elizabethan Age had imitated Italian imagery, richness of ornament, violence of plot, and riot of fancy. The Romantic period sought the devoutly intense vision, the passionate simplicity of the early Italians. It preferred Dante to Tasso or Ariosto. It was not indeed till the nineteenth century that Dante found an English audience that understood him. The Pre-Raphaelites, trying to return to the devout mysticism of the Middle Ages, and to the sharp detail of the early painters, found in him what they sought.

Some English writers only slightly affected by Italian authors, have fallen under the spell of Italian scenery and life and history. Among these are Byron, Landor, Keats, Shelley, and the Brownings, who for much of their life made their home in Italy.

In recent years a few brilliant Italian writers, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro, and others, have played their part in developing a new fiction and poetry. Present

Italian influence, however, is weaker than French or German. We feel Italy's influence chiefly through the past.

Spanish. Spain has had little direct influence. The greatest was in the time of Shakspeare, when she still stood high in national power. Many Englishmen then read Spanish, and translations from the Spanish were not uncommon. One writer in particular, Góngora (1561-1627), gave perhaps the first impulse to Lyly and the other "Euphuists." Lope de Vega, the poet, Calderon, the dramatist, and Cervantes, the creator of *Don Quixote*, have all influenced English writers, the last having a marked effect upon the early novel. Another influence upon the novel, also from Spain and related remotely to *Don Quixote*, are the *picaresque* tales of clever disreputable adventurers. These and the imitation of these by the French writer Le Sage, in *Gil Blas*, led to Defoe, Fielding, and Smollett. An early writer of great popularity and of some influence upon knightly romance was Lobeira, whose *Amadis of Gaul*, translated into every tongue, was to ladies of Chaucer's time what the latest "best seller" is to-day (page 104).

German. England is Teutonic. The original Teuton stuff has never, under acquired qualities, ceased to be the solid bottom qualities of the language, the people, and the literature. But this Teutonic element is not the Teutonism of Prussia. The traits of Germany and of England are, one might say, cousins, sprung from one common stock, yet differing widely.

The original Saxons were a people more Norse in type than modern Germans, a seacoast type, with northern dialect and seafaring traditions. And this people has

for centuries been trained by Gallic, Celtic, and Latin influences.

England felt little influence from German literature till late in the eighteenth century. Up to that time Germany had little to give. Its development had been slow. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, however, there came an outbreak of literary power. It was a golden age. One finds, in philosophy, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Schopenhauer; in poetry, Goethe and Schiller and Uhland; in criticism, Freytag and Lessing. The work of these men had a strong effect on English and American thought. The England of the romantic revival was ready for the inspiration. It was to them that Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Coleridge looked as to the hills. It was to them that Carlyle and Emerson turned for guidance. It was an age of giants.

This period left to English literature valuable gifts. It gave metaphysics, philosophy that looked into the nature of mind, of thought, of matter, and that tried to define the nature of being itself. It gave a philosophic criticism that sought eternal laws of art in eternal principles of human feeling. It gave poetry that returned to vigorous sentiment and unashamed romance. It gave, too, a new drama inspired by that of Shakspeare, but developing along new lines of its own.

Modern Germany has less to offer. German scholarship, after its great outburst, weakened in creative impulse and deserted inspiration and ideals to pursue efficiency and mechanical thoroughness. It has taught lessons, most valuable ones, of philosophic research, of accurate thesis-making, of criticism of historical sources, of assembling and cataloguing facts about language. But its giants have ceased.

There are a few exceptions. Sudermann and Hauptmann have developed drama along modern lines. Nietzsche has originated a much-discussed philosophy. Much has been done in psychology and philology. But German novelists and lyric poets of the present are practically without influence on English letters. What influence we feel comes from earlier writers of the German Golden Age.

One poet stands apart, a writer who is German in little but language, — the Jew, Heine, perhaps the greatest song writer of the world. Most modern song shows his influence.

One striking influence of Germany upon literature comes through its music. Wagner in his Ring dramas is not merely a musician. He is a poet and dramatist as well, and his tremendous dramas, shown upon the stage the world over, constitute Germany's latest creative influence.

Scandinavian. The English, almost Norse themselves, were for centuries affected by invasion and settlement, especially along the North Sea (page 35). Some of the early romances (*Havelok*, etc., page 70) were of Norse origin. It is not, however, till the beginnings of the Revival of Learning that we find England deliberately looking to Northland models. We find Gray (page 321) translating Norse poetry from the *Elder Edda*. Later writers discovered the sagas, prose tales, realistic yet imaginative. The poetic simplicity of the saga style, made familiar through translation, has influenced modern writers. The old hero tales, too, and the poetic legends have appealed to such modern writers as William Morris. (We must not forget, besides, that the stories used by Wagner in his Ring dramas, though the operas are in German, are taken almost bodily from the *Elder Edda* and

the *Volsunga Saga*. The literary inspiration of Wagnerian dramas is not German but Norse.)

Among modern Scandinavian writers is one dramatist who has strongly affected modern drama: Ibsen, a Norwegian. Ibsen inclines to a gloomy view of life. His realistic picturing of life and his methods of constructing plays have had great influence upon modern drama. Strindberg, a Swedish dramatist, is still more pessimistic in his views, but has had far less influence. The Norwegian, Björnson, important in his own land, has had less influence upon English.

Dutch. From the twelfth century down through the eighteenth, Holland played a part in English letters. It developed printing; it encouraged scholarship. So long as Latin was the language of the learned, Holland held a high place. With the fall of Latin, Dutch writers could reach fewer foreign readers. As Holland declined in political importance, the number of English who read Dutch declined still further. What influence Dutch writers have to-day is therefore chiefly through translations. Unfortunately these have been few.

Slavonic. Russia till modern times has had little to give. Her modern novelists, poets, and dramatists, however, have a growing influence. Turgenieff and Tolstoï, especially, are realistic novelists who picture life as it is, — its sadness and disappointment and dreary sameness as well as its joy and triumph.

Poland has given one great writer accessible in translation, Sienkiewicz, whose well known *Quo Vadis* and whose powerful Polish trilogy, beginning with *Fire and Sword*, have been an inspiration to historical novelists.

Celtic. The Britons who were in England when the

Saxons came, had, as we have seen (page 3), practically no effect upon English. Centuries later, however, with peace between the lands, England came in contact with Celtic influence. The people of Wales and England mingled. Additional Celtic influences came from Scotland and Ireland, and English people began to study and even imitate Celtic literature.

Macpherson's *Ossian*, though far from genuine, created a taste for actual poetry of Celtic bards. Later collections and translations have made it possible to understand the real nature of Celtic romance. Modern writers like Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory are, besides, trying to express in English something of the Celtic spirit.

Oriental. The knights who sailed to the East on the Crusades, however chivalrous, were inferior in culture and learning to the Mohammedans they went to fight. Their meeting with Orientals taught them much. Possibly Arabic poetry influenced English rhymed verse. Without doubt it inspired romantic tales and ardent love lyrics.

Even in Chaucer's time there were current some of the tales that we now know under the title of the *Arabian Nights*. Most Englishmen, familiar with them from childhood, have been, unconsciously, influenced by their rich imagination and oriental atmosphere.

One Persian poem, the quatrains of Omar Khayyam in the translation of Fitzgerald, has been read by English-speaking people the world over (page 504).

The British possession of India has resulted in interest in East Indian life and worship. English as Kipling is, much of his work is colored by its Indian setting. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* has introduced English readers to Buddhism.

A living writer, Rabindranath Tagore, has been peculiarly successful in making the spirit of India interest and appeal to the English reader. It is inevitable that the spirit of her highly cultured oriental provinces should color the literature of England herself. It is a reward, or penalty, as one chooses to view it, of Imperialism.

Another oriental influence of constant importance is that of Hebrew literature. The *Old Testament* is so profoundly our own and so filled with an inspiration that lifts it above considerations of race or of nation that many forget its oriental origin. Yet this masterpiece of poetry and prophecy has brought into stolidly Teutonic Saxon natures a spark of exotic imagery. From Cædmon to Swinburne one feels in English poetry the spark of Hebrew inspiration.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Review briefly the influence of each literature named, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, Scandinavian, Dutch, Slavonic, Celtic, Oriental. Mention any writers in each instance who have particularly influenced English writers. Which influences have been especially beneficial? Which have failed to help or have even hindered?

CHAPTER XVII

AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE literature of the United States has much in common with that of England. They have developed from the same origin. A common language keeps them continually in touch. The two peoples ^{Kinship} have much in common. They are largely of the same

racial origin. Their traditions, institutions, and social customs are closely related. Naturally, then, in American literature, we see the working out of the same inherited tendencies, the same traditions, and, to some extent, the same current influences, that we have observed in England.

We must not, however, expect to find identical causes producing identical results. In literature, the spirit of

Difference

an age must express itself through the individuals. Individual genius never duplicates.

Were there two Englands, similarly descended, similarly influenced, we should find, in the two, similar periods of literary development, but we should find a great difference in the works of individual writers. America, had the conditions of its growth been precisely like those of England, would have had a period of Augustan "correctness," a period of "heroic couplets," but it would not have had a Pope or an Addison. America, however, does *not* duplicate English conditions. American literature consequently shows considerable divergence from English. Yet even in this divergence, one can see common elements.

American literature begins late in the eighteenth century, one might even say, at the beginning of the nineteenth. Up to the time of separation from

Eighteenth Century

England the two literatures are practically one, like the stem of a Y before it reaches the split. In the scant two centuries of colonial life what little was written may be regarded practically as English literature written by Englishmen in America. As a rule, the colonists were too busy clearing land, dealing with Indians, and establishing government, to create works of literature. Neither the Puritan severity of New England nor the Cavalier elegance of the South expressed itself in a form that

will live. New England Puritanism gave no Bunyan, and Virginian aristocracy gave no Herrick.

English eighteenth-century writers must have had American readers and admirers. The *Spectator* must have circulated in the "Church" and Tory circles of Boston, Salem, and Newport, and generally through the South. The heroic couplet gained a footing, and held it long after the Romantic Movement had banished it from England. In the latter part of the century one writer stands out as the American result of the causes that in England produced Samuel Johnson. Benjamin Franklin embodies eighteenth-century qualities. Where Johnson was a Tory, Franklin was a democrat; where Johnson made his "little fishes talk like whales," Franklin adopted the homely directness of *Poor Richard*. Yet in both men, one finds the same spirit, a clear, aggressive, practical common sense, the spirit of an age that would try the tests of reason upon literature, upon theories of government, even upon the lightning from heaven! In Franklin, more than in English writers of his own time, one sees the influence of the French questioners of accepted traditions, of Rousseau, and Voltaire. In Thomas Paine this influence is still more striking.

The Romantic Revival appears early in minor poetry, though the heroic couplet long held its own. English poetic influences crossed the Atlantic slowly, **Romantic** taking from a quarter to a half century to **Revival** produce their full effect. Scott and Byron were felt before Coleridge and Wordsworth. The strange feature of the early century lies in the way in which writers of different periods in England were discovered and imitated at once. Americans were, one might say, rummaging

the whole cargo of English literary fashions, and out of the collection different writers adopted what pleased their individual fancy. Of the earlier poets, Drake, Halleck, Freneau, and a few others show the effect of the Romantic Movement. On the other hand we find writers constructing long "heroic" *Columbiads*, and composing blank-verse poems on the pattern of Thomson's *Seasons* and Young's *Night Thoughts*.

In fiction the influence of the supernatural romances of Mrs. Radcliffe is seen in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown. Poe and Hawthorne, writing later, carried this type of fiction higher than any writer of England. Hawthorne developed the novel of atmosphere and poetically romantic suggestion. Poe did with the short tale of horror and wonder what Coleridge had done for the poem of the same type. His *House of Usher* is a worthy prose companion to the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*.

From its opening almost to its end, the nineteenth century in America was a time of discovery, of deliberate imitation, of renaissance. Puritan New England had intentionally turned its back upon old world standards. The aristocratic South had been too comfortably at ease to consider them. The new nation, in the intervals of building railroads and organizing industry, had to rediscover European culture. As a result, we find the general confusion of standards mentioned above, the imitation, at one moment, of half a dozen different periods. New England, which now pursued worldly art and culture as energetically as it had formerly proscribed it, was simultaneously absorbing everything from Chaucer to Tennyson and grasping excitedly at everything that Greece and Rome and France and Italy could offer.

Relation
to Past

A result of this was a tendency toward imitation. The earlier American writers had not the robust creative genius of those great Elizabethans who used the learning of the past as fuel for their own inspiration. The Elizabethan, whatever he took from others, was vigorously himself. Younger America was too faithful to its models. Its authors were too often merely missionaries of past culture. They radiated a light not vitally different from that which they absorbed from the past.

In the novel less was done than in poetry. Cooper is far less inferior to Scott in plot and character than in style. Our other novelists of the early cen- The Novel
 tury, excepting Brown and Hawthorne, hardly repay study. In the latter part of the century, however, we find the novel developing, under English inspiration (with some influence from French and Russian fiction) into the work of Howells, James, Holmes, Crawford, Stockton, Cable, and others. In the best of these there is marked independence. They deal with America in the spirit of the best English fiction.

The essay and the short story in the hands of Irving developed along the same general lines as similar work of the same period in England. Irving, a man The Essay
 of originaive power, was in contact with English writers and developed American material in the spirit of such men as Lamb and Southey. Later men, of less power, like Whipple and White, belong approximately to the school of Hunt, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and the later English writers for the reviews. Through them we find the essay developing into the newspaper and magazine article of to-day.

The philosophical tendency shown in Wordsworth and

Coleridge and later in Carlyle and Ruskin developed in America in one movement, led by a New England group. America, some say, discovered Carlyle. Just as clearly, it was Carlyle that awakened New England to the significance of German literature and philosophy. Emerson's poems and essays are America's contribution to the literature of abstract meditation. In him one feels a strong creative independence. The nearest approach to Wordsworth lies in his work and in that of Thoreau, the tramp and mystic. In Bryant's best poetry, too, one finds something of Wordsworthian dignity and nearness to nature.

In the work of the nineteenth century in America one feels increasingly a spirit of independence. The American
Independence writer who truly inherits the traditions of English writers does not merely imitate. He aims not at identity, but at similarity. He will do the same kind of thing, but in his own way. Doing this, he is not imitative or provincial.

Longfellow, for all his learning and talent, suffers from his humility before the literary past. Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Poe, and Lanier, though of less poetic industry and less evenness of talent, surpass him in origi-native power. It is interesting to note that the men most individual of all, the men most like the great writers of England in seeing for themselves in their own way, were hardly regarded as writers of "literature." Whitman, like Blake and Burns, and Mark Twain, like Fielding and Defoe, pictured life as they saw it. They tried to do not *what* great English writers had done, but *as* they had done. We are gradually coming to realize their greatness, to see in them that fidelity to life as they saw it, that gives their work the stamp of true Americanism.

Of present American literature it is hard to speak definitely. There is a lull that may indicate the approach of a new wind of inspiration. In poetry new writers are experimenting along much the same lines as the new writers of England (see page 529). Fiction is vast in quantity, yet, with a few exceptions, disappointing in quality. At present (1918) too many writers who have literary merit lack force and a sense of reality. There is a desire to "give the public what it wants" and to take for granted that the public wants merely to be amused. Never, on the other hand, has the art of story-writing attained such technical perfection. Never has it been possible to read so many perfectly composed short stories. They are modern America's chief contribution to letters.

A most significant development is in the essay, the magazine article and editorial. Here there has been a gain in simplicity, in directness, in fitting of means to end. In America, as in England, prose style has taken up practically and efficiently the task of telling what one thinks and feels. This particular gain is less of the individual than of the mass, a general uplifting of the efficiency of written expression.

In spite of the uplifting of the general level, there are few elevated peaks. This may be a result of democratic equality. It may result from the spirit that dominated the world before the Great War, a spirit of materialism, of "common sense" business, a spirit as selfish, as narrow, and as gross, in its own way, as that which deadened the inspiration of England in the eighteenth century. America, if it is to be a home of great literature, must look deep into life and deal lovingly

with what it finds there. Modern America is not a "young" country. She is a part of the modern world, a mature world, a world that has known and lived and suffered, a world emerging lacerated but transfigured from the spiritual agonies of a terrible war. In the lesson learned in that war, lies hope. It is the lesson that the great things in this world—the things for the sake of which men will surrender wealth and love and even life, are not material things, but spiritual, — ideals, ideals of human freedom and of human welfare. America, of the Allied Nations, wakened last to the world's need and to the task that awaited her. But awaken she did, as the world now well knows. In such awakening, in such unselfish, sacrificing surrender of material welfare to the call of the ideal, lies the remedy for inert content and complacent toleration. In the pursuit of the ideal lies the hope of literature.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- Why are English and American literature naturally alike?
- Why and in what respects are they different?
- Why does American literature, as distinct from English, begin only after the American Revolution?
- Trace among American writers the results of the eighteenth century spirit, of the Romantic Revival, of modern tendencies.
- Why is it not strictly accurate to speak of the literature of modern America as "young," as that of a "new country?"
- What attitude toward the past restrained originality in American literature of the nineteenth century?
- What has been the effect of material and commercial standards?
- In what lies the hope of American literature in the future?

ROMANTIC, VICTORIAN AND MODERN WRITERS.

	1775	1800	1825	1850	1875	1900	1925	1950
Cowper	1769							
BURNS	1759							
Anc. Mariner *								
Lyrical Ballads *								
Johnson	1794							
Songs of Innocence *	1795							
Blake	1795							
Lamb								
Hazlitt								
BURKE	1790							
Palmer, Rights of * Men	1795							
SCOTT	1795							
AUSTEN	1795							
New Romanticism								
Romances by Mrs. Radcliffe								
Tales of Edgeworth								
French Revolution								
American Revolution								
Kant, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, (German)								
W. Irving (American)								
Longfellow (American)								
Edw. VII								
Geo. V								

(The thicker part of the line indicates the period of active authorship.)

Many important writers are omitted on account of limited space. To place an omitted writer, look up his contemporaries, or the dates of his life and work.)

189

192

196

182

188

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175

164

156

159

166

181

100

161

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183

165

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140

123

111

112

132

134

127

128

124

122

122

124

124

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124

RECOMMENDED READING

(General works are listed on pages xi-xiv. The asterisks indicate those best suited to the student.)

HISTORY:

- * Ashton, *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England*.
- McCarthy, *History of Our Own Time*.
- Hassal, *Making of the British Empire*.
- Graham, *Victorian Era*.
- Bryce, *Studies in Contemporary Biography*.
- O. Browning, *Modern England*.

LITERATURE:

- * Elton, O., *A Survey of English Literature* (1780-1830 advanced).
- * Beers, *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*.
- Symons, *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*.
- Saintsbury, *History of Nineteenth Century Literature*.
- * Oliphant, *Literary History of England in the Nineteenth Century*.
- Herford, *Age of Wordsworth*.
- Brooke, *Four Victorian Poets* (Rossetti, Arnold, Morris, Clough).
- Mitton, *Jane Austen and Her Times*.
- Page, *British Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.
- Stephens, *Hours in a Library* (chief poets).
- Payne, *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.
- Harrison, *Early Victorian Literature*.
- Brownell, *Victorian Prose Writers*.
- Dowden, *Victorian Literature in Transcripts and Studies*.
- Stedman, *Victorian Poets*.
- Walker, *The Greater Victorian Poets*.
- Walker, *The Age of Tennyson*.
- Luce, *A Handbook to Tennyson*.
- Van Dyke, *The Poetry of Tennyson*.
- Corson, *Introduction to Browning* (with selections).
- Brooke, *The Poetry of Robert Browning*.

Orr, *Handbook to Browning*.

Scudder, *Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poets*.

Dickinson and Roe, *Nineteenth Century English Prose*.

Dawson, *Makers of Fiction*.

- * Phelps, *Essays on Modern Novelists* (de Morgan, Hardy, Stevenson, Kipling, Blackmore).

Melville, *Victorian Novelists*.

Le Gallienne, R. *Kipling, a Criticism*.

Chesterton, G. B. *Shaw*.

Huneker, *Iconoclasts* (on modern dramatists).

FICTION DEALING WITH THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY:

- * Eliot, *Silas Marner*.

Doyle, *Rodney Stone* (1803).

- * Blackmore, *Springhaven*.

Marryat, *Peter Simple*, and other novels, based on experience.

Mrs. Gaskell, *Cranford*.

- * Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, and other novels.

Lever, *Charles O'Malley*, and other novels.

Craik, *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1780).

Brontë, *Shirley* (labor problems).

- * Stevenson, *St. Ives*.

- * Dickens, *Pickwick*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Bleak House*, *David Copperfield*, and other novels.

- * Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*.

Banks, *The Manchester Man* (study of conditions, early century).

- * Eliot, *Felix Holt, the Radical*.

Trollope, *Barchester Towers*, and other novels (which give a rather uninteresting but remarkably accurate picture of the England of his own day).

(The number of standard novels dealing with conditions during the middle and latter part of the century is so great that it would be useless to list them.)

BIOGRAPHY. [The average student will find sufficient for his purpose in encyclopedias and similar works. For those wishing more, full biographies of all writers of importance will be found in the *English Men of Letters Series* or in *Great Writers*. See also encyclopedias, etc. The following biographical works (not in the series named) are

of value and interest. Most are copiously illustrated. They cast light, as a rule, not only upon the author, but upon the group in which he moved.]

Berger, *Blake*.

Shorter, *C. Brontë (and her family)*.

Cary, E. L., *Browning*.

Chesterton, *Browning*.

Griffin and Minchin, *Browning*.

Cary, E. L., *W. Morris*.

Mackail, *W. Morris*.

Drinkwater, *W. Morris*.

Ward, W., *Newman*.

Marillier, *D. G. Rossetti*.

Sharp, W., *D. G. Rossetti*.

Benson, A. C., *Ruskin*.

Cook, E. T., *Ruskin*.

* Earland, *Ruskin and his Circle*.

Brock, C., *Shelley*.

Balfour, *Stevenson*.

Tennyson, H., *Tennyson*.

Harper, *Wordsworth*.

THE SHORT STORY:

Canby, *The Short Story in English*.

Cooper, *Some English Story Tellers*.

Pitkin, *Short Story Writing*.

Allbright, *The Short Story and its Principles*.

DRAMA (modern):

Dickinson, *Modern Dramatists*.

Huneker, *Iconoclasts (on modern dramatists)*.

(For recent plays, see reading list, pages 586, 587.)

BOOK IV. LIST OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

The relative importance of each author (or work) is indicated by face of type. Works starred are recommended for reading. Double asterisks indicate that the book is especially recommended for student's reading.

The sign (Col.) means that the work indicated (or selections from the author indicated) should be read in *standard works*. See the list on page xiv.

Page numbers indicate the page of this book where the author or work is discussed. (The list of works under an author's name is not, as a rule, complete. The aim is merely to indicate *representative works*.)

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
	WILLIAM COWPER (Col.) poems 1731-1800 p. 340	THE TASK (Col.)* POEMS* (In all standard collections).
	WILLIAM BLAKE (Col.) 1757-1827 poems p. 342	SONGS OF INNOCENCE (1789) (Col.)* <i>Songs of Experience</i> (1793) (Col.)*
	ROBERT BURNS (Col.) poems 1759-1796 p. 344	COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT* TAM O'SHANTER** SONGS (Col.)* (See <i>Selected Poems</i>)**
Union of Great Britain and Ireland 1800	FANNY BURNEY 1752-1840	<i>Evelina</i> * (1778) A novel of "manners," with charm and human interest
	ANN RADCLIFFE (Col.) poems 1764-1823 p. 353	<i>Mysteries of Udolpho</i> * (Col.) p. 354
Abolition of slave- trade 1807	MARIA EDGEWORTH (Col.) novels 1767-1849 p. 391	<i>Castle Rackrent</i> (1800) <i>Moral Tales</i> * (1802)
War of 1812 with America	WILLIAM WORDS- WORTH (Col.) poems 1770-1850 pp. 367-379	LYRICAL BALLADS (1798), p. 367 <i>Excursion</i> (1814) PRELUDE (1850) ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMOR- TALITY* SONNETS*
<i>Napoleonic Wars</i> 1808-1815 (Waterloo 1815)	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE poems 1772-1834 pp. 367-370, 370-381	ANCIENT MARINER** CHRISTABEL** KUBLA KHAN** { See also collec- tion of selected poems

* See explanation, at top of page.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
<i>George IV</i> (1820-1830)	<i>William Beckford</i> novel 1760-1844	<i>Vathek</i> . An eccentric Oriental romance, full of humor and horror
Railroads, steamships, etc., begin	(SIR) WALTER SCOTT poems novels 1771-1832 pp. 383-388	LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL* (1805); MARMION (1808)* LADY OF THE LAKE* (1810) Poems. (Shorter poems in collections) <i>Waverley</i> (1814) GUY MANNERING** (1815) ANTIQUARY* (1816) Rob Roy** (1817) Novels—best for high school reading only
National (British), Education began, 1834		IVANHOE** (1820) <i>The Abbot</i> * (1820) <i>The Bride of Lammermoor</i> (1820) KENILWORTH* (1821) QUENTIN DURWARD** (1823) THE TALISMAN* (1825)
<i>William IV</i> 1830 REFORM BILL (begin- ning of modern gov- ernment directly by the people 1832 Beginnings of public education	<i>James Hogg</i> poems 1772-1835	<i>Queen's Wake</i> and other poems (Col.)* Imaginative poems with Scotch at- mosphere
VICTORIA 1837-1901 Telegraph 1844	ROBERT SOUTHES poems 1774-1843 prose p. 381	<i>Thalaba the Destroyer</i> } (Col.)* p. 381 <i>Curse of Kehama</i> } Interesting to readers who like super- natural romance with adventure
Rise of Trade Unions 1837.		<i>Life of Nelson</i> *
German literary and philosophic group. P. 543 Goethe, Lessing, Kant, Schiller, Uhland, Schlegel, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Fichte, Richte, Heine, Freytag.	WALTER SAVAGE LAN- DOR poems 1775-1864 prose p. 437 JANE AUSTEN novels 1775-1817 p. 388 CHARLES LAMB essays 1775-1834 <i>Matthew G. Lewis</i> 1775-1818 <i>Jane Porter</i> novels 1776-1850	IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS, p. 437 (In selection) PRIDE AND PREJUDICE** (1796) SENSE AND SENSIBILITY* (1798) <i>Emma</i> * (1816) ESSAYS OF ELIA (Selected)** p. 433 TALES FROM SHAKSPERE* (with Mary Lamb) <i>The Monk, Tales of Terror</i> and other Udolpho-like works <i>Thaddeus of Warsaw</i> * (1803) <i>Scottish Chiefs</i> * (1810) Two sentimental novels, characteristic of the "softer" side of the romantic movement

* See explanation, page 559.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> (Col.) poems 1777-1844 p. 418	(Col.)*
	<i>Thomas Moore</i> (Col.) poems 1779-1852 p. 418	(Col.)* Irish songs and poems* <i>Lalla Rookh</i>
	<i>Thomas Love Peacock</i> novels poems 1785-1866	<i>Headlong Hall</i> , etc. Odd novels and fantastic poems
	WILLIAM HAZLITT prose 1778-1830 p. 431	Essays, Lectures, etc. (1599-1830) (Col.)*
Greece becomes con- stitutional monarchy. 1844	GEORGE GORDON (LORD) BYRON (Col.) poems 1788-1824 p. 395	CHILDE HAROLD (Col.)* (1812) PRISONER OF CHILLON** p. 399 DON JUAN (Col.)* (1819), p. 400 MAZEPPA* (1819)
Chartist movement, 1848	R. H. Barham 1788-1845	<i>Ingoldsby Legends</i> * (1837), p. 353
	J. H. LEIGH HUNT essays 1784-1859 poems p. 436	Essays in periodicals Poems (Selected)*
Free libraries estab- lished, 1856.	THOMAS DE QUINCEY essays 1785-1859 p. 431	CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER* (1821) ENGLISH MAIL-COACH** <i>Murder as one of the Fine Arts</i> * (1827) <i>The Flight of a Tartar Tribe</i> * Miscellaneous Essays
Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, 1861.	<i>Frederick Marryat</i> novels 1792-1849	<i>Midshipman Easy</i> .* <i>Peter Simple</i> * Sea novels, not artistic, but full of humor and interest
	PERCY B. SHELLEY poems 1792-1822	<i>Alastor</i> (1816) ADONAI* (1818) PROMETHEUS UNBOUND** (Col.) (1820) Shorter poems** (Col.)
Civil War in America, 1861-5	THOMAS CARLYLE prose 1795-1881 pp. 442-448	ESSAY ON BURNS** SARTOR RESARTUS (Col.)* (1833) HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP* (1841) FRENCH REVOLUTION* (Selections especially Book V, Chapter VI) Selected passages*
	<i>George Grote</i> 1794-1871	<i>History of Greece</i> (the standard work upon the subject) (1846-56)

* See explanation, page 559.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Disraeli, Prime Minister, 1867.	JOHN KEATS (Col.) poems 1795-1821 pp. 410-418	ENDYMION (Col.)* (1818), p. 415 LAMIA** (1820) EVE OF ST. AGNES ** (1820) <i>Hyperion</i> * (1820), p. 413 { See also com- Shorter poems** (Col.) } plete works
Development of British Empire, 1867- 1877	<i>Mary Shelley</i> novel 1797-1851 <i>Samuel Lover</i> novels 1797-1868 <i>Thomas Hood</i> (Col.) poems 1798-1845 William Barnes poems 1800-1886	<i>Frankenstein</i> (1817). A story of the supernatural, full of shudders. Of the type discussed on page 353. <i>Handy Andy</i> * } Rough rollicking Irish <i>Rory O'More</i> * } fiction, lively humor
Germans take Paris, 1871	THOMAS BABING- TON MACAULAY essays history 1800-1859 poems pp. 438-442 (CARDINAL) JOHN HENRY NEWMAN prose 1801-1890 verse p. 493 A. W. Kinglake prose 1811-1891 <i>George Borrow</i> (1803-1881)	POEMS IN DORSET DIALECT ("The Burns of Dorset" — in the south of Eng- land. See <i>Golden Treasury</i> , <i>Second Series</i> , and other collections)* LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME** (1842) (Col.) HISTORY OF ENGLAND LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS** (especially MILTON,* WARREN HAS- TINGS,* ADDISON,** JOHNSON.***) APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA* (1864) OFFICE AND WORK OF UNIVERSITIES* (1854) Verse (Col.)* <i>Eothen</i> * A writer of history and works upon the East <i>Lavengro</i> <i>The Bible in Spain</i> Most interesting accounts of wander- ing experiences in England and abroad. Much information regard- ing gypsies
Russian-Turkish War. 1877	Thomas L. Beddoes (1803-1849) <i>Benjamin Disraeli</i> novels 1804-1881 EDWARD BULWER LYTTON novels 1805-1873 plays	Poems and plays <i>Endymion</i> and other social-political novels. Clever, but not interesting to-day <i>Pelham</i> (1827) LAST DAYS OF POMPEII* (1834), p. 483 LADY OF LYONS* (1838) RICHELIEU* (1839)

* See explanation, page 559.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
	<i>Charles J. Lever</i> novels 1806-1872	<i>Charles O'Malley</i> .* Somewhat like Lover's and Marryat's
	ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING p. 405 (Col.) poems 1806-1861	<i>Aurora Leigh</i> <i>Lady Geraldine's Courtship</i> * Short poems, including <i>THE CRY OF</i> <i>THE CHILDREN</i> ,* <i>The Great God</i> <i>Pan</i> *
	ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON poems 1809-1892 pp. 448-456	IN MEMORIAM (Col.),* p. 452 IDYLLS OF THE KING,** p. 453 THE PRINCESS** MAUD* (1855) ENOCH ARDEN** <i>Shorter Poems</i> (Col.) See complete work — a poet worth studying as a whole
Gladstone prime minis- ter, 1880	<i>William Ewart Glad- stone</i> prose 1806-1898	Essays, studies of Homer etc. (promi- nent leader of Liberal party)
	<i>Edward Fitzgerald</i> poem 1809-1883	Translator, RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM,** p. 504
	<i>Charles Darwin</i> science 1809-1882	<i>Origin of Species</i> , p. 495 <i>Descent of Man</i>
	ELIZABETH GASKELL novels 1810-1866	<i>Mary Barton</i> * CRANFORD**
	<i>John Brown</i> 1810-1882	<i>Rab and his Friends</i> * A "dog" story, fascinatingly told
	WILLIAM M. THACKERAY novels essays 1811-1863 poems pp. 475-478	VANITY FAIR* (1846) PENDENNIS* (1850) HENRY ESMOND** (1852) <i>The Newcomes</i> * (1854) <i>The Virginians</i> * (1857) Essays: <i>The Four Georges</i> ,* ENGLISH HUMORISTS**
	ROBERT BROWN- ING poems 1812-1889 pp. 457-466	<i>Sordello</i> (1840) PIPPA PASSES (1841)** THE RING AND THE BOOK (1868) Other poems (Col.)* Volumes of selections** from Brown- ing's shorter poems are published in many editions.

* See explanation, page 559.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
War in Egypt, 1882.	CHARLES DICKENS novels 1812-1870 pp 467-475	PICKWICK PAPERS** (1835) Comic sketches, rather than a novel. Introducing the immortal Sam Weller <i>Oliver Twist</i> * (1837). A study of lower London, unpleasant but interesting. BARNABY RUDGE* (1837). An excellent picture of old (18th century) London NICHOLAS NICKLEBY** (1838). Picturing the evils of certain private schools MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT* (1843) Introducing Pecksniff the hypocrite and the ind discourgeable Mark Tapley CHRISTMAS CAROL** (1843) DOMBEY AND SON.* Pathetic DAVID COPPERFIELD** p. 473 BLEAK HOUSE* A picture of life, with some convincing characters LITTLE DORRIT* (1855) TALE OF TWO CITIES** (1859), p. 474 OUR MUTUAL FRIEND* Rather melodramatic, but interesting
Irish Land Acts	Charles Reade novels 1814-1844 ANTHONY TROLLOPE novels 1815-1882 CHARLOTTE BRONTË novels 1816-1855 p. 482 Emily Brontë novels 1818-1848 p. 483	<i>It is Never Too Late to Mend</i> (1857) THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH* (1860), p. 484 BARCHESTER TOWERS* (1857), p. 482 (Not likely to interest) JANE EYRE* (1847) VILLETTE* (1853) THE PROFESSOR* (1857) <i>Wuthering Heights</i> * (1847). A novel immature in form, but of great genius
War in Soudan, 1884	CHARLES KINGSLEY novels 1819-1875 poems p. 483	<i>Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet</i> * (1849) HYPATIA** (1853). Historical, dealing with early Christianity WESTWARD HO!** (1855). A tale of adventure in the Spanish Main HEREWARD** (1866). A story of Saxon <i>versus</i> Norman THE WATER BABIES* (1863). A piece of delightful feeling, for grown-up children

* See explanation, page 559.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Reform Bill, increasing representation of the people, 1885.	HERBERT SPENCER science 1820-1903	Poems (<i>Andromeda</i> * is the one successful use of classical hexameter in English verse) <i>Essays — Scientific, Political and Speculative</i> (1858-1863) <i>First Principles</i> (1862)
	GEORGE ELIOT (Mary Ann Evans) novels 1820-1881 pp. 478-481	ADAM BEDE* (1859) THE MILL ON THE FLOSS** (1860). A study of simple family life and love SILAS MARNER** (1861), p. 480 ROMOLA* (1863), p. 481 MIDDLEMARCH* (1871). More difficult, dealing with character in larger society <i>Daniel Deronda</i> * (1876). Dealing with Hebrew life and character in the upper classes of modern life
	MATTHEW ARNOLD poems 1822-1888 essays p. 509	Poems, including THYRSIS,* THE SCHOLAR GIPSY,* THE FORSAKEN MERMAN,* SOHRAB AND RUSTUM* (Col.) ESSAYS IN CRITICISM and other essays upon literature and religion (Col.) <i>Tom Brown at Rugby</i> . A vivid picture of life at a boys' school. Histories, including <i>History of the Norman Conquest</i> (1876)
	Thomas Hughes 1823-1896	
	E. A. Freeman 1823-1892	
	WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS novels 1824-1889 <i>George MacDonald</i> novels 1824-1905	<i>The Moonstone</i> * (1868), p. 484. A mystery story, one of the best ROBERT FALCONER* (1869) <i>Malcolm</i> * (1874) LORNA DOONE** (1869), p. 484 SPRINGHAVEN*
	RICHARD D. BLACKMORE novels 1825-1900	
	GEORGE MEREDITH novels 1828-1909 poems p. 485	THE EGOIST* DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS,* p. 486. Both are hard reading but excellent
	DANTE G. ROSSETTI (Col.) poems 1828-1882 p. 498	Poems, including THE BLESSED DAMOZEL, SISTER HELEN, STAFF AND SCRIP, SONNETS, p. 498. (Col.)** (1871). See also p. 139

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
		These poems, circulated in MS., had much influence before they appeared in print
	CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI (Col.) (sister of above) p. 500 poems 1830-1894	<i>Goblin Market and other Poems</i> ,* (1862) THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS, (1866) and other poems. (Various dates) (Col.)** Poems of remarkable delicacy and beauty. Of great influence upon later poetry
	LESLIE STEPHEN <i>criticism</i> 1832-1904	<i>Hours in a Library</i> * (1874-79) HISTORY OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (A work most important to advanced students)
	Henry Kingsley novel 1830-1876 (brother of Charles)	A work of great value to teachers <i>Ravenshoe</i> . A novelist whose characters live
	(Sir) Edwin Arnold poems 1832-1904	<i>Austin Elliot</i> <i>The Light of Asia</i> .* A poem upon the Life of Buddha. Very readable
	WILLIAM MORRIS (Col.) poems 1834-1896 prose romances pp. 499-504	EARTHLY PARADISE.** Stories told by wanderers in a new land—old legends retold charmingly. <i>Prologue</i> (Desirable reading, <i>The Man Born to be King</i> , <i>The Doom of King Acrisius</i> , <i>Atalanta's Race</i>)
		SIGURD THE VOLSUNG.* A poem that should be read by all lovers of heroic poems—a retelling of the Volsung story of the Younger Edda (the story used by Wagner in his Ring dramas)
		<i>News from Nowhere</i> .* A Utopian tale of a commonwealth where all men are equal
		<i>The Land of the Glittering Plain</i> . A prose romance with magical atmosphere
	LEWIS CARROLL (C. L. Dodgson) prose 1832-1898 poems	ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND* THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS* THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK* The most sensible and artistic nonsense ever written

* See explanation, page 559.

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Irish Home Rule Bill, 1893	A L G E R N O N CHARLES SWIN- BURNE (Col.) poems 1837-1909 criticism pp. 504-508	POEMS AND BALLADS (several series) (Col.)** ATALANTA IN CALYDON,* p. 506 <i>Erechtheus</i> , p. 506. All should read some of Swinburne's poems in a good selection.** <i>History of the English People</i> * (1874)
	<i>John R. Green</i> 1837-1883 <i>John Morley</i> 1838- WALTER PATER (Col.) novels 1839-1894 essays	<i>Historian and biographer</i> <i>Marius the Epicurean</i> * (novel) <i>The Renaissance</i> <i>Appreciations</i> Difficult for high school readers.
	p. 495 <i>James Bryce</i> 1838-	<i>The American Commonwealth</i> * An important study by an outsider, of American political and social con- ditions Works upon history
American War with Spain, 1897	<i>Thomas Hardy</i> novels 1840- p. 485 <i>J. A. Symonds</i> prose 1840-1893 <i>H. A. Dobson</i> poems 1840- <i>Andrew Lang</i> poems essays 1844-1912 translations	FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD* <i>A Pair of Blue Eyes</i> <i>Renaissance in Italy</i> <i>Sketches and Studies in Southern</i> <i>Europe</i> * A writer whose style reminds one of Ruskin's Light, graceful lyrics (Col.) Light lyrics Translator of <i>Odyssey</i> (prose), <i>Aucas-</i> <i>sin and Nicolette</i> , p. 68, and other works
Boer War, ended 1902	<i>George W. Saintsbury</i> prose 1845-	Essays and critical works, including <i>Short History of English Literature</i>
Entente with France, 1904	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON novels essays poems 1850-1894	INLAND VOYAGE.** A canoe trip in France TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY.** Amus- ingly told experiences VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.* Essays,— not easy but full of thought and brilliant in style <i>Familiar Studies of Men and Books</i> *

* See explanation, page 559

EVENTS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS	AUTHOR	PARTICULAR WORKS
Old Age Pensions, 1908		NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS* <i>The Dynamiter</i> * Fantastic adventures, gracefully told
Income Tax increased		TREASURE ISLAND** <i>Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde</i> * A moral tale of dual personality
Lords Veto Bill, in- creasing power of Commons 1911		KIDNAPPED.** An adventure tale, one of Stevenson's best DAVID BALFOUR** (or <i>Catriona</i>). Sequel to the above <i>Master of Ballantrae</i> * A tale of grim power, gloomy*
Edward VII 1901- 1910 George V		ST. IVES.* Adventure and character. Completed by another hand <i>Weir of Hermiston</i> (incomplete) Poems, — <i>Child's Garden of Verses</i> .* Ballads*
War with Germany, 1914	Oscar Wilde (Col.) 1856-1900	Poems, — after the general type of Swinburne, etc. Plays, — brilliant in dialogue, rather morbid in theme
Home Rule for Ire- land passed, effect delayed by War, 1914	Henry James 1843-1916 p. 518	Later work done in England:— EMBARRASMENTS* Other volumes of short stories. Novels analyzing character

* See explanation, page 559.

LITERARY MAP
OF
ENGLAND



APPENDIX I

ENGLISH SCENERY

(On the accompanying map the letters refer to paragraphs in the description that follows. The names in red refer to authors. No attempt is made to indicate an author's birth-place. It seems more important to show where he spent his life and what scenes he chose to present in his works.)



AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

In front are "fields where the nibbling flocks do stray." Beyond these, "hedgerow elms." Behind rise "mountains on whose barren breast the laboring clouds do often rest." An "upland hamlet," whose well-tuned bells "ring round," nestles in a gap in the hills.

Rightly to appreciate English literature, an American reader must realize how physical England differs from America. There are certain broad differences. The scenery is far more varied. In America, only New England approaches the variety of

Variety of
Scenery

English landscape. Even as compared with New England, English weather is full of abrupt contrast. Showers are sudden and storms are frequent and violent. The cloud effects are more "sensational." The clouds hang low, move swiftly, and change almost incessantly. (See the picture, by Turner, page 491.)



A MOORLAND VALLEY (Exmoor)

Above the "water-slide" (*Lorna Doone*). The slopes are purple with heather. The rounded bunchy shrubs are furze. The brighter leaves at the left are bracken. A dwarfed hawthorn stands by the stream.

The mountains and moorlands are treeless. So are most of the grassy hills or "downs" of the south. The trees clothe, as a rule, only the lower slopes or valleys. This deprives the mountains of one beauty. On the other hand it brings out their structure, all the lines of crag and slope; and the rich coverings of bracken and heather have a beauty of their own. A *moor*, a type of upland very common in Great Britain, is a high barren plateau, desolate except for grazing sheep.

Moors and Hills

The *heather* is a low shrub about the height and character of the American blueberry bush, but with a fine leaf not unlike that of the red cedar. It flowers with a fine purplish blossom, giving a purple tint to miles of moorland. Mingled with it is the *bell heather*, delicate sprays of bells of a deep purple. (The term *heather* is used, in different places, for both plants.) A common growth on wild land is the *bracken*, a tall fernlike growth, like the American brake.

English fields are enclosed by *hedges*. These are usually of hawthorn. This flowers in early summer, making walls of fragrant white blossoms. These hedges are not closely trimmed; they are merely hacked roughly into shape. Often elms or oaks stand in the hedgerows. The hedges of the quieter lanes contain a perfect riot of local wildflowers.

Hedges and
Flowers

Certain shrubs and flowers are conspicuous in England. On waste land one finds a shrub that grows in dense clusters, *gorse* or *furze* or *whin*, a dark green mass of prickles of the sharpest kind. It bears a bright yellow blossom. Another plant with a brilliant yellow blossom is the *broom*.

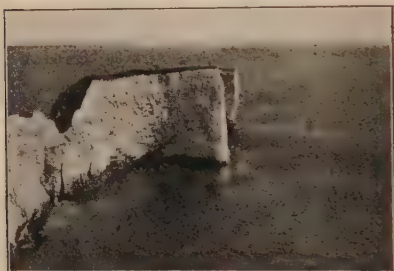
An American is sure to be struck by the abundance of the small pink-tipped short-stemmed daisy, by the brilliant purple foxglove, and by the broad stretches of blazing red poppies.

In the animal life of the country, one notes the great number of sheep, the tame deer in private parks, the wild deer upon moor and mountain, and the bewildering abundance of rabbits. One hears the insistent call of the cuckoo, and, if lucky, the song of the nightingale.

Animal Life

The coasts of England are unlike ours. Low, level

shores are the exception. Along the Channel, especially to the east, are chalk cliffs, as straight
 Coasts up and down as if cut so, and gleamingly white. The chalk is so soft that it can be whittled with



A CHALK CLIFF (SWANAGE)

Common along the South of England. The chalk is white and as soft as that used in school.

a penknife. At Beachy Head a cliff of this chalk rises six hundred feet above the sea. Of the same type is the famous "Shakspeare cliff" at Dover. English literature has many references to these "white walls."

Most of the coast rises into cliffs, sometimes with a beach at the foot.

(See picture, page 491.) The cliffs of Cornwall are much like those of eastern Maine, though higher. Along the coasts of Somerset and Devon, the cliffs rise higher yet. In Wales and along the coast of Scotland one finds precipitous mountains rising abruptly out of the deep sea.

A striking feature of inland England is the presence of flowing water. Hillsides and valleys abound with small
 Streams streams and waterfalls. One is hardly ever long out of the sight or sound of them. Another element is the presence of huge oaks that have grown with space about them, so that their arms have spread to "monumental" dignity. Their only rivals are the great elms of New England.

The student of contemporary English literature will do well to make himself acquainted with many of the features in which English life and customs differ from

those of America. With the teacher's help he should look up carefully the following topics. (See books listed, pages 577-581.)

Government, methods of election, etc.

Houses, from cottages to palace.

Religious architecture, especially parish churches and cathedrals.

Rustic life, relation of landowner and tenant.

Industrial and labor conditions (city and factory).

Money, coins in common use.

Travel, peculiarities of train and boat travel.

Local transportation in English cities.

Education, private and public.

Servants, fires, meals, minor domestic differences.

Seashore resorts and amusements.

A glance at the physical map of England shows several chief districts. That best known to the tourist is the plain from London to Liverpool, containing Oxford and Stratford and Shrewsbury and Chester. It is a fertile gardened country, ancient and well ordered. But in only a few parts of England does one find country so fertile and gardened. It is true from Oxford eastward there are level plains; in much of the south one finds a similar type, broken by rolling downs. In Yorkshire and in Lancashire there are wide plains. Yet the greater part of England abounds in variety. The Englishman may always lift his eyes to the hills.

(A) Cornwall, in the southwest, is a land of rock. It abounds in hills and moors, and its coasts, even to Land's End, are of rugged rock. Eastward from Cornwall lies Devonshire. Here one finds (B) Dartmoor, a wild stretch of desolate moorland topped

with ragged juts of rock, like New England hilltops, a lonesome and impressive land. (Dartmoor is the scene of Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles*.)

Northeast of Dartmoor, on the shores of the Bristol Channel, is (C) Exmoor, less rugged, but more famous as the land of *Lorna Doone*. Near it, to the east, across a valley, lie the (E) Quantock Hills, where Wordsworth and Coleridge wrote their Lyrical Ballads. These highlands are full of red deer which are still pursued with "hound and horn."

The most famous hill country in England is the so-called (F) Lake Region in the northwest. This is a region of mountains, more abrupt and broken than are common in America and abounding in narrow valleys of wonderful beauty, each with its lake or stream. These mountains are treeless and the low clouds make wonderful contrasts of light and shade. This district has become associated with the life and work of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey. Ruskin too made his home here.

Most of the north of England is hilly or mountainous. In (G) Yorkshire, especially in the East Riding, the hills are of rounded moorland character, cut into by deep dales. (H) Durham and Northumberland are more like the southern parts of Scotland, sparsely settled hills, interesting to the tourist for their wild charm and for their wealth of legend and song. The old Border was a place of stern doings and wild adventure.

Other minor districts of England have individual qualities. There is the (K) western and southern part of Yorkshire, the manufacturing district, in which lie Manchester, Huddersfield, Bradford, and other

manufacturing cities, — a district barren of beauty, but rich in human activities. About its great smoky cities rise rounded moorland hills that give the country the character that one feels in the novels of the Brontës. It was to such hills that George Eliot's Silas Marner looked up from the narrow life of Lantern Yard.

Another district that stands by itself is that part of Dorset and Wiltshire and Hampshire that has come to be called (*L*) Wessex, the country pictured in the novels of Thomas Hardy, a country of low stretches of heather and of broken woodlands, of gentle hills and quaint old world villages. Here too wrote William Barnes, the Burns of Dorset.

Other districts that have characteristics of their own are the (*M*) Weald of Kent and Sussex, the (*N*) Isle of Wight, (*O*) Shropshire, with its hills above the Strettons, the (*P*) Peak of Derby, and (*Q*) the wonderful valley of the Wye. Not one has the monotony, the ordered tameness, the "shut in" feeling that so many Americans attribute to old England.

Immediately outside England, but within easy reach of London — a few hours only are needed — is the wild mountain scenery of Wales and Scotland. That of Wales is important chiefly for its inspiration. With hills and valleys that rival those of the Lakes, it must have stirred many an English writer's imagination. Yet few English novelists or poets have laid their tales among its scenes. Scotland, on the other hand, has furnished not only inspiration, but a very important part of British literature. It is the scene and subject of almost innumerable poems and stories.

Scotland is divided into the Highlands and the Low-

lands, the Highlands lying north of a line drawn about from Edinburgh to Glasgow. One must remember that the Lowlands are far from low. Except for a few broad valleys, the country is as rugged as the Catskills. From the Clyde to the border it is a succession of heathery hills broken by green glens. And all this country, this land of Burns and Scott and Crockett and Stevenson, is filled with stirring traditions of the lawless days when the Border was the Debatable Land.

The Lowlands are Teutonic in stock; the Highlands are Celtic. Scott's *Lady of the Lake* brings out the contrast. When one passes north of Glasgow, one enters a land of higher mountains and of narrower valleys. In these glens there is little land to cultivate, for it is a sunken land, its valleys filled with water, — highland lochs or lakes, sometimes of fresh water, sometimes of salt. Of this type are Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. The Highlands resemble the lake region in many respects, with a difference in character that only pictures can bring out. On the west coast, a land rich in Celtic tradition, the hills have sunk deeper into the sea, only the barren summits emerging as rocky islands, Arran, Mull, Jura, and Islay.

All this country, bare and bleak but uplifting in poetic suggestion, has been known and appreciated by great writers of English from the days of Shakspere, when Ben Jonson tramped northward, to the days of William Sharp, whose Celtic tales, under the name of Fiona Macleod, have caught the old spirit of the Western Isles. One must remember, too, that to the poetry of the natural singers of Scotland and of the Border, English poetry has repeatedly turned for new inspiration.

WRITERS ASSOCIATED WITH LONDON

The following either spent considerable time in London itself or wrote about it: Addison, Bacon, Blake, Browning, Carlyle, Chaucer, Coleridge, Defoe, De Morgan, Dickens, Dryden, Goldsmith, Gray, James, Johnson, Jonson, Keats, Lamb, Milton, Morris, Newman, Pope, Rossetti, Shakspeare, Spenser, Steele, Swift, Walpole, Zangwill.

WRITERS WHO STUDIED IN CAMBRIDGE:

Ascham, Bacon, Coleridge, Erasmus, Gray, Kingsley, Lytton, Macaulay, Marlowe, Milton, Nash, Percy, Spenser, Tennyson, Thackeray, Wordsworth.

WRITERS WHO STUDIED IN OXFORD:

Addison, T. Browne, Colet, Gladstone, S. Johnson, B. Jonson, Massinger, Ruskin, Shelley, Sidney, Wesley, Wycliffe.

WORKS UPON BRITISH LIFE AND SCENERY

Most of the books in the following list are profusely illustrated, many in color. Books with confusing antiquarian information have been avoided. The books listed give a vivid idea of the country described and help the imagination with pictures. With a few exceptions, the books named are relatively new. Most have been printed since 1900, many within the last few years. All are suitable for school libraries and should be made accessible to students if possible. The letters refer to *districts* upon the map.

SCOTLAND:

The Burns Country. C. S. Dougall.

The Scott Country. Crockett.

Abbotsford. Smith and Crockett.

The Country of Sir Walter Scott. C. S. Olcott.

Edinburgh. R. L. Stevenson.

Edinburgh, Sketches and Memories. Masson.

The Pageant of the Forth. Dick.

Chosen Days in Scotland. J. H. Short.

Scotland of To-day. Henderson.

SCOTLAND (*continued*):

- In the Border Country.* W. S. Crockett.
The Land of Heather. Clifton Johnson.
Castles and Keeps of Scotland. Fraprie.
Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Moncrieff.

WALES:

- Beautiful Wales.* Thomas.

ENGLAND. GENERAL:

- The English Character.* Hughes.
Gretna Green to Land's End. K. L. Bates.
From the North Foreland to Penzance. Holland.
English Hours. Henry James.
England and the English. Hueffer.
The Heart of the Country. Hueffer. (Study and interpretation.)
The English People. Boutmy. (A very serious study into conditions.)
Untravelled England. Hissey.
An English Honeymoon. A. H. Warton.
Seven English Cities. W. D. Howells.
Certain Delightful English Towns. W. D. Howells.
Among English Hedgerows. C. Johnson.
Rambles of an American. Tearle.
The Lighter Side of English Life. Belcher.
By Oak and Thorn. Alice Brown.
The Poets' Country. Lang.
Through the England of Tennyson. Huckel.
The Thackeray Country. Melville.
The Dickens Country. Kitton.
The People for whom Shakspeare wrote. C. D. Warner.

SPECIAL DISTRICTS OF ENGLAND. (See letters on map.)

LONDON:

- London.* Besant.
Literary Shrines of London. Adcock.
Booklover's London. Adcock.
Imperial London. Beavan.
The Soul of London. Hueffer. (A study.)

LONDON (*continued*):

London Films. W. D. Howells.
Adventures in London. Douglas.
The Colour of London. Loftie.
London Survivals. Ditchfield.
The Scenery of London. Mitton.
Passer-by in London. Campbell.
London Vanishing and Vanished. Norman.
Nooks and Corners of Old London. Hemstreet.
Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley.
Charing Cross to St. Pauls. McCarthy.
Middlesex. Moncrieff.
Rural Nooks around London. Harper.
The Skirts of the Great City. Bell.
Hampton Court. Hutton.

(A) CORNWALL:

Cornish Coast and Moors. Stokes.
The Cornwall Coast. Salmon.
Days in Cornwall. Hind.
The Land's End. Hudson.

THE THAMES:

In Thamesland. Wack.
The Story of the Thames. Vincent.
The River of London. Belloc.

(B) DEVON:

The North Devon Coast. Harper.
The South Devon Coast. Harper.
South Devon and Dorset Coast. Heath.
Coasts of Devon. Page.
Romance of the Men of Devon. Gribble.
Coast Scenery of North Devon. Asher.

(C) SOMERSET:

The Somerset Coast. Harper.
A Book of Exmoor. Snell.
Rambles in Somerset. Wade.
The Blackmore Country. Snell.
Motor Tours in the West Country. Stawell.

(F) LAKE DISTRICT:

By Fell and Dale on the English Lakes. Rawnsley.

Chapters on the English Lakes. Rawnsley.

Lake Country Sketches. Rawnsley. (Also other works by the same author.)

In Lakeland Dales and Fells. W. T. Palmer.

The English Lakes. A. G. Bradley.

Wordsworthshire. Robertson.

(G) YORKSHIRE:

Yorkshire Coast and Moorland. Home.

Yorkshire Dales and Fells. Home.

DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND:

The Romance of Northumberland. A. G. Bradley.

(L) WESSEX:

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. Windle.

Highways and Byways in Dorset. Treves.

The Isle of Purbeck. Woodward.

The Hardy Country. Harper.

Hampshire. Varley.

The New Forest. Crespigny.

(M) KENT AND SUSSEX:

London to the Nore. Wyllie.

Kent. Shore.

The Kent Coast. Lewis.

Rambles in Sussex. Brabant.

Sussex Coast. Hannah.

The Pilgrim's Way. (Winchester to Canterbury.) Cartwright.

The Spirit of the Downs. Beckitt.

(N) ISLE OF WIGHT:

The Isle of Wight. Moncrieff.

(O) SHROPSHIRE:

Shropshire, Herefordshire and Monmouth. Bradley.

(P) PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE:

The Peak Country. Moncrieff.

1. *Wye and Neighborhood:*

Worcestershire. Bradley.

The Marches of Wales. O. G. Harper.

STRATFORD AND NEIGHBORHOOD:

Stratford-on-Avon. Lee.

Shakspeare and Stratford-on-Avon. Ward.

Shakspeare's Town and Times. Ward.

Shakspeare and Stratford. H. C. Shelley.

CAMBRIDGE:

Cambridge and Ely. Conybeare.

Cambridge and Its Story. Gray.

Cambridge and Its Story. Raile.

OXFORD:

Things Seen in Oxford. Davidson.

Oxford. Headlam.

NORFOLK, ETC.:

Norfolk and Suffolk Coast. Dutt.

On English Lagoons. Emerson.

Essex. Moncrieff.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.:

English Cathedrals. Van Rensselaer.

The English Cathedral. Bond.

APPENDIX II

RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

The following writers, selected as representative of tendencies in contemporary letters, are not all living. They are, however, writers whose spirit seems peculiarly of the present generation.

No attempt has been made to list the works of a writer. Usually one, sometimes two, works have been named as representative.

The works starred are recommended as suited to high school readers.

FICTION:

M. A. Arnim (1866-). * *Elizabeth and her German Garden*.

J. M. Barrie (1860-). * *The Little Minister*. * *Sentimental Tommy*.

Arnold Bennett (1867-). * *Buried Alive*. *Old Wives' Tale*.

Jane Barlow (1860-). Irish tales, graceful and poetic.

E. F. Benson (1867-). *The Climber*. (Stories of English society, clever style, with good characterization.)

Hall Caine (1853-). * *The Bondman*. *The Manxman*. (Interesting, but with unnatural gloom.)

G. K. Chesterton (1874-). * *The Innocence of Father Brown*, *Manalive*. (Novel and startling.)

Mary Cholmondeley (1880-). * *Diana Tempest*. (Cleverly written novels of English life.)

Joseph Conrad (1857-). * *Typhoon*. * *Lord Jim*. (See page 517.)

S. R. Crockett (1860-). * *The Raiders*. (Rather melodramatic tales of the Scottish Border.)

Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-). * *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, * *The White Company*. (Clever, well plotted stories, of no great depth, but of great charm and interest.)

John Galsworthy (1867-). *The Man of Property*. *Fraternity*. (Social studies, deep in thought and artistic in execution.)

FICTION (*continued*):

George Gissing (1857-1903). *New Grub Street*. (A realistic writer.)

Kenneth Graham (1859-). * *The Golden Age*. (Charming in style.)

Henry Rider Haggard (1856-). * *King Solomon's Mines*. (Novels of impossible adventure made to seem possible by a vivid imagination. Little merit of style.)

J. O. Hannay, "George Birmingham" (1865-). * *Spanish Gold*. (Irish tales of lively humor and character, with considerable plot.)

W. H. Hudson (1862-). * *Green Mansions*. (Imaginative, poetic tales of a South American jungle.)

Henry James (1843-1916). *Embarrassments*. (See page 518.)

Jerome K. Jerome (1859-). * *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. (A humorist with, in this work, a serious purpose.)

Rudyard Kipling. (1865-) * *Soldiers Three*. * *Many Inventions*. * *Captains Courageous*. (See pages 516 and 524.)

William J. Locke (1863-). * *The Beloved Vagabond*. (Delicate romance with delicate drawing of one kind of character.)

William McFee (1881-). *Casuals of the Sea*. (A powerful and poetic writer.)

John Masefield (1875-). *Multitude and Solitude*.

Seumus McManus (1870-). * *In Chimney Corners*.

George Moore (1853-). *Esther Waters*.

E. Nesbit. (1858-) * *The Treasure Seekers*. (She writes charming and imaginative children's stories.)

H. J. Newbolt (1862-). *The Old Country: A Romance*.

Oliver Onions. *The Odd Job Man*.

Eden Philpotts (1862-). * *Children of the Mist*, * *The Human Boy*. (Tales of Dartmoor and vicinity.)

Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863-). * *The Splendid Spur*. (Imaginative poetic stories, a little fantastic in style.)

William Pett Ridge (1860-). * *'Erb*. (Realistic studies of "lower life.")

William Sharp, "Fiona Macleod" (1856-1916). *Pharais*. (Celtic tales, beautiful in style.)

FICTION (*continued*):

- Cecily Sidgwick (-). *The Severins*. (Realistic novels of the school of Jane Austen).
- May Sinclair (1875-). *The Divine Fire*. (An uneven work, with striking imagination.)
- J. C. Snaith (1876-). *Patricia at the Inn*. (A writer both of historical romance and of more modern problem novels.)
- H. de Vere Stacpoole (1865-). * *The Ship of Coral*. (Tales of the other side of the world, after *Treasure Island*.)
- Mrs. Humphrey Ward (1851-). *Marcella*. (Novels that analyze character.)
- John Watson, "Ian Maclaren" (1850-). * *The Bonnie Briar Bush*. (Tales of rural Scotland.)
- H. G. Wells. (1866-). * *The Invisible Man*. * *Kipps*. * *Mr. Britling sees it Through*. (See page 519.)
- Stanley Weyman (1855-). * *A Gentleman of France*. (Romance and adventure.)
- Israel Zangwill (1864-). * *Children of the Ghetto*. (A writer who works for the welfare of the Hebrew race.)

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM:

- William Archer (1856-). *Essays upon Literary Subjects*. Translations of foreign drama.
- Hilaire Belloc (1870-). * *On Everything*. (A writer with grace of style.)
- Arthur C. Benson (1862-). * *Meditative Essays*.
- Augustine Birrell (1850-). *Obiter Dicta*. Other essays.
- James Bryce (1838-). *Essays upon social and political topics*. * *The American Commonwealth*.
- G. K. Chesterton (1874-). * *Tremendous Trifles*. (See page 534.)
- Austin Dobson (1840-). * *Essays upon literature and criticism*.
- G. Lowes Dickinson (-). * *Essays upon social and political topics*. (Deep in thought and forcible in style.)
- Edward Dowden (1843-1913). * *Essays upon literature and literary history*. Works upon Shakspeare.
- John Galsworthy (1867-). * *Essays upon social topics, comments upon life*.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM (*continued*):

Jerome K. Jerome (1859-). * Light essays, usually humorous.

Andrew Lang (1844-1912). * Essays upon literature, criticism, and folklore. * Translation of Homer.

Alice T. Meynell (1855-). * *The Rhythm of Life*. Other essays upon life and literature.

John Morley (1838-). * Works and essays upon literature and literary history and biography.

Arthur Symonds (1865-). Literary essays and criticisms.

George Saintsbury (1845-). * Writings upon literature and literary history. Criticism.

H. G. Wells (1866-). * Books and essays upon social problems and socialism.

POETRY:

Names of particular poems are given only in the case of long poems. In other cases, see either volumes of collected poems by the poet listed, or look for his poems in some large general collection. (See collections named on page xii.) * (All may be regarded as starred.)

Alfred Austin (1835-1913). Poet laureate to time of death. His poems are of mediocre poetic value.

Robert Bridges (1844-). Present poet laureate. A graceful writer.

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915). An uneven poet, excellent at his best.

Gilbert K. Chesterton (1874-). A writer of rushing rhythms and of headlong energy. Not easy to understand.

John Davidson (1857-1909). Author of a few great poems.

W. W. Gibson (1878-). A writer of realistic poems upon common life.

William E. Henley (1849-1903). A singer of courage and energy, writing from a bed of sickness.

Katherine Tynan Hinckson (1861-). One of the most simply sincere poets of the day. Her work has a Celtic note.

A. E. Housman (1859-). Delicate poems of English life.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-). (See pages 516 and 524.)

POETRY (*continued*):

- John Masefield (1875-). *The Story of a Round House*. (See page 527.)
- Gilbert Murray (1866-). Lyric versions of Euripides and Sophocles, including the *Trojan Women*.
- Henry Newbolt (1862-). *Admirals All*. (Spirited sea poems.)
- Alfred Noyes (1880-). *Drake. Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. (See page 526.)
- Stephen Phillips (1864-1916). *Marpessa*. (Other poems of great imagination and verbal richness.)
- Owen Seaman (1861-). Light poems in *Punch*. (Also serious poems.)
- Rabindra Nath Tagore (1861-). An East Indian poet, writing in "free verse." His poems have a peculiar oriental charm.
- Francis Thompson (1860-1907). *The Hound of Heaven*. (Also other poems rich in vocabulary and original in thought.)
- William Watson (1858-). Meditative poems of great earnestness.
- Oscar Wilde (1856-1900). *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. See also collections. (A writer of more charm than power.)
- William B. Yeats (1865-). A writer of the Celtic group, writing upon Irish themes, and, to some extent, after Irish forms.

DRAMA:

- J. M. Barrie (1860-). *Peter Pan. The Admirable Crichton*.
- H. H. Davies (1876-). *The Mollusc* (Excellent for high school readers.)
- Lord Dunsany (1878-). Short plays, upon unusual subjects, often supernatural.
- John Galsworthy (1867-). *The Little Dream. The Pigeon*.
- A. Granville Barker (1877-). *Prunella*. (With Housman.)
- Lady Gregory (1852-). *Short Plays*. (On Irish themes.)
- Henry Arthur Jones (1851-). *The Silver King. The Case of Rebellious Susan*.
- J. H. McCarthy (-). *If I Were King*.
- Alfred Noyes (1880-). *Sherwood*. (Page 526.)
- Stephen Phillips (1864-1916). *Ulysses. Paolo and Francesca*.

DRAMA (*continued*):

Sir Arthur Pinero (1855-). *The Magistrate. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*

Bernard Shaw (1856-). *Androcles and the Lion. Major Barbara. Arms and the Man.*

John Synge (1871-1909). *Riders to the Sea. Deirdre of the Sorrows.*

W. B. Yeats (1865-). *The Land of Heart's Desire. Cathleen ni Hoolihan.*

A student of modern drama should learn something of the following foreign dramatists: *French*, Rostand; *Belgian*, Maeterlinck; *German*, Hauptmann, Suderman; *Norwegian*, Ibsen; *Russian*, Chekhov, Tolstoï; *Spanish*, Echegaray; *Italian*, D'Annunzio. Most of these are accessible in good translations.

APPENDIX III

GENERAL OUTLINE FOR REVIEW

- I. THE MAKING OF THE LANGUAGE AND THE PEOPLE.
 1. Saxon literature: (a) pagan, and (b) Christian.
 2. The Norman Conquest, and the triumph of English, modified by French.
 3. English made "classic" by Chaucer and Malory.
 4. Second period of preparation and early Renaissance.
- II. THE ELIZABETHAN OUTBURST OF CREATIVE ENTHUSIASM (RENAISSANCE).
 1. The first, or romantic group, — Marlowe, Spenser, Shakspeare, etc.
 2. The more classical group; — Jonson, Bacon, etc.
 3. The "Caroline" or Cavalier poets; beginnings of decline. Puritanism.
 4. Milton, an isolated peak of the classical spirit.
- III. CLASSICAL RESTRAINT AND FORMALISM (THE AUGUSTANS).
 1. The Restoration group; Dryden and Waller; Heroic Couplet begins.
 2. Couplet carried on by Pope and his circle.
 3. The essayists: Addison, Steele, Swift, etc. Prose style developed.
 4. The beginnings of the novel: Richardson, Fielding, etc.
 5. Precursors of change: Goldsmith, Gray, Cowper, Blake, Burns.

IV. THE ROMANTIC RETURN TO FREEDOM AND ENTHUSIASM.

1. The first group: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Southey, etc.
2. The second (young) group: Byron, Shelley, Keats.
3. The first group of essays and critics: Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlitt, etc.

V. VICTORIAN WRITERS.

1. The greater Victorian poets: Tennyson and Browning and their group.
2. The Victorian critics: Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, etc.
3. The secondary group of Pre-Raphaelite poets: Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, etc.
4. The mid-Victorian novelists: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, etc.

In using this outline for review, review the characteristics of each group and consider what works and what writers fall under it. Consider also what exceptional writers, contemporary with it (like Samuel Johnson, for example), cannot be classed with their contemporaries. Use this list in connection with the lists of authors and with the Review Questions at the end of each chapter.

APPENDIX IV

HOW TO STUDY WORKS OF LITERATURE

IN studying and comparing works of literature, the untrained student does not know what to look for. The following suggestions are intended to direct his study. Some apply to works of all kinds, others to special types — poetry, the novel, drama, etc. — each of which has requirements peculiar to itself. (Careful study along these lines will give a foundation in criticism.)

Determine first the *theme* of the work. State it compactly. Determine also what *emotional impression* the writer wishes to make — to amuse, to arouse, to convince, to excite to compassion, etc. Does he produce this impression upon you? Has the work value in itself? Has reading it added to your information, your ideas, your feeling about life? Is there any part that will remain in your memory? Why is it memorable? Sum up your impression as a whole. To what kind of reader would you recommend it?

Examine the *style*. Apply the principles of rhetoric to plan, paragraphs, sentences, and choice of words. Is it good in unity, coherence, proportion and arrangement? Has the style clearness, force, refinement? Has it poetic qualities? Is it suited to the writer's purpose?

In what *period* was the work produced? In what is it typical of its time? Is it in any respect out of accord with its time: does it look back to the past or anticipate coming tendencies? In what respects is it characteristic of its author?

What facts in his life or character explain its peculiarities? Compare it with other works of his, with works by other writers upon the same subject. In what other periods might it have been written? In what periods would it have been impossible? Why?

(Apply to all poems the questions given above. A poem that is also a story, a play, or an essay, must also be examined as such.) Poetry, or any work poetical in spirit, must be studied with especial reference

Poetry

to *emotional impression*. What feeling does the poet desire to arouse? To convey feeling, one must give certain *information* or *explanation*. What facts of this sort does the poet give? Does he present these briefly and suggestively? Is the impression definite and single? Does the poet make you share his feeling? Does he give a sense of surprised delight? Is there poetic imagination? Does he make you see poetry in something not hitherto regarded as "poetic"? How does he do this? Could what he has said have been said equally well in prose? Why not? Are his *words* specific? Does he use them in "magic combinations"? Does he use "poetic diction" or everyday words? What words does he employ not used in prose? Is the effect wordy or condensed, labored or natural?

Observe the *metrical form*, — the number of accents to a line, the kind of feet, the rhyme-system and stanza-form. If the poet departs from regular forms, what does he gain? Has the rhythm a charm of its own? Is there harmony in vowel and consonants? In what respects is the form appropriate to the thought? Is the metrical form peculiar to the literary period?

(Apply to fiction the questions referring to "Writing of All Kinds.") In studying a story, consider *both theme and emo-*

tional impression. What feeling or feelings does the author wish to arouse by the events he narrates? To what extent

Fiction does the interest lie in plot, in character, in emotional crisis, in "setting," in moral or purpose? Which stand out in your final impression?

Study the *plot* (analyze it according to works upon the Short Story and the Novel, identifying "climax," "obstacle," etc.). Is the action closely and logically united? Does every incident help in the development of the theme? Does the outcome depend upon accident or coincidence? Is the course of events natural? Is information conveyed without impeding the story? Is interest aroused early? How? Is it maintained throughout? How? Are there distinct "scenes" treated in full? Are there gaps in time? Is the plot one often used in novels? Is it sensational (exciting but unreal)? Is it "slow"? Is it "farcical" (intentionally extravagant)? In case of a "mystery story," is the solution "fair"? Is the outcome logical — what you feel it should be?

Are the *people* convincing? Do they act as real people would if similarly placed? Can you see them clearly and understand their motives? Can you think of them as existing apart from the story?

Is the *setting* of importance? Does the author make you feel the spirit of another place or time? How does he do this, Is there a *moral* or a proposition to be proved? Does it convince you?

Does the writer keep one *point of view*? Does he use the first person? Does he comment upon his story and interpret it, or it does he let it speak for itself? Does he address the reader in his own person?

Is the story *realistic* or *romantic*? Does it present life as we see it in everyday moods, or as we see it when uplifted by

high emotion? What final impression regarding life and its meaning?

(Apply also to the Short Story the preceding questions under "Writing of All Kinds" and under "Fiction.") A short story compares to longer fiction as a small cottage compares to a large house. It is not **The Short Story** a part of a longer story nor a condensed form of it. It must be complete in itself. It must consequently be *unified* and *compact*. See if it produces a *single clear impression*, briefly yet with plot. Does it cover too much time, too many scenes? Are there too many characters? Are the plot and emotional impression clearly conceived and suited to the length of the story?

(Apply also to the Novel the preceding questions under "Writings of All Kinds" and under "Fiction.") A novel is by nature looser in structure than a short story. **The Novel** It has a large unity, often including many subordinate parts. Determine, first, the chief theme of a novel and the emotional impression it makes as a whole. About what events, characters, scenes or problems does the work center? Is it closely plotted, or does it loosely follow the fortunes of one person? Does one clear-cut plot stand out through it all? (See Hugo's *Les Misérables*, or Sienkiewicz's *Deluge*.) Does it give the impression of a world crowded with characters? Is the plot intricate? Or is the plot carefully plotted but artistically concealed? (See De Morgan's novels or Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*.) Could the writer have treated the theme as well in a shorter story? Has he introduced matter that distracts from his purpose?

(Apply also to Drama the questions under "Writing of All Kinds" and "Fiction." To drama in verse, apply also the

questions under "Poetry.") A story to be acted, differs greatly from a story that is *told*. On the stage we have *scenes* acted in full and with no opportunity,

Drama

except in the speeches of the characters, to convey information. How, then, does the writer make clear to the audience what has happened before his story begins? Is the play easy to understand at the outset? Is it easy to follow? Is the action clear? Are the motives of the characters made plain? Does the author make use of soliloquies and "asides"?

There is usually, in a play, one chief emotional crisis. When does this occur? Does the preceding action lead to it naturally and convincingly? Does interest decline after it? If not, how is it maintained? (See *Merchant of Venice*.) Outline the play by acts and scenes, studying the structure. (See works upon the *Drama*, in the Reading List.)

Is the play "stagy" — following worn-out stage traditions? Has the author sacrificed truth for sensational effect? Does he depend upon scenery and unusual accessories? Does the action fit the conditions of the stage? Does the merit of the play lie in brilliance of conversation and unexpectedness of thought? (See Bernard Shaw.) Is there a story interest with suspense or mystery? Is there an element of the supernatural — of poetical impression? (See Maeterlinck, Dunsany, and Yeats.)

If the play is written in earlier times, what differences result from changes in the stage and its customs?

(Apply also to the Essay the questions under "Writing of All Kinds.") In determining the object of the writer of an essay,

The Essay

consider the *occasion* of writing, — whether the essay is a magazine article or a lecture. Define the purpose and general spirit of the essay in question. Is the style harmonious with the purpose and mood?

Does the plan stand out clearly? Has the essay a clear proposition? Is it intentionally rambling? Apply the principles of rhetoric, especially with regard to paragraphs.

(Apply also to the Oration the questions under "Writing of All Kinds" and under the "Essay.") An oration differs from an essay in being delivered to an audience.

Ascertain under what circumstances it was **The Oration** delivered; the nature of the occasion or crisis, the object of the speaker, the attitude of the audience. Show how these influenced the speaker's plan and style. How does he adapt his ideas to his audiences? Is he tricky? Does he use persuasion? What does he want his hearers to *do* as a result of his appeal? Is his proposition made plain at the outset? If he withholds it till later in the speech (Mark Antony's speech in *Julius Caesar*, or Burke's *Conciliation*) what does he gain by doing so? Does he meet objections as he goes along (as they naturally turn up) or does he answer all in one place? Does he bring in information naturally and concisely? Do the main outlines of his speech stand out clearly? With what thought and in what manner does he conclude? What was the effect of the speech as actually delivered? What gives it value to-day?

(Apply also the questions under "Writing of All Kinds" and some of those under Fiction and the Novel.) Does the writer of history carry out the ideals explained on page 335? Does he show philosophy **History** in analyzing causes and effects? Does he show imagination in interpreting human acts? Is his work clearly and systematically developed? Do you feel that he is just and impartial? What entitles his work to be regarded as literature? How does it differ from a medieval chronicle or from news in the daily paper?

(Apply also the questions under "Writing of All Kinds.")
To rank as literature, writings upon science should show originality of thought or distinction of style. Which
Science of these do you find in the work in question?
Is the work remarkable for clearness in presentation of theory, for philosophic speculation, for poetic enthusiasm over scientific truth?

INDEX

- Abbey (Whitby), 29.
Abraham and Isaac (miracle play), 108.
 acting in Shakspeare's time, 192.
Adam Bede, 480.
 Addison, Joseph, 289-290.
Adonais, 405.
Æneid (Surrey's translation), 141.
 alchemy, 132.
 Alfred (King of England), 33; work as ruler, 33; effect on English language, 34; writings, 34; translations, 34.
Alice-for-Short, 521.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, 566.
 allegory, medieval, 67, 126; *Piers Plowman*, 79; Spenser's, 147.
 alliterative verse, 17-19; decline, 63; in Layamon, 70; in Langland, 79.
Amadis of Gaul, 104.
American Commonwealth (Bryce), 567.
 American literature, relation to English, 547; beginnings, 548; in eighteenth century, 549; Romantic revival, 549; supernatural tales, 550; relation to past, 550; poetry, 551; fiction, 551, 553; essay, 551, 553; short story, 551, 553; philosophy, 552; new tendencies, 553; short stories, 553; materialism, 553; not a young country, 554; characteristics and ideals, 554; tendencies, 554.
Ancient Mariner (Coleridge), metrical form, 369, 96; shows new tendency, 367; spirit, 367; subject, 368; words, etc., 369.
Ancren Riwele, 69.
 Angles, 5.
 Anglo-Saxons; *see* Saxons.
Antigone (Sophocles), 158.
Antony and Cleopatra, 176.
Apologia Pro Vita Sua, 494.
Arabian Nights, 67.
Arcadia (Sidney), 208.
 architecture in Renaissance, 135.
Argument against Abolishing Christianity (Swift), 300.
 Aristotle, studied, 128.
 Arnold, Matthew, 509.
Arthur, Noble and Joyous History of King, 104.
 Arthurian tales, revived in nineteenth century. 102; origin, 104; character of, 105.
 Ascham, Roger, 142.
 astrology, 132.
Astrophel and Stella, 155.
As You Like It, 175, 178, 204.
Atalanta in Calydon, 506.
Aucassin and Nicolette, 68.
 "Augustans," 259, 266, 366.
Aurora Leigh, 465.
 Austen, Jane, 388.
Authorized (or *King James*) *Bible*, 141; 213-215.
 Bacon, Francis, 210-213; Bacon and Shakspeare, 170, 210; philosophy, 211; *Essays*, 211.
 Ball, John, 76.
ballads, meter, 96; characteristics, 97; influence, 323-324, 369.
Barchester Towers, 482.

- Bard, The* (Gray), 321.
 Barham, Richard, 353.
 Barnes, William, 562.
Barrackroom Ballads, 524.
Bartholomew's Fair (Jonson), 198.
 Beaumont and Fletcher, 201, 202, 236.
 Beckford, William, 353, 560.
 Bede (upon Caedmon), 30.
 Bennett, Arnold, 521.
Beowulf, 22-27; Saxon extracts, 17, 18.
 Bestiaries, 67.
 Bible. — Wyclif's, 78; Tyndale's, 214; King James', 213-215; enthusiasm over, 131-132, 224-225; 428.
 Black Death, 76.
 Blackmore, R. D., 484.
 Blake, William, 342, 397; character of work, 343; amazing imagination, 343.
 blank verse; *see* verse.
 Boccaccio's *Decameron*, 82.
 Boileau, 260, 366.
 Borrow, George, 562.
 Boswell, 332; *see also* Johnson.
 Britons, 4, 6, 12, 16, 53.
 Brontë, Charlotte, 482.
 Brontë, Emily, 483, 564.
 Brown, Brockden, 354.
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 213, 432.
 Browning, E. B., 465, 466.
 Browning, Robert, 457-466; *My Last Duchess*, 462-463; music of verse, 459-460; picturing power, 461-462.
Brut (Layamon), 70; extract, 52.
 Bryant, 551.
 Bunyan, John, 225-229.
 Burke, Edmund, 337-339.
 Burne-Jones, 498; painting by, 103.
 Burns, Robert, 340, 344-349.
Burnt Njal Saga, 56.
 Byron, Lord, 395-402; individualism, 397; *Childe Harold*, 399-400; *Don Juan*, 400-401; *The Dream*, 401-402.
 Caedmon, 30.
 Campbell, Thomas, 418.
 Campion, Thomas, 200.
 Canterbury Pilgrims, 84-86.
Canterbury Tales, 82-93.
 Carew, 220.
 Carlyle, Thomas, 442; philosophy, 443; style, 445.
 "Carroll, Lewis," 566.
Castle of Indolence, 320.
Cato (Addison), 274.
 Cavaliers, 219.
 Caxton, 130.
 Celtic literature, 53-56.
 Cervantes, 304.
Chanson de Gestes, 64.
 Chapman, George, 153.
 Chatterton, Thomas, 324.
 Chaucer, 81-96; language, 74; greatness, 74; surroundings, 75; pronunciation, 83; final *e*, 84; vocabulary, 92; versification, 92.
Chevy Chase, 98.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 399.
 Chivalry, 42, 102, 275; decline of, 76.
Christabel, 379.
 Christian writings of Saxons, 29-37.
 Christianity, effaced by Saxon invasion, 4.
Chronicle (Anglo-Saxon), 14.
 Chronicle Plays, 114.
 Church, attitude to ancient learning, 128.
 Church, of Chaucer's day, 78.
 Church, abuses attacked, 74.
 Church, authority lessened, 131.
 Church, one great organization, 42; preserving learning, 42.
Clarissa Harlowe, 311.
 classical authors feared by early church, 128.
 "classical" spirit, 257.
Clerk's Tale, 92.

- Cloister and the Hearth*, 484.
 coffee houses, 287.
 Coleridge, S. T., 324, 340, 366;
 life and works, 378-381.
 Collins, Wilkie, 484.
 Collins, William, 321.
Complete Angler, 244.
Comus, 207, 236.
 "conceits," 219.
Confessions of an Opium Eater, 431.
 Conquest to Chaucer, 58.
 Conrad, Joseph, 517.
 Constable, 350.
 Constantinople, Fall of, 128.
 Cooper, J. F., 323, 354, 551.
Cotter's Saturday Night, 348.
 courts of love, 65.
 Cowper, William, 340.
 Crabbe, George, 342.
 craftsmanship in fourteenth cen-
 tury, 61.
Cranford, 482.
 criticism in early nineteenth cen-
 tury, 431.
 Crusades, 71, 128.
Cry of the Children, 466.
Cuchulain, 54-55.
Cuckoo song, 71.
 Cynewulf, 31.
Cynthia's Revels, 198, 207.

 Danish invasions, 147.
 Darwin, C. R., 425, 495.
David Copperfield, 475.
Decameron, 82.
Decline and Fall of Roman Empire,
 336.
 Defoe, Daniel, 305; Robinson Cru-
 soe, 305.
 Dekker, 201.
Deluge, The, 513.
 De Maupassant, 513.
 democracy in English people, 11.
 De Morgan, William, 521.
 De Quincey, 431; poetic style, 431.
Deserted Village, 325, 327.
Diana of the Crossways, 486.

 Dickens, Charles, 468; plots, 469;
 novels of purpose, 472; philoso-
 phy, 473.
 disputation, mediæval, 67.
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 562.
 dogma questioned, 74.
Don Juan, 400.
Don Quixote, 304.
 Donne, John, 219.
 Dowden, Edward, 495.
 drama, modern, poetic, 483.
 dramatists, modern, listed, 532-533.
 drama, religious origin, 107-114;
 Elizabethan, 157-167; French,
 273; recent, 530-533.
Dream-Fugue, 432.
Dream of John Ball, 503.
 dress, Elizabethan, 135.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 515.
 Dryden, John, 268-272; *Mac-
 Flecknoe*, 269.
 Dunbar, 127.
 Dyer, 156.

Earthly Paradise, 501.
 Edgeworth, Maria, 391.
Egoist, The, 486.
 eighteenth century, beginnings,
 259-267; drama, 273-274; ideals,
 275-276; life, etc., 286-289.
Elegy (Gray), 320, 321.
 Elizabeth, 142, 143, 205.
 Elizabethan age, spirit, 134-136,
 178, 199, 203-205; love of dis-
 play, etc., 135, 203-204; poetry,
 137-143, 153-156; drama, 157-
 167; delight in words, 160-162;
 theater and stage, 181-193; Lon-
 don, 193-196; prose, 203-209;
 masques, 215-218.
 Emerson, 552.
Endymion, 415-416.
 England, Saxon occupation, 4-14;
 Norman influence, 39-45; sepa-
 ration from France, 47; in
 Chaucer's time, 74-78; in Renais-
 sance, 128-137; 203-205; Puri-

- tan, 222-225; Restoration, 257-258; eighteenth century, 259, 275-276, 289; revolutionary beginnings, 314-317; reaction, 392-394; reform, 420-426; scenery, climate, etc., 569-576.
- English; *see also* Saxon.
- English drama, origin and beginnings, 106; Elizabethan, 157-167, 181-193; masque, 215-218; Restoration, 174; later, 530-533.
- English language, origin, 14-16; descent from Saxon, 15-16, 46, 49-51; not affected by Britons, 16; affected by French, 46-50; extracts showing change, 46, 52, 53; development to modern form, 46-53; words from French and Latin, 49-50; changed inflection, etc., 50-51; in Chaucer's time, 73-74, 83-84; displaces French, 40, 47.
- English literature, affected by Latin, 536; Greek, 537; French, 539-540; Italian, 541; Spanish, 542; German, 542-544; Scandinavian, 545; Slavonic, 545; Celtic, 546; Dutch, 546; Oriental, 546.
- English scenery, 569-576.
- Enoch Arden*, 451.
- essay and editorial, 534.
- Essays of Elia*, 433.
- Essay on Burns*, 445.
- Essay on Man*, 281.
- Erechtheus*, 506.
- Euphuism* and "euphuism," 205-207.
- Eve of St. Agnes*, 416.
- Everyman*, 110.
- evolution, 495.
- Excursion, The*, 376.
- Faery Queene*, 146-150.
- Faithful Shepherdess*, 236.
- Ferrier, Susan, 391.
- feudalism (Saxon), 13; feudal system, 39, 44, 45; causes of decline, 76.
- fiction, recent, 510.
- Fielding, Henry, 309.
- Fitzgerald, Edward, 504.
- Five Nations*, 525.
- Fletcher, John, 201.
- Flight of a Tartar Tribe*, 433.
- folk-song*, 96.
- Ford, John, 201.
- Forsaken Merman*, 509.
- Fox, Charles J., 337.
- France, civilization, etc., 41-44; separation from England, 47; Revolution, 328. (*See also* "French.")
- Franklin and S. Johnson, 549.
- Frankenstein*, 562.
- French language: origin, 41; influence upon English, 46-51, 539.
- French literature: beginnings, 62; development, 64-69; influence (eighteenth century), 259-260, 265; drama, 274, 531; influence upon English, 537-540.
- French Revolution* (Carlyle), 447.
- French verse, regularity, 63, 262, 265.
- Gainsborough, 350.
- Gaelic literature, 53-56; extract, 16.
- Galsworthy, 520.
- Galt, John, 391.
- Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 159.
- garden, medieval, 93.
- Gareth and Lynette*, 146.
- Gaskell, Mrs., 482.
- Gawaine and Gaheris, 104.
- Geoffrey of Monmouth, 101.
- George Eliot: life, 479; philosophy, 479; style, 480; faults, 480.
- Gibbon, Edward, 336.
- Gil Blas*, 304.
- gods of early English (Saxons), 7.
- Godwin, 393.
- Goldsmith, Oliver: Boswell's estimate, 325-326; attitude to poor, 328; Irving's Life of, 329.
- Gorboduck or Ferrex and Porrex*, 159.

- "Gothic," 266, 352.
 Grail, Vision of, 102, 103.
 Gray, Thomas, 320.
 Greek and English drama, 106.
 Greek culture, 127.
 Gregory, Lady (translator), 54.
 Grote, George, 561.
Gulliver's Travels, 297, 303.

 half-timbered house, 142.
 hall (Saxon), 21, 22.
Handy Andy, 562.
 Hardy, Thomas, 485.
Havelok, 70.
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 513.
 Herbert, George, 219.
Heroes and Hero-worship, 445.
 heroic couplet, 262-273.
 Herrick, Robert, 200, 220.
 history and literature, 1-2, 335.
History of England, Hume, 336;
 Robertson, 336; Macaulay, T. B.,
 440.
 Hogg, James, 560.
 Holmes, 552.
 Holy Grail, 102.
 Hood, Thomas, 419.
 Hope, Anthony, 514.
 House of Commons, 393.
Hours in a Library, 566.
 House of Lords, 421.
House of the Seven Gables, 354.
 humorist, 434.
Humphrey Clinker, 311.
 Hunt, Leigh, 436.
 Huxley, T. H., 495.
Hyperion, 413.

Idylls of the King, 451-453.
Iliad (Chapman's), 153.
Il Penseroso, 234.
 "illuminated" books, 35; manu-
 scripts, 35.
Imaginary Conversations, 437.
Ingoldsby Legends, 353.
In Memoriam, 451.
Instauratio Magna, 210.

 Interlude, 114, 157, 173.
Intimations of Immortality, 376.
Ivanhoe, 40, 386, 388.

 James, Henry, 519.
Jane Eyre, 482.
Jew of Malta, 64, 164.
Job, Book of, 315.
 Johnson and Franklin, 549.
 Johnson, Samuel, 331; character,
 331; debt to Boswell, 331; mod-
 ern personality, 334.
Joseph Andrews, 308.
Joseph Vance, 521.
 Jonson, Ben, 197; Jonson and
 Shakspeare, 198; works, 198.

 Keats, John, 410-418; life, 411;
 works, 416, 417.
Kehama, 381.
Kidnapped, 514.
 King Arthur, 100.
 Kinglake, A. W., *Eothen*, 562.
 Kingsley, Charles, 564.
King's Quair, 127.
 Kipling, Rudyard, 516-526; char-
 acter of stories, 516; style, 516.
Kubla Khan, 379.

Lady Geraldine's Courtship, 465.
Lady of the Lake, 384.
L'Allegro, 234.
 Lamb, Charles, 433.
Lamia, 416.
 Landor, W. S., 437.
 Langland, 78.
 language after Conquest, 58.
 Lanier, 552.
Last Days of Pompeii, 483.
 Latin, 12, 47, 58, 64.
 Layamon, 70.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, 383.
 Le Sage, 304.
 Lewis, Matthew G., 353.
Life and Death of Mr. Badman, 228.
 302.

- literature, expressing spirit of age
 and meaning of life, 1.
Lives of the Poets, 331.
Lohengrin, 104.
 Lollard, 78.
 London Bridge, 193.
 London, in Chaucer's day, 75; in
 Shakspeare's day, 193, 196; in
 Dryden's time, 261, 286.
 Longfellow, 551.
Lorna Doone, 484.
 Lovelace, Richard, 220.
 Lover, Samuel, 562.
 Lowell, 551.
Lycidas, 207, 235.
 Lyly, John, 205.
Lyrical Ballads, 366.
 Lytton, Bulwer, 483.

 Macaulay, T. B., 438.
 madrigal, 154.
 Malory, 102, 127, 141.
 Mandeville, 133.
 Marie of France, 69.
 "Mark Twain," 552.
 Marlowe, Christopher, 162-166;
 chief plays, 164.
Marmion, 384.
 Marryat, Frederick, 561.
Mary Barton, 482.
 Masfield, John, 527.
 masque, 215-218, 236.
 medieval world, 58-61; ignorance,
 65, 129; romances, 304; super-
 stition, 67.
 Meredith, George, 485.
 meter: *see* verse, 17.
 metrical romances, 64, 65, 126.
 "middle English," 70.
 Middleton, 201.
Midsummer Night's Dream, 174.
Mill on the Floss, 481.
 Milton, John, 229-243; *L'Allegro*
 and *Il Penseroso*, 234-235;
 Lycidas, 235; *Comus*, 236;
 Sonnets, 236; *Samson Agonistes*,
 237; *Paradise Lost*, 238-243.
 miracle play, 106-109, 157, 182.
 Modern Painters, 488.
 Moore, Thomas, 418.
 Morris, William, 501-504.
 moralities, 109-114; 182; *Every-*
 man, 110.
 Morte d'Arthur, 102.
 Mother Hubbard's Tale, 151.
 Murray, Gilbert, 506.
 My Last Duchess, 462.
 mysteries, 107.
 Mysteries of Udolpho, 353-355.
 Newman (Cardinal), J. H., 493-494.
 News from Nowhere, 503.
 Norman Conquest, character, 38-45;
 effect upon Saxons, 38-45; upon
 language, 46-51; upon litera-
 ture, 58-71.
 Normans, origin and language, 40.
 Norse saga, 56.
 novel, defined, 302, 304.
 novels, nineteenth century, 467-468.
 Noyes, Alfred, 426.

 octave (sonnet), 137, 138.
 Odes, Collins, 321.
 Ode on a Grecian Urn, 417.
 Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, 271.
 Old Curiosity Shop, *The*, 475.
 Old Norse, English words from, 36.
 oratory, 336-337.
 Ormulum of Orm, 52, 70.
 Ossian, Macpherson's, 322-323.
 Othello, 176, 189.
 Our Mutual Friend, 475.

 Paine, Thomas, 549.
 painting, eighteenth century, 350.
 Palamon and Arcite, 88.
 Pamela, 305.
 Paradise Lost, 31, 236-242.
 Paradise of Dainty Delights, 154.
 pastoral, 207-208.
 Pater, Walter, 495.
 patronage, 144.
 Pendennis, 477.
 Pepys, Samuel, 244.

- philosophy, German, 381.
 "picaresque" tales, 304.
Pickwick Papers, 475.
Piers Plowman, 79.
Pilgrim's Progress, 225-228.
Pippa Passes, 464.
 Pitt, William, 337.
 play, *see* drama.
Plutarch (North's), 153.
 Poe, *Tales*, 354, 513, 552.
 poetic prose, 428-430.
 poetry, Elizabethan outbreak, 143.
 poetry, recent, 424-429.
 Pope, Alexander, 276.
 Porter, Jane, 560.
 Pre-Raphaelites, 497-504.
Pride and Prejudice, 388, 390.
Prince's Progress, 566.
 printing, 77, 126, 130.
Prisoner of Chillon, 399.
Prisoner of Zenda, 514.
Prometheus Unbound, 403.
 prose, Saxon, 33; medieval, 53, 104, 131, 133; Renaissance, 141-143, 146-147, 203-208, 209-215; Bunyan's, 227-228; Milton's, 236-237; eighteenth century, 267, 284, 292-293; 299, 300-301, 309, 323, 334, 338-339, 354-356; Victorian, 427-429, 432-433, 435-436, 439-440, 445-447, 488-490, 515-516, 518, 519, 522.
 Puritanism defined, 222-225; *Pilgrim's Progress*, 226.
 Quantock Hills, 373.
Queen of the Air, 488.
 Radcliffe, Mrs., 387.
 Raleigh, Walter, 135, 213.
Ralph Roister Doister, 159.
Rape of the Lock, 282-283.
 reaction from eighteenth century
 "common sense," 313.
 Reade, Charles, 484.
Reliques, Percy's, 322, 323, 383.
 Renaissance, 74, 129, 134, 137.
 Restoration, 257.
 revival of learning, 129; preparation, 126; Elizabethan poetry, 143.
 Revolution of 1688, 268; American, 337, 392.
Reynard the Fox, 67.
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 350.
 Richardson, Samuel, 305.
Riddles (Cynewulf), 32.
Ring and the Book, 464.
Rip van Winkle, 329, 354.
Robin Hood, 98.
Robinson Crusoe, 305.
Roland, Song of, 64.
 romances, cycles of, 65-66.
 Roman civilization, fall, 13; ruins (illustrated), 4.
 "romantic" (meaning), 366.
 Romantic movement, 314-319;
 American revival, 550.
Romeo and Juliet, 174.
Romola, 481.
Rory O'More, 562.
 Rossetti, Christina G., 500.
 Rossetti, D. G., 497-499.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, 504.
 Ruskin, John, 487-493; style, 489-490; *Modern Painters*, 488; teachings about art, 490-492; teachings about life, 492-493; *Sesame and Lilies*, 493.
 sagas, 56, 305.
Samson Agonistes, 237.
Sartor Resartus, 443, 446.
 satire, 266.
 Saxons, conquest of England, 3; origin, 4; nature of conquest, 6; characteristics, 6-14; language, 14-16; view of life, 20; versification, 16-19; literature, 20-37.
Saxon Chronicle, 34.
Scholar Gipsy (Arnold), 509.
Schoolmaster (Ascham), 142.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 383-388; poetry,

- 324; 383-385; novels, 323, 385-387.
Seafarer (extract), 9.
Seasons (Thomson), 319, 320.
Sejanus (Jonson), 198.
Sentimental Journey, 312.
Sesame and Lilies, 493.
Seven Seas, 525.
 Shakspeare: audiences, 166; life, education, etc., 168-173; early plays, 173; first great plays, 174-175; tragedies, 176; last plays, 177; relation to his age, 178; stage and theater, 181-193; London of Shakspeare's day, 193-196; in eighteenth century, 284; and Bacon, 170, 210.
 Shelley, Mary, 562.
 Shelley, Percy B., 402-410; *Prometheus Unbound*, 403-404; *Adonais*, 405; *Ode to Skylark*, 408.
Shepherd's Calendar (Spenser), 150, 207.
She Stoops to Conquer, 328.
 Shirley, 483.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 140, 155, 156.
 Sienkiewicz, 513.
Silas Marner, 394, 480.
Sir Launfal (Lowell), 104.
Sir Roger de Coverly Papers, 293, 294.
Sir Patrick Spens, 98.
 Skelton, 126.
Skylark, 408.
 Smollett, Tobias, 311.
Sohrab and Rustum, 509.
Songs of Experience, 559.
Songs of Innocence, 559.
Song of Roland, 64.
Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 271.
Sonnets from the Portuguese, 466.
 Sonnets, kinds, 138; structure, 138; Shakspeare's, 155; Milton's, 236.
 Southey, Robert, 381.
Spectator, 289-292.
Speech on Conciliation with America (Burke), 337.
 Spencer, Herbert, 495; extract, 50.
 Spenser, Edmund, 143-152; life, 143-145; *Faerie Queene*, 146-150; *Shepherd's Calendar*, 150.
 Steele, Richard, 285, 290.
 Stephen, Leslie, 495.
 Sterne, Laurence, 311.
 Stevenson, R. L., 514.
Story of a Round House, 528.
 Suckling, Sir John, 220.
 supernatural, tales of, 9, 262, 317.
 superstition, medieval, 67.
 Surrey, Earl of, 141.
Suspiria (De Quincey), 432.
Swan, The (riddle), 33.
 Swift, Jonathan, 296-301; *Gulliver's Travels*, 297-299; irony, 300.
 Swinburne, A. C., 505-508.
Tale of Two Cities, 475.
Tales from Shakspeare, 433.
Tales of Terror, 560.
Tamburlaine, 164.
Tam o' Shanter, 349.
Task, The, 340.
Tatler, The, 285. •
 Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), 448-457; early poems, 449-451; *Maud*, 451; *In Memoriam*, 452; *Idylls of the King*, 453-455; dramas, 452.
 Thackeray, William M., 475-478; *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond*, 477; *Pendennis*, 477-478; essays, 478.
Thalaba, 381.
 theater, *see* drama.
 theaters, Elizabethan, 166, 182-192, 193.
 theater, Greek, 158.
 Thomson, James, 340.
 Thoreau, 552.
Thyrsis (Arnold), 509.
Tintern Abbey, 374.
To the Night (Shelley), 409.
Tottel's Miscellany, 154.
Treasure Island, 514.
Tom Jones, 309.

- Tristram Shandy*, 311.
 Trollope, A., 482.
 Turner, J. W. M., 350, 491.
 Tyndale, 141.
Typhoon, 517.

Udolpho, 429.
Urn Burial, 213.
Utopia (More), 251.

Vanity Fair, 477.
Vathek, 560.
 Vaughan, Henry, 219.
 "vers libre," 215, 529.
 Verse, alliterative (Saxon), 16-19, 70; (Langland), 79; Norman, 62-64; Chaucer's, 83-84, 92; ballad, 96, 97, 369; sonnet, 137-140, 376; blank verse, 141, 162-163, 238, 242-244, 406, 415, 450, 506; heroic couplet, 262-265, 269-270, 318; ode, 271, 318, 376; romantic freedom, 318, 379, 529.
Vicar of Wakefield, 312, 326.
 Victorian Age, 420; peaceful revolution, 420; popular control of government, 421; labor, 423; summary, 425.

 Wagner, Richard, 104.
 Waller, Edmund, 268.
 Walton, Izaak, 244.
Wanderer, 23.
Water Babies, 483.
Waverly, 386.
 Webster, 201.
 Wells, H. G., 519-520.
 Westminster Abbey, 59, 266.
Westward Hol, 483.
 Whitby Abbey, 29.
 Whitman, 552.
 Whittier, 552.
 witchcraft, 132.
 Wordsworth, William, 373-378; character, 373; work, 376; sonnets, 376.
Wuthering Heights (E. Brontë), 564.
 Wyatt, Thomas, 141.
 Wyclif, Bible trans. extract, 53, 78.

 York Minster, 60.

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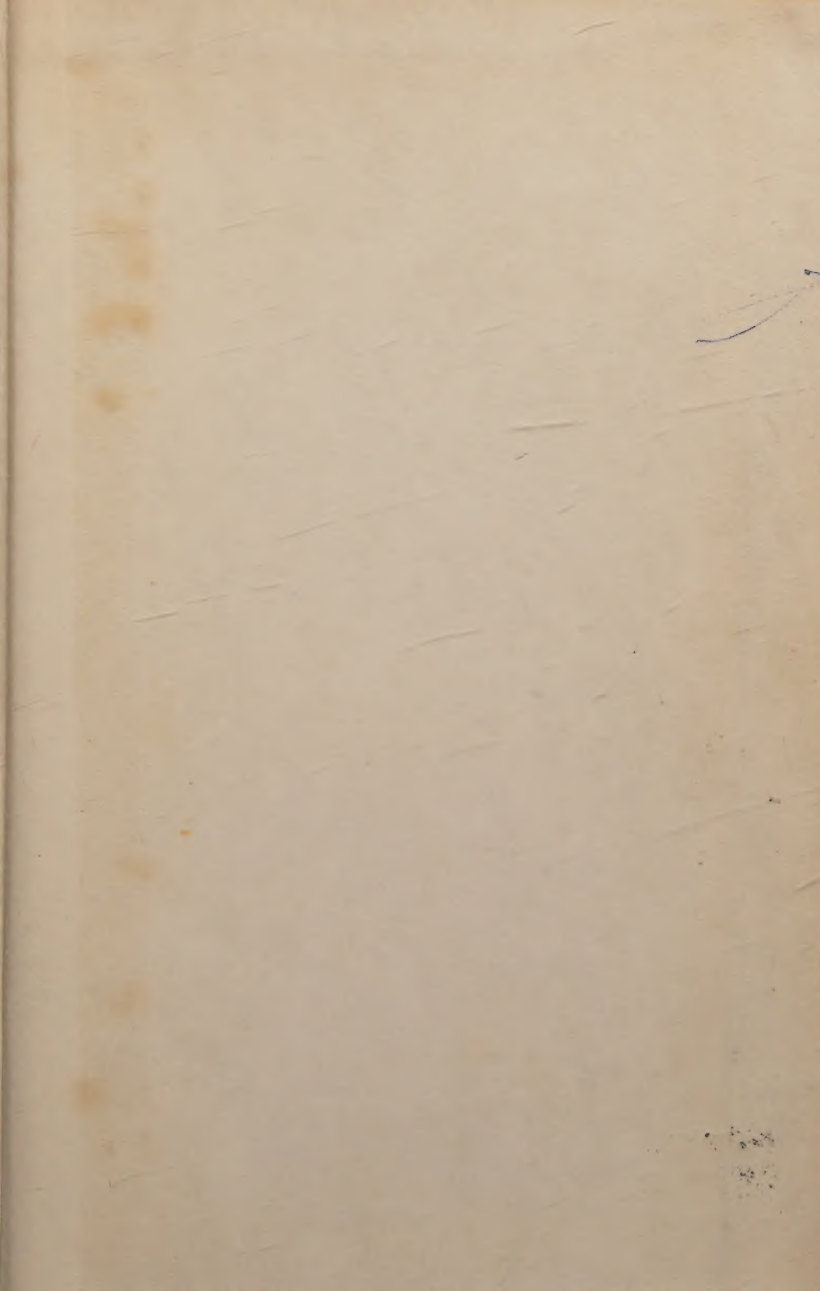
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